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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

D. N. DUNLOP.

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The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

In giving the thoughts of a western thinker upon this great spiritual poem of the past, no learned disquisition will be attempted. The writer is not versed in Sanskrit, has no historical equipment and has but begun to browse in the fields of philosophy. For readers requiring these things there are many other works upon the subject, of which the most helpful are probably the translation of the *Gîtâ* by J. Cockburn Thomson (said to have been preferred to other translations by H. P. B.), the translation edited by William Q. Judge, the invaluable Notes by Subba Row, and those admirable and clear-cut essays on Karma, by Charles Johnston, which have recently appeared in *The Metaphysical Magazine* under the title, "Karma in the Upanishads." To all of these the writer, like many another student, owes a lasting debt.

But the aspect of the Book of Devotion with which it is here proposed to deal, is quite other. It is remote from learning and history; and yet it has to do with the object of all history, the human heart.

All over the world to-day is felt a great stress and strain. Everywhere a cry goes up for light, for hope, for freedom. Among the thousands starving for want of bread are hundreds in each land starving for spiritual food. This deep-seated want has brought to the Theosophical Society the larger part of its members, and among these a great, an increasing proportion, have found in this Book of Devotion that food long sought for mind and heart and soul. Among those who have such cause to bless the inspired work is the writer, and just because this hunger was felt and was here assuaged, the thought has come to offer to comrades of like mind, perhaps, those thoughts which the reading of the *Gîtâ* has evoked. The articles profess naught, and are only the fragmentary rays which one mind has caught of the divine reflection; are what one heart has heard, has leaned upon and offers to

all hearts inclined to pause a moment over these echoes of a distant, an eternal song.

What we most need to-day is a practical religion. A something we can carry about with us all day long, and carry very close to the heart. A something to rise with and to lie down with; a something to work and live and buy and sell and act and think and finally die by; a plain, practicable, enduring rule which has the assent of the mind and the fervour of the heart to its mandates; a something which has such a quality of the Eternal Light that it illumines all the dark corners at any time, place or season, reaching from hell to heaven, embracing yet transcending both. Such a religion must indeed become the binding power in a life and be followed, because to follow is a necessity of the nature. Such an intimate friend and helper should a man's religion be to him. It is the most priceless thing in the world—because it leads to an ideal which in time becomes the Self—and being so costly, it is to be had only for a price; that price is the whole man. Yes; the whole man must be set upon this point—that he will obtain this spiritual knowledge—and being so set, he obtains it in exchange for himself; but the two become one in the Self.

In the first chapter of the *Gîtâ* we have a portrayal of our own condition when first we set upon our task, self-imposed, of search for spiritual light. We have material existence (Dhritarâshtra) blind and ruled by contention and ambition in the person of its offspring, Duryodhana, who is the leader of the Kurus, the earlier and more material faculties of man, those first evolved, while Arjuna leads the Pandavas, the later (younger) and more spiritual princes, Arjuna himself being mystically begotten by the Fire-God, Indra, through a virgin mother, Kuntî. Taking Arjuna as the human monad, it appears not a little significant that this Arjuna of divine origin is still a younger relative of the material Kurus, is allied to them by a birth tie, and that his means of combatting these passions and earth qualities consist in his bow, Gândîva (that tense "bow" which is the Aum), a gift of the fiery Indra, and his chariot or vehicle of motion, which is conducted by Krishna as the charioteer, Krishna being an incarnation of Vishnu the Preserver. I have somewhere read that it was customary for such charioteers to sing to those whom they conducted to battle; Krishna is then plainly the Logos with the ever-resounding song, and that which really fights with Arjuna, as with each one of us, is "the army of the Voice."

So passing along the same arc of existence we find ourselves, like the man Arjuna, confronted with our material connections and desires,

with all related things of that line which, pressing upon us, demand the sacrifice of our nobler nature. For mark that Arjuna had not called down this war. The hosts of materiality threatened his existence in the land of his birthright; embodied ambition and contention demanded his exile and arose to compel it. Arjuna must then either fly from that land where the Law has placed him, that land where his heirship and his duty lie, or he must fight. Of tender heart, as becomes a youth and one desirous of spiritual enlightenment, Arjuna shrinks from opening the fight. Open it he must, for the hosts which threaten his expulsion still do not make bold attack upon the field. Is it not ever the same? At once, when man desires to become in very truth a man and lay aside the animal forever, has he not to combat, not only his own lower traits, but also those of all about him and all the forms of established material existence? Every condition makes against him. Were the appeal to his reason alone, or were threats alone employed, either or both combined he can endure. But listen to the arguments; relationship, caste, tribal and national duty, the "sin of oppression of friends," of enjoyment of a form of pleasure which those friends cannot share—have we not now and again heard some of these? Have we not now and again, like Arjuna, let fall the tense and God-given bow, and sat down in the chariot with tremor and fever in every vein? The flying of arrows had begun; the divine bow was strung and ready; the array of enemies was drawn in firm line and horrid uproar filled the air; the conditions of warfare on a material plane were all present. Arjuna was ready, his very bow was raised: why did he, so firmly bent upon looking his antagonists in the face, why did he fall back and give way? Was it not because he paused to argue the matter? It would seem so. He did not go steadily forward into the fight, but moved by the fact that his relatives (and his lower nature, of which these are the type in the poem) opposed his course, he allowed his compassion to weaken him, his firm resolve gave place to a temporizing policy and to argument with his inner self. Is it not thus that the first objection comes upon us all? Even his religion condemned him, and closing his objections with this painful thought, Arjuna longed for death—himself unresisting—at the hands of his beloved enemies, rather than endure the deeper mental pain. Have we not known this hour? "Would that they would themselves put an end to me rather than force on me this dreadful war." Has not such been our selfish cry? Rather than endure the pain we would that theirs were the sin—that they should slay us while we resisted not. Oh, human vanity, thou well nigh eternal tempter, how closely art thou coiled within the heart!

Taking the form of virtue, pleasing man with an image of himself as innocent of attack, as full of compassion and love, too kind, too true to fight those near and dear even for the preservation of his manhood's heirship—who has not tasted the sweet temptation of this hour and in virtuous self-appreciation found a solace and an excuse? Who has not, like Arjuna, let fall the bow, a victim to self-righteousness, self-esteem and disguised vanity? Who has not forgotten, in the whirl of conflicting emotions, that if we rise, we raise all others with us, that it is not our part to help others to prolong a life of materiality and selfishness—not even when those others are our nearest and our dearest? Who has not forgotten, in floods of selfish sorrow, that in all Nature there is but one thing worth doing; that thing—to find our own Self or to help others to find theirs, and it is the same? Yet it is well for us if, like Arjuna, even while we grieve, we still hold converse with Krishna, the divine charioteer.

O Arjuna, thou of human birth and divine conception; thou man, thou brother, thou very self of me; O thou, myself, when once resolve toward the holy war is thine, take no long survey of the field, give over the interior debate, cozen thyself with specious pleas no more, forbid that foolish grieving shall slacken the tense bow which is thy concentrated soul, but stand and looking to Krishna plunge into the battle: thy God is with thee.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PLACE FOR EACH.

EACH has a place of his own. No one can fill your place but you, and the sooner you learn this the better for you and all concerned with you.

Suppose I should try to do C——'s work (you know what it is) would he like it think? and, as I am not accustomed to such work should I be able to do it?

All these people in the T. S. are trying to become Masters, are they not? but I tell you they forget the way to the Masters is not by pushing someone else out of work they wish to do, nor by favour-seeking with an object in view, but by a method some of them forget, I fear.

In the world pushing for position is all right from the standpoint of the world, but in occultism it is different. In the Lodge those only are noticed who are known to work for the advance of others. Did you ever think of this? Sometimes perhaps.

In the old days when workers were scarce some were used who were ambitious, for we had to take what we could get; but times change and the great big change, even on the face of things now, lies in this—that favour goes for nothing, the real people are the only ones who count, and if you are not real inside you will never cut much figure in this work, that's certain.

Say, if you knew how I smile sometimes over things you'd smile too; but there's sadness mixed with my smile and if there were not a lot of real genuine stuff in the T. S. I'd have gone off long ago.

There are centres for work. Workers are there, of course; what hinders their work the most? Coming in the air, flying in through the windows at them, coming in when some people enter the door, are seen curious hideous shapes, almost labelled, some of them, as bottles of poison from the chemists, with skull and crossbones. Labelled "Ambition," "Wish I was in your place," "I could do it better myself." What are these? They are thoughts of some who are aiming to be Adepts some day, thoughts of those who dream of brotherhood and have forgotten or are trying a side-track on the path to the Lodge of Masters.

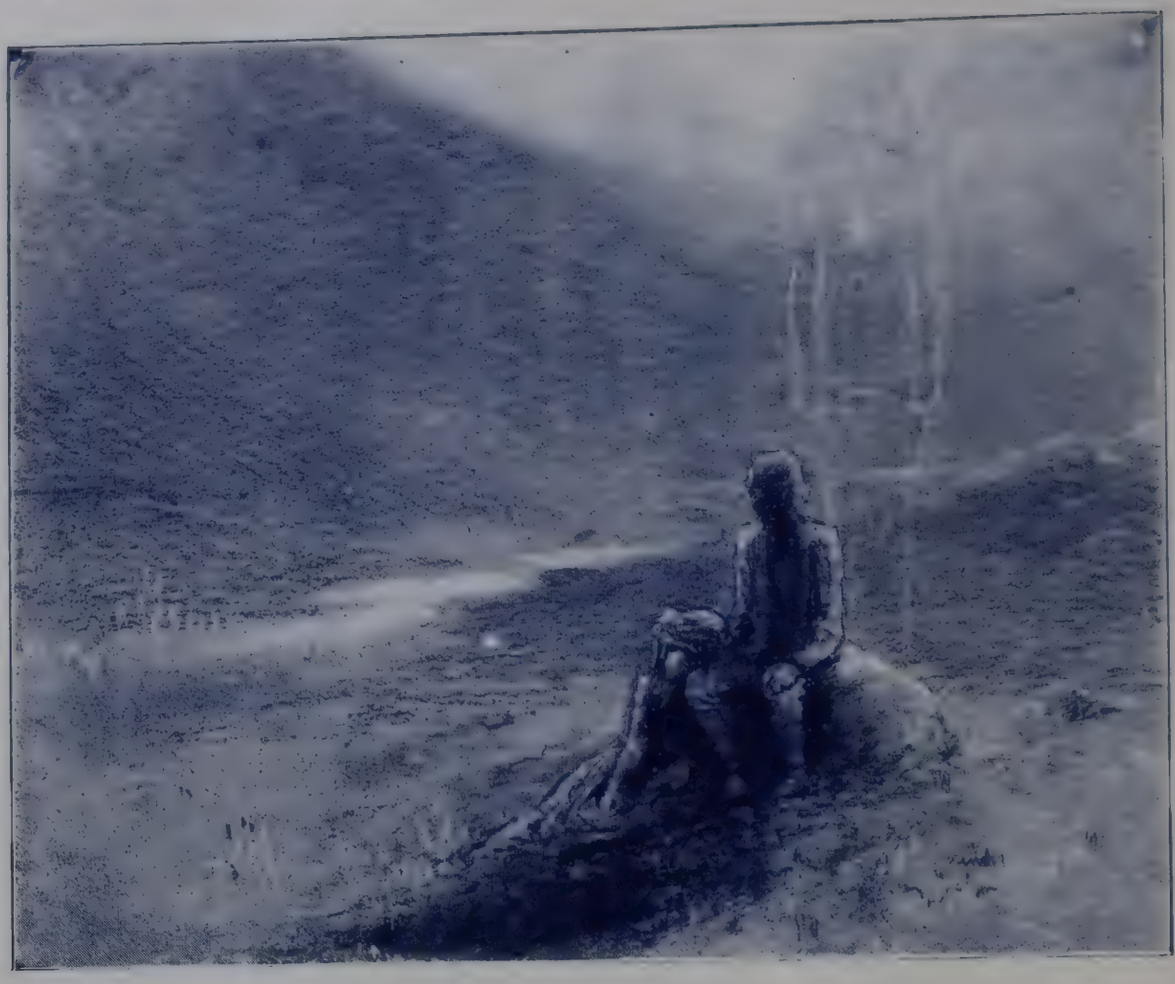
It's no good, I tell you. Each has his place, none can take it, and he can take none other than that in which he is, his own place.

Knock out of yourself these things I'm talking of and find your own work and place and the greatest problem of your life will be solved, and perhaps some may make a mental note of this, and others follow.

Leaders are not those who do all the work themselves; they are those who know how to help others to do the work, and have learned their own work and place, and care to do the best just there and nowhere else.

Therefore find your own place, and in finding your own you will help others find their own, and with the place for each filled by the only one for that place we can accomplish anything in the work of the world.

A.



THE VOICE OF THE WISE.

THEY sat with hearts untroubled,
The clear sky sparkled above,
And an ancient wisdom bubbled
From the lips of a youthful love.

They read in a coloured history
Of Egypt and of the Nile,
And half it seemed a mystery,
Familiar, half, the while.

Till living out of the story
Grew old Egyptian men,
And a shadow looked forth Rory
And said, "We meet again!"

And over Aileen a maiden
Looked back through the ages dim:
She laughed, and her eyes were laden
With an old-time love for him.

In a mist came temples thronging
With sphinxes seen in a row,
And the rest of the day was a longing
For their homes of long ago.

"We'd go there if they'd let us,"
They said with wounded pride:
"They never think when they pet us
We are old like that inside."

There was some one round them straying
The whole of the long day through,
Who seemed to say, "I am playing
At hide-and-seek with you."

And one thing after another
Was whispered out of the air,
How God was a big kind brother
Whose home was in everywhere.

His light like a smile comes glancing
From the cool, cool winds as they pass;
From the flowers in heaven dancing
And the stars that shine in the grass,

And the clouds in deep blue wreathing,
And most from the mountains tall,
But God like a wind goes breathing
A heart-light of gold in all.

It grows like a tree and pushes
Its way through the inner gloom,
And flowers in quick little rushes
Of love to a magic bloom.

And no one need sigh now or sorrow
Whenever the heart-light flies,
For it comes again on some morrow
And nobody ever dies.

The heart of the Wise was beating
In the children's hearts that day,
And many a thought came fleeting,
And fancies solemn and gay.

They were grave in a way divining
How childhood was taking wings,
And the wonder world was shining
With vast eternal things.

The solemn twilight fluttered
Like the plumes of seraphim,
And they felt what things were uttered
In the sunset voice of Him.

They lingered long, for dearer
Than home were the mountain places
Where God from the stars dropt nearer
Their pale, dreamy faces.

Their very hearts from beating
They stilled in awed delight,
For Spirit and children were meeting
In the purple, ample night.

Dusk its ash-grey blossoms sheds on violet skies
Over twilight mountains where the heart-songs rise,
Rise and fall and fade again from earth to air:
Earth renews the music sweeter. Oh, come there.
Come, ma cushla, come, as in ancient times
Rings aloud the underland with faery chimes.
Down the unseen ways as strays each tinkling fleece
Winding ever onward to a fold of peace,
So my dreams go straying in a land more fair;
Half I tread the dew-wet grasses, half wander there.
Fade your glimmering eyes in a world grown cold:
Come, ma cushla, with me to the mountain's fold,
Where the bright ones call us waving to and fro:
Come, my children, with me to the Ancient go.

Æ.

"THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT."

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. J. to various students.]

"My Dear ——,

"You did right to send me that letter. Of course I am sorry to hear from you in that way, but am glad that you wrote. Let me tell you something—will you believe it? You are not in nearly such a bad way as you think, and your letter which you sent me unreservedly shows it. Can you not, from the ordinary standpoint of worldly wisdom, see it so? For your letter shows this: a mind and lower nature in a whirl, not in the ordinary sense, but as though, figuratively speaking, it were whirling in a narrow circle, seemingly dead, kept alive by its own motion. And above it a human soul, not in any hurry but waiting for its hour to strike. And I tell you that I know that it will strike.

"If so far as your personal consciousness goes you have lost all desire for progress, for service, for the inner life—what has that to do with it? Do you not think that others have had to go through with all of that and worse; a positive aversion, maybe, to everything connected with Theosophy? Do you not know that it takes a nature with some strength in it to sink very low, and that the mere fact of having the power to sink low may mean that the same person in time may rise to a proportionately greater height? That is not the highest path to go, but it is one path which many have to tread. The highest is that which goes with little variation, but few are strong enough to keep up the never-ceasing strain. Time alone can give them that strength and many ages of service. But meanwhile there is that other to be travelled. Travel it bravely.

"You have got the ——, which of the hells do you think you are in? Try to find out and look at the corresponding heaven. It is very near. And I do not say this to try and bolster you up artificially, for that would be of no use and would not last, even if I were to succeed in doing it. I write of facts and I think that somewhere in your nature you are quite well aware that I do so.

"Now what is to be done; should you resign from the E. S. T. or what? In my opinion you should deliberately give yourself a year's trial. Write and tell me at the end of that year (and meantime as often as you feel called upon to do so, which will not be very often) how you then feel, and if you do not feel inclined to go on and stick to it I will help you all I can. But you must do it yourself, in spite of not wanting to do it. You can.

"Make up your mind that in some part of your nature somewhere there is that which desires to be of use to the world. Intellectually realize that that world is not too well off and probably wants a helping hand. Recognize mentally that you should try to work for it sooner or later. Admit to yourself that another part of your nature—and if possible see that it is the lower part—does not care in the least about the world or its future, but that such care and interest should be cultivated. This cultivation will of course take time; all cultivation does. Begin by degrees. Assert constantly to yourself that you intend to work and will do so. Keep that up all the time. Do not put any time limit to it, but take up the attitude that you are working towards that end. Begin by doing ten minutes' work every day of any sort, study or the addressing of envelopes or anything, so long as it be done deliberately and with that object in view. If a day comes when this is too irksome, knock it off for that day. Give yourself three or four days' rest and do it deliberately. Then go back to your ten minutes' work. At the end of six or seven weeks you will know what to add to that practice; but go slow, do nothing in a hurry, be deliberate.

"Don't try to feel more friendly to this or that person—more actively friendly, I should have said. Such things must spring up of their own accord and will do so in time. But do not be surprised that you feel *all* compassion die out of you in some ways. That too is an old story. It is all right because it does not last. Do not be too anxious to get results from the practice I have outlined above. Do not look for any; you have no concern with them if you do all that as a duty. And finally do not forget, my dear fellow, that the dead do come to life and that the coldest thing in the world may be made hot by gentle friction. So I wish you luck and wish I could do more for you. But I will do what I can."

THE LESSON OF LONELINESS.

We shall learn many good things that we have long forgotten, as we find our way back again to real life; among them one that we have much need of—the art of being rightly alone.

There is too much noise and hurry in our life; things done too quickly and with too great pains; for the most part, petty things, that might very well not be done at all. It is a game of personalities, not of our real selves. It has been well said that we think too much of each other; not that we praise and respect each other too highly—though we err in that way too—but that we are too much subject to the

faces and fancies of our friends, too sensible of their praise or blame. Good people may imagine an ideal society, in which perfect complacency would reign, by virtue of each one thinking supremely well of himself, and seeing his contentment mirrored in mild, kind faces round him. Such a paradise would be more hopeless than sin.

But without going to such a length, it is easy to be too fretfully anxious as to other people's good opinions; too apprehensive as to their liking this or another thing we may do; too heated and uneasy, like the youth whose fixed delusion is that his necktie is awry.

For all this fret and restlessness there is no cure like solitude. To go away into the night, where mountains and stars initiate us into some of their dignity and reticence, and, more than all, their self-forgetfulness. Even then, for a while we carry with us our bundle of apprehensions, and the fancied faces of our critics, with their blame and praise that have taken away all our simplicity; so completely have we lost the art of loneliness.

But, after a while, our little storm subsides, and quietness begins to come upon us, ready to take us into the confidence of the gods, if we only consent to remain restful-minded long enough. We learn a curious and yet stately lesson, which much of our life only served to hide; the lesson that our chief concern is not with personalities at all, whether our own admirable persons, or the good folk of daily life; that our chief concern is with the old impersonal spirit who only draws near us when we leave ourselves behind. In that great lonely One there is much that awes us for a while, yet much that is infinitely consoling, and, at the last, full of rejoicing and joy. This is the quiet power that, without haste or heat, yet quite easily, wove innumerable worlds; wove old Time and Space to put them in, breathing into the least of them the spirit of life; the power with heart of mirth that looks out to us beautiful, through the grass and flowers, the coloured clouds, and the blue that enwraps all things. And into our souls, when the little, noisy crowd of personal things has withdrawn a while, that same power comes, awful and full of great quietness, taking us up into itself, and making us older than time, greater than boundless worlds. Here at last is a life we could live to eternity, and feel no weariness.

This inspiration of real life is for itself alone, without ulterior ends; it by no means reveals itself to us that, when we return among our personalities, we should be able to say fine things about it, to draw others into the right way. The Eternal does not come to our hearts to make us sanctimonious preachers, but rather to win us away altogether from the fret and heat of unreality to the quiet benediction of real life.

After that initiation into silence, we shall find another meaning in ourselves and in our friends. Our friends will not be critics whose praise or blame are our clouds and sunshine; we shall learn to meet them with a better wisdom, for we shall see that same august spirit looking at us out of their eyes; we shall know that nothing in them, nothing in us, is real but that. All life will become to us the presence of that One, the all in all things.

That is the true loneliness, where nothing but the spirit is, and the spirit is all things; the spirit that we must know and enter into first in the inmost place of our own souls. It is the true and lasting cure for sorrow, to forget ourselves into that august companion, who has ordained all things wisely through endless years. It is as the cool breath of night after a long day of fever, the fever that we have called our life. And yet not night, but a new dawn rather, the first dawn of the real day.

Pain and sorrow are woven into the texture of our personal life in order that, growing weary of it the sooner, we may get ready for the truer life that is impersonal, where the incessant battles of I and thee are hushed into peace. This is the spirit that will redeem humanity, the spirit that comes to fill our hearts when our fancied selves have been put aside and forgotten; redeemed humanity will be this—all men, beholding the same spirit in each other's eyes, and beholding it with joy and gladness. Then, after redeemed humanity, will come restored divinity, spirit as itself alone.

The path is not that I or you or anyone should gain new powers and larger sight; but each of us putting aside the I and you, that the free spirit should live its own life and perform its perfect work, the spirit that we truly are, behind the masks of I and you. There is no entering on the path until the masks of I and you are put away.

Our small selves cannot bear the burden of the universe; if they sincerely try, they will quickly come to long for utter forgetfulness, surcease and darkness. But their way of liberation is close to them, a liberation into the boundless One, whose heart is gladness, whose ways are peace, whose light and mirthful works are unnumbered worlds, brimful of alert and exultant life.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"THE VIRTUES THAT DO MOST EASILY BESET US."

It is a fact, I think, that we are often more hampered by virtues than by faults; I may even go further, and hazard a bolder statement that, on a certain pinnacle of the divine ascent, both will be seen to lie much on the same level. In truth, the ideal state would seem to consist not so much in acquiring or eliminating certain characteristics, as in laying up a soul-storage from which any characteristic can be drawn at will. The true saint has largely more to do than merely to build virtues and correct vices, for the reason that he who *is* is in a higher state of development than he who *has*.

Throughout the ages of religious thought, the time-worn controversy of doing *versus* being has raged its ceaseless fight. Whether we watch it from the point of view of Hatha or Raja Yogîs; Pharisees or Christ; St. Paul or St. James; Legalists or Antinomians, matters little. The principle at issue is the same in all; whether the highest state of the soul is to be or to have, to do or to become. The *Gîtâ* alone, of all philosophies save, perhaps, that of Jesus, seems to solve the problem satisfactorily. From cover to cover, it is a song of reconcilement.

Now, since doing and being, action and inaction, are both necessary stages in the education of the soul, I have no desire to add my quota to the mountains of controversy that have been heaped up upon these innocent foundations. A few thoughts, however, in connection therewith have occurred to me as having an appropriate bearing upon the new cycle which has lately dawned upon us.

It is needless to expatiate upon the light which that dawning has liberated. We have all felt it within ourselves, stimulating to wider ideals and a greater fixity of purpose. The high tension at which we lived while the Crusaders were with us has left its mark, possibly for many lives. Who can be exactly as he was before that high inspiration reached him? But now comes a fact to be faced. No one yet has ever done long and continuous work at high tension. We go up to the mountains to pray, but we return to the valley and the lake-side to work. On the heights we receive and generate the stimulus which straightway sends us down to the lowlands to embody itself in—the best we know how. What is that best? Often no more than the casting into the deep for a draught. It may once happen that our nets break with an unexpected freight; but often we have to toil all night and catch nothing, in the darkness of that valley-lake below the heights where we fain would be.

So the removal of a high stimulus brings us inevitably back to the terrible commonplace, and we say sadly to ourselves: "It was only glamour, after all."

Was it? May not, rather, the dulness that always follows a time of refreshing be the result of the life-force retreating to an inner place, out of reach, for the time being, of our most greedy personalities? For we are greedy; like little children who, having surfeited themselves with good things, cry over the empty plate. Shame on us. Are we always right when we *feel* the most?

And here I am led to speak of those troublesome virtues of ours, which are often like shutters run up to hide the morning sun. Shutters are excellent things, certainly, but they are not light-giving. We never suppose they are. But our virtues absolutely deceive us on this point. *We run them up when we want the sunshine.* Let me explain the sort of virtues I mean, else I shall have some conscientious reader knocking his head against the idea that the highest state is that in which good qualities are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. I am here speaking of those qualities—excellent, indispensable in themselves—which may, nevertheless, become hindrances when over-used or employed in the wrong places. And first and foremost, I will speak of the hindrance of conscientiousness.

Did one ever see a person with this quality largely developed who was not prone to magnify trifles? The conscientious people are always the worriers; it is a fault of their most excellent type. Nothing they do ever satisfies them. They are perpetually stumbling against imaginary and self-created rocks.

A man with an over-developed conscience hears much of the force that has been liberated throughout the ranks of true Theosophists, and an accusing voice instantly tells him that he is not advanced enough to receive any such benefit. The cheerful inspiration which he felt for a fortnight he attributes to fancy, induced by hearing the experiences of others. "If new energy is really sent forth," he cries in despondency, "ought I not to feel it more powerfully?" And he straightway pulls down his shutter.

Now over-conscientiousness is the result of wrong aspiration; not aspiration directed towards a wrong object, but directed towards a right object wrongly. It is one of the greatest enemies to progress. A friend I know, who has suffered from it all his life, to the detriment of powers which might have become useful had they been allowed proper scope for growth, recognizes the arrival of the new cycle by the light it has shed upon this one point. For years he had been, as an artist once ex-

pressed it to him, "niggling with small brushes." He was afraid to cover his canvas boldly, lest the edges should look rough and displeasing, and his work should lack that delicate finish and detail which is the sign-manual of a conscientious worker.

Now, I am much afraid life is too short to admit of our troubling over much about the edges; if we do, we shall get a first study that has very little effect three yards away. And who of us hopes to be able to make more than a first study in this incarnation? But the man in question niggled away patiently for many fruitless years, ever tormenting his righteous soul with the fear that he was too personal, or too material, or too intellectual, or too full of the Theosophists' arch-enemy, "the world," until, in trying to avoid pitfalls, he sat down where he was and did nothing. There may be many like him, and for their sakes I offer his own advice: *Cease to be over-anxious about results.* You are only asked to do your best; you are not even asked to do it concernedly.

The new Light has come, and it has brought but one law, the law of harmony. Nothing but harmony is, as yet, required of us, and harmony is destroyed by undue effort. Struggle, worry, fret, instantly annul whatever, in cheerfulness and unconsciousness, we may be on the way of accomplishing. Life is a great task, to be performed with a great lightness.

People with consciences are, furthermore, in incessant trouble lest they may not, after all, have done their very best. Had they the opportunity over again, they would have acted differently. They are never at rest; the lurking enemy is always present, holding them back from their highest.

It is true enough that our "best" is an eternally unrealized quantity. "A man," as Emerson has it, "is a golden impossibility. The line he must walk is a hair's breadth." The "best" of every new moment is higher than the one preceding it, and we reach only what it once was. Nevertheless ours is the simple duty of trying for it, and the responsibility of success rests not on our shoulders at all. What if we might have tried harder! We shall have another chance, for Nature is infinitely patient, and the whole meaning of Karma is to give new starts to the laggards.

The new Light asks but one condition of any of us—that we live in harmony with Nature, with each other, and with ourselves. We have to get into an inner condition of being which *is* harmony, and this condition, as I have said, is prevented by nothing so powerfully as by *over-anxiety to reach it.* Its state is love and oneness with every-

thing that makes up a part of what we know as the manifested universe, irrespective of planes or principles. If we keep that state in view we may know, without the presence of any elevating "feeling" to tell us so, that the Light is shining, and that somehow, somewhere, we are aware of it.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

(*To be concluded.*)

LIVING THEOSOPHY.

THROUGH the mists of our modern life we look into the future. Sometimes our view is obscured and dim; at other times we see more clearly. After a while we become wise and note what affects our vision from time to time. We find, perhaps, that on certain days we can do this or that well, and that on other days everything seems to go wrong. And then in our mean way we blame the days. But the truth lies deeper. We are the fashioners of our days, and the inner condition gives colour to all outer things. We can always rise, if we will, superior to days and circumstances. A healthy optimism is what we require to-day and every day. It gives new wings to our hopes until they are no longer angels broken on the wheel of events. We then see the future opening brightly for humanity; everything around takes on a richer hue and the golden age is not so far away after all. What is Theosophy? we are often asked. Is it not this attitude towards life; this acceptance of all that comes our way, good, bad or indifferent, and making the best use of everything? For credulous minds books have been written giving, perhaps, the best scientific definitions possible; there has been much weighty reasoning with the doubting intellect, but that mind which is at rest and peace in the Eternal is of infinitely more value. It is life; it is reality; it carries with it its own conviction. People see, feel and recognize that it outweighs all argument.

What the world requires to-day is *the living presence* of the divine in men and women. We want to cultivate the most rounded view of life, to rise beyond differences of every description that divide men, and we will then be able to act wisely at all times. A feverish anxiety sometimes creeps over us. The worries of business and the cares of domestic life seem to hinder us from entering into this wider outlook, and we, becoming impatient, seek to shirk the "trifling" duties we daily meet. But it is not the way. Reverse the process. Accept all the impediments, barriers, difficulties, and perform the little acts with all the nobility of the larger life about you, and they will become en-

dowed with a new dignity. You are at all moments in the best possible place for service, and you need never forget you are a god. In the background and in the foreground keep spread out before you the largest view of life possible, and moment by moment, in looking after the small things, you are making clear the path and "building for eternity." Watch such people, if you know any, who breathe in this larger life, and you will find a calm peace flows from them continually. They have learned that the tide ebbs and flows and watched the methods of Nature to some purpose. Weary days come to such. Branch work seems at a standstill, but they work on carelessly, accepting all, and watch for the turn of the tide, and then act mightily and with their full strength. When the tide is at its ebb they are working, when it flows they are working; recognizing the action and reäction in outer Nature they work on superior to it.

Remember that Theosophy enters into every aspect of life, and can be applied to all problems. It will raise the standard always to the highest point. Nothing mean or cowardly has any chance before the full-orbed outlook upon life that a true conception of Theosophy gives. A man entering into it fully is always in the true attitude; alone, with comrades, at Lodge meetings, at home, anywhere, the same happy buoyant life, looking for the best in all, evoking it, helping, cheering, comforting always. Thus lives the true Theosophist.

D. N. D.

WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

THAT there is a growing need for work among children has been demonstrated, especially of late. Children are being born who will require us to give them the foundations upon which they can build structures of vaster proportions than we have dreamed of. Theirs will be a higher knowledge, and they will have to fulfil the work that we have begun.

Each will have a different work because of varying natures; so the method should conform to the nature of the child.

Meet a child half way, and both child and teacher are taught.

Reverse the usual order of the child-life, and instead of heaping treasures upon it, let it first learn that it must give, and that what it gives is considered of value. With this incentive held out, the real child-life develops, and its whole nature opens to receive instruction.

Material gifts then have a broader significance, and the idea of "I must have" (the child-extinguisher) is done away with, and in its place is substituted the controlling thought of the higher life, "I must serve."

Our best workers should be teachers of children, for the child is nearest to the sage, the sage is nearest to the child, and it takes a sage to understand true simplicity.

A child wants to be taken for what it is, not for what we are.

Let the children be taught that they are co-workers with each other and with us, and that their work is needed, and half the problem is solved. The rest will follow of itself, and an army of children will be formed that will become the warriors of the future for the saving of humanity.

M.

HINTS ON THEOSOPHICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In theosophical correspondence write as a soul, a heart, and not a "person," which will probably elicit a similar reply. Little good can be done where there is affectation or hypocrisy, secretiveness or impure motive, on either side.

Let your correspondents understand that their *confidences will be respected*. That you never wish to utter dogmatically or to give advice, not having all the circumstances before you. Suggestions are allowable, advice in detail is seldom right.

However advanced you may be, do not afflict babes with difficult words and technical terms. Be frank in warning, ever appeal to the better nature, approve more than blame, encouraging the tender shoot, not crushing it with a snub. Ever act on the admonition, "Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." Tact and tenderness are in request; realize to yourself your correspondent's hopes, fears, environment, daily life.

Don't kick down the ladder by which you climbed, *don't* try to haul others up by a rope, let them too mount each step carefully, slowly; *you* are not to act as their arms or legs, remember; yours to encourage and try to "adjust." Some you aid may be really far beyond you, but 'tis said a mouse helped a lion.

If practicable let some hours elapse between writing a "theosophical" letter, unless you are one able to dismiss utterly the first one from your thoughts; otherwise one is apt to mix up, and to give meat where milk is needed (or *vice versâ*). In short, make each your special study. Some folk are untrue even to themselves—they will mislead you. Some will idolize and then insult you—the most gushing fail soonest—you must be prepared to meet all this in a calm, brotherly, firm spirit.

Find out what subject interests most, and pursue it. Questions may be asked or received, extracts sent and so on. The great point is to lead your correspondents to self-reliance and a sense of self-responsibility; in short, to follow their own path, not yours.

A. S. MALCOLM.

INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES.

MANY suggestions have reached me from International Representatives appointed at Convention T. S. E. The following from Dr. Buck is worthy of consideration with a view to taking action thereon.

D. N. D.

"I suggest that the first work of the International Committee be to arrange for a genuine International Convention representative of all Sections of the T. S., and that it convene in America as nearly as possible coincident with the return of the Crusade, and the exact date and place of meeting be left open and subject to movements of Crusade and the laying of the corner-stone for the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Arrangements can be made in each Section of the T. S. by which at least one delegate shall be sent, and the Sections can be notified by cable of the date and place. I know this to have been a favourite project with W. Q. J., for we often talked of the foregoing facts and looked forward to a general and representative Convention. It can now be accomplished and would be a fitting round-up of the Crusade and the only proper conditions under which to lay the corner-stone. Its effects on all interests and all countries concerned would be beyond all measure and all price. The International Committee already appointed is just the one to carry the plan to fruition.

"No Section is so poor that it could not send one delegate by uniting to defray expenses, and each delegate should come prepared to give a very full account of his Section, its needs, the work done, etc. The Convention should last a week. It might be best to close the circuit of the Crusade and hold it at New York. I have not mentioned the plan to anyone, but the more I think and write (herein) the bigger and more feasible the scheme appears. It really popped into my head when I began to write this letter. Let us make it a *go*, and Theosophy will fill the whole earth as the waters fill the valleys of the sea.

"I have written enough for hints as to plan and scope. Go ahead with your prospectus. You have now about five months to complete arrangements in. Australian delegates can come to California with Crusaders. What a round-up it will make for the past two years' work."

ACTIVITIES.

SCOTLAND.

BRO. DICK'S visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh was productive of much good. A very satisfactory public meeting was held in Edinburgh, and at Glasgow the Branch was organized on a new basis for more public work. A central hall has been secured for weekly meetings, and a very good start has been made. We hope the work thus commenced will go on prospering in every direction.

ENGLAND.

BRO. CROOKE made a most successful tour through the north-east of England. Parlour talks were given and public meetings held everywhere possible. At South Shields the pulpit of Unity Church was placed at Bro. Crooke's disposal. He read "The Coming of the Christos," by Aretas, and lectured on *The Immortality of the Soul.* As a direct outcome of this tour three new Branches have been formed and new Centres opened up. We hope to see Bro. Crooke's work supported with the necessary funds.

A new Centre has also been formed in Wales. Since the visit of the Crusade eight new Branches have been formed and Centres without end. The correspondence at the Central Office is a sight to behold, and increases every day. So the good work goes on.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

ON the 16th ult. a public meeting was held in the Central Hall, Westmoreland Street. There was a good attendance, and addresses were given by Bros. Dunlop, Johnston, Norman and Russell.

Topics of regular Wednesday evening meetings at headquarters: Oct. 21st, *The Wanderings of the Soul;* 28th, *The Art of Living;* Nov. 4th, *The Meaning of Ritual;* 11th, *True Philanthropy.*

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener.*

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"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 4.*)

The despondency of Arjuna has, however, another aspect, if we take Arjuna as a type of man in all ages and periods. We come at last to the same human complexion, but it varies at different times and under the action of various karmic agencies. Where one laments, another is found rejoicing, and the obstacle which crushes the one is a zest and a stimulus to his fellow. The *Gîtâ*, dealing as it does with the human unit, applies to every type, exhibits human nature in all phases of action and evolution, moved by every motive known to the human heart. In the pages of the sacred book each one may find himself, and not only his transitory self, but the wider interpretation thereof, a clue to something more divine, to a more interior nature. We expect—if the book be sacred in any true sense—to be met by a suggestion of that in ourselves of which we are dimly conscious, the radiant shape of our hopes and dreams. The *Gîtâ* should not merely exhibit man facing his destiny with despair in his eyes. Any writer of moderate eloquence can move us at this point, and we ourselves have shed luxurious tears for ourselves. The *Gîtâ* fulfils our expectations. It meets us, as it were, at the bridge of our nature and even while showing it as it now is, shows it also in transit to a diviner life. Man evolving, man in actual movement, and not man crystallized, is the subject of its song.

Over and above those numerous aspects into which we may read ourselves and the common lot of our especial type, will always be found an aspect applicable to all men, one universal, one dealing with the higher possibilities, the more interior nature, and it is in this aspect that we find the clue to our own wider field of Being. This aspect is paramount in the despondency of Arjuna. Above everything else,

when all else is said and done, all other meanings found by each and applied to his individual case, in final analysis Arjuna stands for man at the bridge, man about to pass from very human to very human-divine.

At this point there is one respect in which mankind never varies. When the human mind, weary at last of the unending material phantasmagoria, turns from the seen and the senses, from the tireless oscillations of pleasure and pain to seek something deeper, something more quiet, some peace a hint of which has flown past upon the air, there is then one step which all must take alike, one mental attitude into which all must fall. That soul which turns irrevocably to the interior paths of life does so because the pain of the world has moved it to the depths of its being. Before this point is reached the minds of men play to and fro before the small old path; they come and go; they play at becoming occultists, at entering the hidden ways of the soul. But not after this point; that, once reached, is final, because it has been reached, not by the mind, but by the soul. The inner heart has awakened, its beat is established. The soul has faced its own deeps and at the profoundest point has learned that the Whole is itself; that it feels pain or pleasure because it is bound up in the common human heritage; a man left for a lifetime to complete solitude would neither seek for joy nor flee from sorrow. Living among his fellows, life after life, he finds that his every act and thought are related to some other human being; he comes at last to cease to suffer as an animal, unheeding the pain of others, knowing nothing of the ethical bearings of pleasure and grief. We find the nobler animals, the more highly evolved, and some which have had close contact with man for several generations, showing sympathy with the pain of their own kind and even dumbly entreating the aid of man for that pain. Sympathy, in its essence, is the memory—or the experience through the imagination—of a similar suffering. When the human mind has worked through all the forms of joy and sorrow, there comes a life and a moment when the pain of the manifested world is massed before its view. Moved to an infinite compassion, forgetful of its personal lot, it goes out in a flood of tenderness and sorrow for the pain which no man can assuage or end. It is unable to endure the sight; it cries out for power to aid, for understanding of the problem, for right knowledge of right action. Then, and then only, the man resolves to become more than a man, for in that becoming lies his only means of helping. The anguish of a world in travail has torn him out of himself. His tears are given to the great sum of sorrow; his mind acknowledges its own inadequacy; the great

heart of pity wakes within him; he feels, rather than knows, that to abide in that pitiful yearning is to give some help, he knows not what, he only knows that this is Love, and Love is all too rarely given. Even while he sinks in grief and in his despondency thinks he can do no more, yet the impersonality of his lament has called the attention of the spirit; the Divine stoops to him; It communes with his awakened soul in that unspoken language which alone upholds the heart.

There is that of the higher life in the despondency of Arjuna, that he grieves but little for himself. Yet is he still unwise, still purely human, in that he grieves at all. But grief for all that lives is of another pole of force from that enfeebling, enervating emission of self-pity which renders slack (in time to paralyze) the sphere of man. Pity for another's woe tends not downward, is not inactive nor unfruitful: there is hope at the heart of it; will is the core of it; it seeks to help, it *yearns*, even while no means of helping are descried; it calls aloud to Life and Time; it has a voice that heavens must hear and answer. Such pity, tense and vibrant, hath power to summon that sacred order of Being which is the consecrated ministrant of the world. Its hierarchs hear and answer, pointing the way from helpless sorrow to an ever-increasing helpfulness and joy in service.

The man who has once reached this point enters the holy war never to draw back again. He may fail. He may hesitate. He may receive a mortal wound within the heart and life after life may find him the prisoner of that wound, weakened or stunned by it, fearing to venture into the combat or indulging in foolish strife which is not the holy war; but still, in one or another way, he gives battle. He must do so; aspiration has become a law of his nature; he cannot free himself from that upward tendency; he has entered the stream and must pass onward with its current into that wider life whose trend is to the shoreless sea.

It is in this sense, I take it, that a wise writer has said that the "abyss" lay behind Arjuna. It is that abyss which separates man, the animal, from godlike man. It would seem to be a mental abyss. The mind would appear to have undergone some alchemy, some mysterious melting and fusing and recombining which has thrown out the most personal dross. Once this has happened, the man *cannot* return to the animal, just as he cannot return to the vegetable or the mineral; the gates of a kingdom, of a realm of Nature, have closed behind him; he must onward in the eternal procession of soul. Only the soul, only that divine spark whose very essence is harmony, can thus respond to the pain of the material world, a pain which is the absence of harmony, a responsive sorrow which is compassion's self. We should not always

be the thralls of pain could we but realize that it has no real existence; pain is only the absence of harmony.

This point of compassion is one to which all minds must come at last—*at last*. It is a far cry for some of us. In eastern writings it is typified as the loosing of the knot of the heart, and it is spoken of as a secret very difficult to know. Difficult though it be, it is yet to be done, and as everyone can hasten (or retard) his own evolution, we can bring about this point for ourselves. Each time a personal pang is felt we can ask ourselves: "To what does this suffering correspond in the wider experience of the world? Hath anyone suffered thus before me? Have any tears been shed here by another?" Soon there rises before us the unestimated, the awful sum of misery. We are appalled at its greatness. Before this flood our puny griefs go down and in their stead we come to see the world freighted with anguish, Nature herself in horrid travail, the Mind of the world giving birth to false conceptions, all stages of the universe awaiting man as saviour and deliverer; that man, son of gods, which all men may become. It is a manhood truly divine in that no one is shut out from it except by his own conscious determination. No trap is laid; all Nature lisps the secret; every age hints at it; an inner harmony incessantly repeats it; every silence is broken by the song of it and the bibles of every race cry out:

"Arise, Arjuna! Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, when once thou shalt have said, 'Thy will be done.'"

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHILDHOOD OF APOLLO.

IT was long ago, so long that only the spirit of earth remembers truly. The old shepherd Tithonius sat before the door of his hut waiting for his grandson to return. He watched with drowsy eyes the eve gather and the woods and mountains grow dark over the isles—the isles of ancient Greece. It was Greece before its day of beauty, and day was never lovelier. The cloudy blossoms of smoke curling upward from the valley sparkled a while high up in the sunlit air, a vague memorial of the world of men below. From that too the colour vanished and those other lights began to shine which to some are the only lights of day. The skies drooped close upon the mountains and the silver seas, like a vast face brooding with intentness: there was enchantment, mystery and a living motion in its depths, the presence of all-pervading Zeus enfolding his starry children with the dark radiance of æther.

"Ah!" murmured the old man, looking upward, "once it was living; once it spoke to me. It speaks not now, but it speaks to others I know—to the child who looks and longs and trembles in the dewy night. Why does he linger now? He is beyond his hour. Ah, there now are his footsteps!"

A boy came up the valley driving the grey flocks which tumbled before him in the darkness. He lifted his young face for the shepherd to kiss. It was alight with ecstasy. Tithonius looked at him in wonder. A light golden and silvery rayed all about him so that his delicate ethereal beauty seemed set in a star which followed his dancing footsteps.

"How bright your eyes!" the old man said, faltering with sudden awe. "Why do your white limbs shine with moonfire light?"

"Oh, father," said the boy Apollo, "I am glad for everything is living to-night. The evening is all a voice and many voices. While the flocks were browsing night gathered about me; I saw within it and it was living everywhere; and all together, the wind with dim-blown tresses, odour, incense and secret-falling dew, mingled in one warm breath. It whispered to me and called me 'Child of the Stars,' 'Dew-Heart,' and 'Soul of Fire.' Oh, father, as I came up the valley the voices followed me with song; everything murmured love; even the daffodils nodding in the olive gloom grew golden at my feet, and a flower within my heart knew of the still sweet secret of the flowers. Listen, listen!"

There were voices in the night, voices as of star-rays descending.

"Now the roof-tree of the midnight spreading
Buds in citron, green and blue:
From afar its mystic odours shedding,
Child, on you."

Then other sweet speakers from beneath the earth and from the distant waters and air followed in benediction, and a last voice like a murmur from universal Nature:

"Now the buried stars beneath the mountains
And the vales their life renew,
Jetting rainbow blooms from tiny fountains,
Child, for you.

"As within our quiet waters passing
Sun and moon and stars we view,
So the loveliness of life is glassing,
Child, in you.

"In the diamond air the sun-star glowing
Up its feathered radiance threw:
All the jewel glory there was flowing,
Child, for you.

"And the fire divine in all things burning
Yearns for home and rest anew,
From its wanderings far again returning,
Child, to you."

"Oh, voices, voices," cried the child, "what you say I know not, but I ray back love for love. Father, what is it they tell me? They embosom me in light and I am far away even though I hold your hand."

"The gods are about us. Heaven mingles with earth," said Tithonius trembling. "Let us go to Diotima. She has grown wise brooding for many a year where the great caves lead to the underworld. She sees the bright ones as they pass by where she sits with shut eyes, her drowsy lips murmuring as nature's self."

That night the island seemed no more earth set in sea, but a music encircled by the silence. The trees long rooted in antique slumber were throbbing with rich life; through glimmering bark and drooping leaf a light fell on the old man and boy as they passed, and vague figures nodded at them. These were the hamadryad souls of the wood. They were bathed in tender colours and shimmering lights draping them from root to leaf. A murmur came from the heart of everyone, a low enchantment breathing joy and peace. It grew and swelled until at last it seemed as if through a myriad pipes that Pan the earth-spirit was fluting his magical creative song.

They found the cave of Diotima covered by vines and tangled strailers at the end of the island where the dark green woodland rose up from the waters. Tithonius paused, for he dreaded this mystic prophetess, but a voice from within called them: "Come in, child of light; come in, old shepherd, I know why you seek me." They entered, Tithonius trembling with more fear than before. A fire was blazing in a recess of the cavern and by it sat a majestic figure robed in purple. She was bent forward, her hand supporting her face, her burning eyes turned on the intruders.

"Come hither, child," she said, taking the boy by the hands and gazing into his face. "So this frail form is to be the home of the god. The gods choose wisely. They take no warrior wild, no mighty hero to be their messenger to men, but crown this gentle head. Tell me—

you dream—have you ever seen a light from the sun falling upon you in your slumber? No, but look now; look upward." As she spoke she waved her hands over him, and the cavern with its dusky roof seemed to melt away, and beyond the heavens the heaven of heavens lay dark in pure tranquillity, a quiet which was the very hush of being. In an instant it vanished and over the zenith broke a wonderful light. "See now," cried Diotima, "the ancient Beauty! Look how its petals expand and what comes forth from its heart!" A vast and glowing breath, mutable and opalescent, spread itself between heaven and earth, and out of it slowly descending a radiant form like a god's. It drew nigh radiating lights, pure, beautiful and starlike. It stood for a moment by the child and placed its hand on his head, and then it was gone. The old shepherd fell upon his face in awe, while the boy stood breathless and entranced.

"Go now," said the sybil, "I can teach thee naught. Nature herself will adore you and sing through you her loveliest song. But, ah, the light you hail in joy you shall impart in tears. So from age to age the eternal Beauty bows itself down amid sorrows that the children of men may not forget it, that their anguish may be transformed smitten through by its fire."

Æ.

"TO DIE, TO SLEEP."

To sleep: perchance to dream, ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

It is the fashion nowadays to attribute all good things to the great ancients, and to say that whatever is done excellently by the men of to-day is only reminiscence, or mere borrowing. Well, there is truth in this; very much, perhaps, more than most people imagine.

Yet we need not say that Shakespeare had a certain passage of the Upanishads in mind when he wrote Hamlet's famous and oft misquoted soliloquy; nor again that the Sage Yajnavalkya was guilty of plagiarism by anticipation—the phrase is an excellent one—from the prince of Denmark, when we see exactly the same thought and inspiration in the way they deal with life in the abodes of Death. Before touching on the teaching of the Upanishads as to the life after death, one is tempted to advert to the fact we have hinted at, that this passage in Hamlet is as often quoted wrongly as rightly. And as too much resistance to

temptation is apt to breed spiritual pride, we shall succumb in the present instance, and slightly digress.

To begin with, that phrase "the mortal coil" is constantly misunderstood. The misconception is that the mortal coil is the earthly body, which is to be shuffled off, as a snake shuffles off its slough. But "coil" in Shakespeare means something quite different; it means almost exactly the same as turmoil or tumult; as, for instance, in *The Tempest:*

"Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?"

So that the "mortal coil" is the "deadly tumult" of earthly life, and not the physical body at all.

Then again, how many people who are ready to quote, "To be, or not to be," could paraphrase correctly the line immediately after what we quoted at the outset:

"There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life."

Long life may be a calamity, most people will say, though without conviction, but why should it be respected? But the real meaning is, of course, that "this is the consideration that makes people submit to calamity so long"; the consideration being, of course, the dreams that may come in the sleep of death.

And this brings us at last to the thought of the Upanishads about the paradise between death and rebirth. The idea is, that there are three kinds of people; those who die with tendencies upward only, and, having thus nothing to bring them back to the earth, are not reborn again. "They pass on," says the fine imagery of the Upanishads, "by the sun-door and enter into the Eternal."

Then there are those who, on the contrary, have only earthly tendencies; nothing to lift them upwards at all, nothing to take them away for a while from this mortal coil and tumult. They are immediately born again into the world.

But to either of these classes only few belong; the just men made perfect, to the one; the professors of the physical sciences—a mystic friend of mine says—to the other. So that the whole of mankind, almost, have tendencies partly upward, partly downward. Their tendencies downward—their dreams of the dinners they have eaten and hope to eat, and other dreams, the contrary propositions to which are to be found in the Decalogue—are the tendencies that must ultimately bring them back to earth, because nowhere that one knows of, except in this comfortable world of ours, could these desires be satisfied.

There may be fires in "the other place," but we have never heard that they are used to cook dinners for the inhabitants.

But all mankind, to do humanity justice, have souls above dinners, at least in lucid intervals. Caliban was not very exalted—would indeed have worked damage to the Decalogue with relish—yet even Caliban says:

> "Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked
> I cried to dream again."

Thus Caliban; and Caliban, as Browning has taught us, is a theological type. And if Caliban, then why not any man? For indeed we all have divine dreams now and then, and would have more of them were it not for those professors of the physical sciences—at least so says my friend the mystic.

Well, all these divine dreams are forces, no more to be cheated of their fullest expansion than the forces dear to our friends the physical professors; and in the sleep of death they get their opportunity to work unimpeded. The finest passage in the Upanishads that deals with this thought is this:

"This Self is the inner light in the heart, consciousness, spirit, remaining ever the same, this Self enters both worlds, and is as if thinking, as if moving. When the man falls asleep, the Self transcends this world, transcends the things of death. For when the man is born and enters the body, he is enwrapped and involved in evil things. But ascending again when he dies, he puts off evil things"—puts off, in fact, the tendencies we have spoken of as the contraries of the Decalogue.

"For of the man, of the spirit, there are two abodes—this world and the other world; and the world that unites the two is the dream-world.

"And when he is in the world that unites the other two, he beholds them both, this world and the other world; and according to what he has attained in the other world, coming to that attainment he beholds things evil or things blissful.

"And when he falls asleep, taking his materials from this all-containing world, cutting the wood himself, and building himself, as it were, by his own shining, by his own light—when he thus falls asleep, he is his own light.

"There are no chariots nor horses nor roads there, so he himself puts forth chariots and horses and roads; there are no joys, rejoicings or enjoyments there, so he himself puts forth joys, rejoicings, enjoyments; there are no springs or streams or ponds there, so he puts forth of himself springs and streams and ponds, for he is the maker, the creator."

Here, as in many other passages of the Upanishads, we are given an analogy which is the golden key to the paradise of those who have gone forth from life; the only key that we can have while we are shut in by our present limitations of knowledge.

The key is this: life after death, for those who are to be born again, is a bright and radiant dream; a fairy palace, of which each one is the builder, as in dreams; he takes the material from this all-containing world, and having cut the wood himself, is himself the builder, working by the light, by the shining of the immortal Self.

And just as in dream, "the seen, as seen he beholds again; what was heard he hears again; and what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers; the seen and the unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal, he sees it all; as all he sees it." The magician, in paradise as in dreams, is the creative or formative imagination; the magician's materials are drawn from the experiences of this all-containing world. According to the measure of a man's aspirations is the scenery of his paradise; according to his spiritual unfolding will he be surrounded by sensuous delights, or, rising above them, will he enter into unveiled vision of the Eternal. In the words of the Upanishad: According to his spiritual culture, according to his gain, to what he has attained in the spiritual world, he beholds things blissful or evil, that is, sensuous and earthly.

All his spiritual aspirations, all the divine moments of life where he has risen above the material longings of the material world to something higher, holier, more real; every act of gentle charity, of high heroism, of self-forgetfulness—this is his "attainment in the other world," his spiritual earnings, his "treasure in heaven." These fair aspirations and intuitions are forces—the most potent forces in life; they are quite strictly ruled by the law that conserves all forces, and quite strictly work themselves out in fullest fruition in paradise.

We see precisely the same law ruling the world of dream; as a man's imaginings, so are his dreams; for the sensual, sensual; for the pure, pure. And those whose aspirations are fixed, in waking, on the shining Eternal, do really, through dream, enter into the life of the Eternal, and come back to waking life radiant with a light that never was on land or sea.

After sleep comes awaking. The shining intuitions and aspirations have reached their fullest fruition. "Therefore he whose radiance has become quiescent, is reborn through the impulses indwelling in mind."

Or, to convey the same truth in the richer, fuller, and more poetical language of another Upanishad, the passage from death to rebirth is this; when the man's soul goes forth from life, "what he has known and what he has done, and the insight he has already gained, take him by the hand;

"Then, just as a caterpillar, going to the end of a blade of grass, lays hold on another and lifts himself over to it; so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the things of this world of unwisdom, lays hold of his other attainment and lifts himself over to it.

"And just as a goldsmith, taking the gold of one fair work, makes of it another new and fairer form; so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the things of this world of unwisdom, makes for himself another new and fairer form, like the form of the Fathers or the celestial nymphs or the gods or the Lord of beings or the great Evolver, or the form of other beings.

"For this Self is the Eternal; it has as its forms consciousness, emotion, vital breath, the powers of seeing and hearing, the potencies of earth, the waters, breath, the shining ether, light; of desire and freedom from desire, of wrath and freedom from wrath, of the law and freedom from the law; it takes on every form. And as its form is here below, so is its form in the other world.

"According as a man has worked and walked, so he becomes; he who has worked highly becomes high, he who has worked evil becomes evil; through holy works he becomes holy; through evil, evil.

"For they say indeed 'the Spirit is formed of desire; and according to his desire, so is his will; and according to his will, so are his works; and whatever works he works, to that he goes.' As the verse says: 'He, tied through his work, goes to whatever form his mind is set on.'

"And after gaining the reward of his work, whatever he does here, he returns again from the other world to this world of work."

Here, then, in the words of the Upanishads themselves, and, for the most part, from the same Upanishad that contains the story of the kingly Rajput sage, Pravâhana son of Jîbala, we have the answer to all his questions, at least so far as they refer to the way of rebirth and the paradise after death that man enters to dream awhile, before he is born again.

Born again—to reality? Say, rather, from one dream to another. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"; or, to quote again the greatest poet of them all:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

C. J.

A DAWN SONG.

While the earth is dark and grey
How I laugh within: I know
In my breast what ardours gay
From the morning overflow.

Though the cheek be white and wet
In my heart no fear may fall:
There my chieftain leads, and yet
Ancient battle-trumpets call.

Bend on me no hasty frown
If my spirit slight your cares:
Sunlike still my joy looks down
Changing tears to beamy airs.

Think me not of fickle heart
If with joy my bosom swells
Though your ways from mine depart:
In the true are no farewells.

What I love in you I find
Everywhere. A friend I greet
In each flower and tree and wind—
Oh, but life is sweet, is sweet.

What to you are bolts and bars
Are to me the hands that guide
To the freedom of the stars
Where my golden kinsmen bide.

From my mountain-top I view:
Twilight's purple flower is gone,
And I send my song to you
On the level light of dawn.

A.E.

"THE VIRTUES THAT DO MOST EASILY BESET US."

(*Concluded from p. 16.*)

YET another hindering virtue, the virtue of energy. How many "rush out, to do, to do," fearful lest the wave of force in which they have been participating should pass over them, leaving no results to mark its action in their hearts. They find the world much as it was before this great baptism of spiritual energy took place. No new work has sprung up as a test for their fidelity or their enthusiasm—nothing save, perhaps, some small duties too unpleasant or too trivial to be reckoned as part of the "work of the theosophical movement." And then they sit them down and despair, because of their manifest unfitness to be entrusted with tasks for the good of mankind. One thought for such virtue-laden souls, some of whom may be the very back-bone of the cause. Who is really working, they or the force behind things? And which part of them works best and most effectually—the outer personality, or the inner man, who is ever in touch with the real, divine worker?

Here again comes in the message of the new cycle. Tune your hearts to harmony, and all the work will be done that is required of you. We are not asked to labour beyond "the level of the day's most quiet need." If no outward task falls to our hands at once we may work, perhaps, quite as efficaciously by offering to the true worker within us the *will* to work. By so doing we strengthen his hands. That is all we can do, at the best; for the impelling force of the most successful is from him, and no other. No worker commits a greater mistake than by supposing that his personality originates or accomplishes anything.

Yet another thing that is sometimes lost sight of by the over-ardent. Theosophical work does not confine itself to propagating Theosophy. It includes the whole duty and activity of man, in whatever department of life his karma places him. None of us (save in a phenomenally hot summer) are ever for a moment inactive. Whither are all these activities tending? Most of them come in the course of a day's events, are so much flotsam flung by the aimless waves of daily happenings on the shore of our petty lives. Since they form a part of the order of things they may, assuredly, have a place in a Theosophist's theosophical work. If Krishna said to a desponding disciple, "Bring me thy failures," we may well add also, "Bring me thy trifles."

I close with the enumeration of yet another virtue which does, indeed, most easily beset us, the virtue of idealism. We are all very idealistic people, very idealistic indeed. And the rest of the world is not so at all, which is often trying to the limited patience of a human nature that is so made that it cannot see two sides of a subject at once without squinting. We want to obey the only condition of the new cycle, and get into harmony with a world with which we are often distinctly out of harmony, partly from its unpardonable failure to understand or appreciate us.

This is really an important matter, for the great absence of brotherhood among us in the past has been, to no small measure, due to our terrible excess of ideality. Nothing short of perfection in our brothers, and perfection according to our own connotation of the term, would suffice for the exercise on our part of even ordinary tolerance. It is time we came down from such high altitudes.

Harmony, as I understand the word, is a perfect comprehension of every individual soul. It is something more than a feeling *with*—rather it is feeling plus an intelligent knowledge. Only a Master is perfectly harmonious; but all who view that high condition from afar have to aim at becoming so. It is a good practice to stop questions about the actual state of development of this person and that, and just mentally to place oneself in their outer coverings, and feel what it is like to be them. Then one ceases to wonder or to declaim at anything one finds in them; one understands, because one has *been* them for the moment.

At the present stage, average humanity has a much greater need to be felt with and understood than to be "done good to." Is it not so also with Theosophists, who would, I suppose, feel a little twinge of injured pride if they were classed in exactly the same category as those among whom they wish to work? We all know how we warm towards those persons who are kind enough to be interested in our outer lives, as well as our inner; how much more, then, is such sympathy appreciated by those whose outer life is, at present, the only part of themselves that is consciously active? We will, then, take people as we find them, rather than as, according to our exalted idealism, they ought to be. I am beginning to doubt if there is really an "ought" in any department of Nature that is not daily being fulfilled. Supposing, one high day, we were all to discover by opened eyes, that the whole world has only been, through all its dark, distressful phases, what it ought to have been at each successive moment? I do not say it is so, but, supposing——?

Harmony, then, is the keynote of the new cycle, the only principle

by which human action is henceforth to be guided and bound. Brotherhood, and the work that is an outcome of brotherhood; not on one plane only, and in one direction, but on all planes that make up the universe, and in every department that manifests itself as an integral part of the world, this is the *rationale* of the Theosophical Society, and the *rationale*, also, of every movement that has for its object the development of the race.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

FROM the silent and far-distant past there come to us great philosophies, great religions, showing that in the ancient times questions relating to man and the universe occupied the minds of the people then as much, if not more, than they do at the present day. Judging from what we read of their schools of initiation, they possessed a deep knowledge of the mysteries of life; knowledge which they imparted to those who were willing and ready to receive it. Why we are so ignorant when we have, and always have had, great teachings, is a very natural question to arise in the mind. It would seem as if there is still something undeveloped in our own natures, something which would enable us to take advantage of the teachings placed within our reach.

This something is thought, into which the life and nature of the teaching can incarnate. Many true things may be said, great teachings may be very near us, but our incapability of understanding make them to us either untrue or non-existent.

In studying thought through self-analysis one is forced, I think, to recognize that the energy which gives life to our thought comes from that in us which discriminates. One of the attributes of the discriminating faculty is that it can synthesize years of experience into one synthetic impression. These synthetic impressions are the bestowers of intelligence to each thought. Each thought then becomes the vehicle of the power and reality of itself.

Any civilization shows the collective intelligence of its units. The more each unit knows the greater and grander will be that building. That the present civilization has not reached idealistic heights is shown by the appeal that is made to some unknown, invisible power to lead us to a better state of existence.

If the present civilization is the product of certain thoughts, we see the result of a law in its visible effects. The results and effects are so tangible that we cannot very well ignore them, but of course we may

refuse to trace them to their origin and cause. But the fact remains that our thoughts have had the power to produce such results. They did not come about in some mysterious miraculous way. They are the plain, practical, and inevitable effects following the individualized thoughts and desires arising in the human mind. And it would seem but common-sense to think that any change must come about in a practical, common-sense way, that of thinking thoughts of the same nature as the civilization we wish to live in.

In thought we all come to a place of blankness, and from that point we trust. Our minds seem to be like circles which vary much in circumference. Some people will face this blankness at a shorter distance from the centre than others. And so we have the ordinary mortal, great thinkers and philosophers, and beings who in theosophical literature are called masters, the initiates who at stated periods give out the religions of the world. Either masters, the great initiates in every age, are wiser than we are, or they are not. That is a decision arrived at by each unit. Each unit who decides that they are wiser will trust more or less to their statements about life and nature, which is beyond their own present understanding. This trust is not blind faith or reliance on the knowledge acquired by others. In their teaching we are clearly and plainly shown that anything we gain must come through our own efforts, that we only receive what we are able to take. This trust becomes knowledge, because the mind is trusting in a teaching which makes it realize that knowledge can only become known to it through its own exertions.

When people begin to decide, discriminate, and think for themselves, their thoughts have more power, because they put the positive force from themselves directly into their thoughts. It has the effect of intensifying the whole nature, faults as well as virtues. This is the reason why the noblest and purest ethics are so much dwelt upon by all who know something of nature's laws. In the minds of those who do not act positively thoughts seem to smoulder, and by the time they reach action their force and power has somewhat diminished. In those who think decidedly, who use thought, the consciousness or intelligence acts from the reality and comprehension of the thought and remains there. Each thought will then act swiftly, with full force and power of itself, and no energy is wasted by the slow smouldering which takes place in most people's minds.

But thought, whether active or passive, has effect on the thinker during earth-life, because thought seems to be the reflected idea of the reality which produces it, and therefore cannot be separated from it.

From another aspect, thought is the power through which life becomes manifested. We can see an instance of this by observing how thought is the means of producing a definite result in our own nature. No matter how great the feelings we may have surging within us, the body will not obey those until a thought has been formulated in the mind. It may be very shadowy, but if there the feelings will ultimately manifest themselves in action.

From one aspect, the Theosophical Society has done much to widen and soften people's minds. No one, it seems to me, can fail to recognize the importance and power of the forces, which would become active, as the minds of the people realized what the effect of the action of these forces would have on life and civilization.

The first object is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, sex, class, colour or creed; 2nd, To promote the study of Aryan and other eastern literatures, religions and sciences, and to demonstrate the importance of that study; 3rd, To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The importance and effect of the first object is so evident that it is unnecessary to say anything about it. The second meets with greater opposition, especially from those who believe that the only true light shines exclusively through their own religion. From the study of different teachings thoughts are formed, which make possible wider conceptions of man and nature. These break the chains of creed and dogma. The thinker can then become one with a ray from the soul. That ray is freedom.

This brings the mind to the attitude of standing alone, where it realizes that the only light that can illuminate the darkness depends on the activity of powers within itself, and the study of those powers which is the third object of the Society.

The importance of these objects of course, like everything else, depends on the value we attach to them. But if we perceive and realize life through the intelligence we have, and since we would not believe anyone if they said, "so much can you attain and no more," it then becomes advisable to awaken as much of our nature as we can, and to study it, so as to be able to use it. Study of this kind is also important from another standpoint, that of freeing the mind from effects. A fleeting, emotional thought has the power to bring tears to the eyes, or if of the opposite nature will produce laughter and merriment. If thought has the power to affect our bodies in this way, it is reasonable to suppose that in the world or plane of causes any change

must be much greater, seeing that it has the power to produce such perceptible effects.

It would seem, then, as if the world or plane of thought is the most powerful and also the most real. Tracing intently the way in thought gradually produces effects, and leads the mind to dwell more on the cause or the reality. This makes possible the idea of seeing the reasonableness of how intelligent beings can exist apart from the visible universe and without a physical body. Space has not greater depths than our own natures, nor stars of greater brightness than the flashes which illuminate the mind as it looks inward to itself.

A. P. D.

NEEDS OF THE TIMES.

You think we need better politics, do you? Politics are all right if we could find statesmen who loved their country better than themselves. You think we need silver or gold perhaps? We have plenty of both if we knew how to use it for all. Better clothes, more food and better? If you think this it is because you have not studied very deeply into the matter, but have been looking only at the surface of things. We would have plenty of clothes and food to clothe and feed the world if those who have these things would learn how to share them with their fellows, this you know as well as I. Plenty of everything we needed in the ordinary sense if the real needs of humanity, which are none of these, could be supplied.

You had better look at these real needs if you are trying to help humanity, for you need to learn these yourself, and what you need is the need of humanity.

You had better begin on yourself in two ways. First be sincere, and second, have more human sympathy.

Don't cover yourself up in that well-clothed body of yours and act outside what you do not feel. That word "truth" does not mean that you are to give away a lot of truth to people who perhaps don't want it; but it means be the truth yourself, and then of course you'll give it.

Don't say one thing and act another; don't act one thing and mean another.

You know as well as others that humanity as a whole and as a unit has a great heart-ache, a great need that has not been satisfied, a need that men alone can give to men.

This doesn't mean charity as we use the term. It doesn't mean you are to give or throw at people a lot of advice they do not want. It does not mean to fill them up with a lot of food, or clothe them with

clothes you do not want. It doesn't mean that you are to go to them and tell them how sorry you are for them in words which they generally put down as a lie. You know this as well as I if you'll think about it. But it means a genuine sympathy in the interests of others as much as you take in your own. A sympathy in their highest hopes, an understanding between them and you that they are nobler and better than they appear; that they have tender sympathies hidden away that you recognize and like. These tender things are hidden because they fear to show their best, fearing no one can understand them, but if called out by more human sympathy would lift many of the heart-aches from the human heart, would give more sweetness to the world than we know, and bring out higher possibilities than you dream of. Your sympathy, *if it is sincere*, will bring out this tender side of the hungry human heart of humanity, and so you will fill its need. We hunger together for human sympathy, and are each afraid to give it or to show we want it, and so men are born and die, and still the cry goes up again and again of the needs of humanity.

So I say first of all be sincere, then by the power of this sympathy great men, great women will arise who will be "warriors for truth," aroused by this power of sincere human sympathy.

The needs will not be so many, you will find, for men who are now only men will live as gods, because they will have found the needs of the times, and supplying these real needs they will find that their own are satisfied.

A. M. S.

ACTIVITIES.

MRS. TINGLEY writes from Athens:

"We are up to our eyes in work. You can have no conception of how the Athenians have responded to our efforts. A large public meeting crowded. Hundreds turned away, and those attending were of the most intellectual and cultured class.

"The American Vice-Consul presided. He is a power in Greece, and on intimate terms with the king and queen. The people here adore him. He was the one who introduced the Olympian Games here last year and invited the Americans here.

"Last night formed a T. S. in Greece. One hundred members! A hall has been offered us by the citizens of Greece and we give another meeting Saturday night.

"While Greek is the language English is spoken by many. Secretary appointed last night is a Greek but was a graduate at Oxford, and has been looking into Theosophy. Most devoted and energetic.

"The press are with us. A glowing account of our meeting in all papers. People flocking here all day for interviews, and some say an old orator has returned to Athens in shape of this old lady. I smile. Let them think it if it helps work.

"We have given a Brotherhood Supper to the Armenian refugees from Constantinople in shape of blankets and clothing."

Bro. Crooke made another of his successful tours through South Wales. At Cheltenham, Cardiff, and Shepton Mallet new Branches were formed. The public meetings at Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare were particularly successful. A new Centre was formed at Bath, also at Weston-super-Mare. The Bristol Branch is practically the heart of the movement in these parts. At most of the meetings instrumental music was an important feature. Our "Home" Crusader will soon have a purple banner too, and then who will stay his work? Unselfish quiet work, on the part of isolated members here and there, is responsible for much of the success attending Bro. Crooke's visit. They have lit the sparks which readily fan into flame when the right time comes, as it is sure to do.

Owing to the exertions of Bro. Edge a new Branch has been formed at Portsmouth, and is in a flourishing condition.

Dr. Bogren has been busy lecturing to 200 and 300 people in Helsingborg on Theosophy, and had most interested audiences. "You could hear a pin drop," as the saying is. Papers reported sympathetically, and he is preparing for further work of the same kind in the near future.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

The idea of public meetings elsewhere than at headquarters continues in force, and another meeting was held in the Central Hall on 28th ult.

We hope to have interesting discussions on the 18th and 25th, led by two of our active lady members, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Duncan, on *Brotherhood* and *The Building of the Temple.*

Fred. J. Dick, *Convener.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 24.*)

To dwell yet a moment more upon the despondency of Arjuna would not appear to be unprofitable, since mankind at the present day stands at just this point which the opening chapter of the *Gîtâ* depicts, whether consciously or unconsciously to the mind. Not all are prepared to enter the holy war. Not all, but comparatively few, have heard of that war for man's redemption from himself; fewer still are they who feel Compassion's tide beating within the breast. And yet the race as a whole is being forced forward to this point by the resistless sweep of cyclic energy and cyclic law. The race, as a whole, is upon its trial; it is, as a whole, involving Manas or mind from the soul of the world, and mark that the true mind-principle comes from the *World-Soul*, not from itself; it is not intellect; it is *soul-mind*, born of the harmonious æther; it is a heart-force, is Compassion's youngest, sweetest child. When man has drawn this force into himself, when his sphere has taken it up, he then proceeds to evolve it, to express it himself in mental action, and as his desire and his will are, so is that expression; he evolves the mind-energy as materialistic intellect, the hardened offspring of Matter and Time; or he evolves it again as the tender mind-soul still, enriched and developed by its passage through human experience. Selfless, it was involved by him; selfless or selfish will he evolve it; pure it entered, in what state shall it go forth?

Now the race knows, as a whole, the struggle with material existence in one or another form; not one who tries to look even a little way beyond materiality but feels its hosts arise to veil his sight, to bar his way, to contend with him for the right of individual self-conscious and masterful existence. They or his awakening mind-soul must go; space is not wide or deep enough for both.

Although Arjuna sank in his chariot, letting fall his bow, saying that he should not fight, none the less was his reäction sure. We all feel, at the first reading of this chapter, that Arjuna's declaration goes for naught, that he will arise and carry on the war. Whence this interior assurance? It breathes through the spirit of the tale with an inimitable skill, but many of us might miss an aroma so delicate as this. We feel, beneath the despair of Arjuna, an under-current of fixed intention; we recognize the advent of the hour of destiny. Is it not because we see ourselves in Arjuna? The hero nears the point whence he must onward, and we, nearing that point with the whole of our race, have a prescience of it; we know that we cannot evade the onward march of life. The learned Subba Row has indicated that one of the names of Arjuna—the name Nara—signifies man at the present period of evolution. This accounts for our instinctive comprehension of Arjuna's attitude; like germs are in our own minds. How wonderful this book, which, written so long ago, still prophesies as of old and keeps step with us on the daily march, whispering ever an immortal hope.

The chariot appears to typify the mind, rather than the body of man. The body is indeed the field of war, the arena wherein contending forces drive, where man, the Thinker, wrestles with materialistic hosts. But mind is that which moves abroad over life, testing all experience and meeting all opposition. Yes, mind is the vehicle by means of which man rides on to meet the ancient, the familiar foe; it is in that fount of action that he rejoices, or sinks him in despair. And as it is in the very nature of mental action that it shall reäct, we have the secret of our belief that Arjuna will arise. It is a belief really rooted in our own experience, which allows us to tenderly smile with Krishna at the temporary dejection of man, whether another or ourselves.

Thus patience with our own reäctions is by implication shown to be supremely necessary. Why meet with less than patience an evanescent mood? Impatience will but prolong, irritation will but inflame it; wait on with patient time; the driven mind will inevitably turn upon its course. These reäctions of ours may be treated, not as drawbacks, but as a means to a more interior communion. It was only when Arjuna's body ceased from action and when mental action had, through despondency, a temporary lull, that the man's heart turned to Krishna for advice and consolation. It is a precious yet a daily truth, and one which daily escapes us, that back of brain-energy lies heart-force, and that when the former is exhausted the still fine voice of the

latter makes its music heard. Action and reäction have equal place in Nature and hence in ourselves; we, spirits plunged in Nature, garbed in her essences, girt with her powers, able, yet oft reluctant, to be free. The despondency which to some extent falls upon us when we cease from action need not be a hindrance. It is weary Nature's hint that her allotted task is done, that the moment for a more intense, interior action has come. In the life of a man this is typified when middle age sets in, when the man should act less and think the more. Up to then body was growing by means of external activity; the hour of mind has come and, naturally, the activities of the body are lessened. If we yield readily to this pause of the mind no despondency is felt. We imagine that mind finds rest in sleep, and needs that rest alone. Not so; *brain* rests in sleep, not mind; that the thinker still thinks on a thousand proofs have shown. There is a limit to mental action; brain limits it in man; in cosmos there is a limit to the field of mental energy; "thus far and no further shalt thou come and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," is written of it also; only under a change of energy, only as mind-soul, can it pass to higher regions, to pause again before the mysterious portals of Spirit. So we find mind seeking the rest it requires, and dejection is its hint to us that we should suffer the mind to repose, while we enter upon meditation, however briefly, using thus a silent power greater than that which flows through the brain, bringing it to the refreshment of the mind. This divine power has its climax with a Master-Spirit; these, thus "*indrawn*," gather in an instant of time the deep refreshment of a silent century.

Why should not the brain-mind feel dejection? It believes only in the efficacy of material action. It sees the enemies arrayed, the difficulties surging nearer; the "sin of oppression of friends" is plain in sight; no external way opens outward, and it abandons hope. Arjuna then retreats within. His brain-mind gives pause, and in the lull the silent Thinker speaks.

The war must first of all be waged with that brain-mind, that thing which we cannot exterminate for it is ourselves—as Arjuna truly saw, calling all these difficulties his family and his race: it is all kinds of Karma; it is a congeries of lower selves held in concrete form by the brain-mind under the false title of "Myself." This foe within the gates we cannot abandon, we must uplift it. Wherefore let us be patient with this part of our nature in daily life, gently leading its poor aspirations above the things of self, pointing out to it the beauty of deathless things, the joys of the Eternal. Patience then. Patience with thyself first of all; not sloth, not complacency, but patience that

sees the folly and unwisdom, yet consoles and waits. Patience such as this with thyself first of all, there where impatience is often but a wounded vanity that thou art not a stronger thing than this thou suddenly seest. If thou hast not such compassion for that which thou seest and knowest, how canst thou have patience with the brother thou knowest not? Uplift thy mind, feed it with hopes.

Inspire thyself. What man can inspire thee? Draw the diviner breaths deep within thyself, and poising thy soul upon these, all Nature stilled within thee, that soul shall plume her wings—the wings of meditation—for the flight into still holier airs.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

A WHISPER FROM THE PAST.

WRAPT in vague and shadowy dreams I wandered far from the dwellings of my tribe into the dark wood. On and on beneath the pines and chestnuts and amid the young trees I walked, pondering upon the visions that rose before me: visions of space filled with mist-like figures crowned with stars, of lands more fair, of cloudless skies and burning suns, and faces that I knew not, yet which were strangely familiar to me.

Ofttimes I lived in these dreams till I knew not when I was dreaming or waking, and when naught but the war-shout of my warriors preparing for the battle could awaken me. Now there was no battle; with the enemies of my tribe peace had been proclaimed, for we had fought again and again until they had not warriors enough to battle with us. And while my people feasted I walked and dreamed apart.

Suddenly I paused, for upon my ears fell the sounds of a strange low chant, and something in it made my heart beat quickly and my pulses throb madly. Memories of a wondrous world, dim and ancient, struggled for life within me. Slowly I moved in the direction whence the sounds came, and beheld, pacing to and fro with slow and dreamy footsteps, a maiden strange to me. Yet as I gazed on the stately head and the dark, far-seeing eyes, it seemed to me she was no stranger. Still the low chant continued, still I moved forward until I stood before her. Even as I looked into her eyes I knew her, and the flower of love that had bloomed in other lifetimes and other lands blossomed anew in my heart. And to her I said:

"Summer is not here, yet have I heard the song of a singing-bird, and its music lingers in my heart. Sweeter than the rustle of unfold-

ing leaves in the spring-time, softer than the murmur of the gently-flowing waters, are its notes. I am the last of a race of chieftains; I alone wear the eagle-plume, and fain would I take you, sweet singing-bird, to my lodge. For meseems we two are linked together, and that in other lives we lived side by side, dreaming dreams and fulfilling destinies. Will you abide in the lodge of a chief, and make glad his heart with your music?"

She laid her hands upon my breast in token of assent, and looked with her mysterious eyes into mine, and uttered many words, the purport of which I could not wholly comprehend. Then she said:

"My chief, I knew you were nigh, and that our love, born in a distant past, would bind us together now as it did then, and will for time yet to come. For such love as ours is not a blossom that fades in a day, but lives on through the storm and sunshine of ages. Among northern snows and under burning skies, in forests and on the mountain-top, have we dwelt together; but soon the wild, free life will end, and in lands where the sun shines not clearly and the birds sing not sweetly; where men and women walk about blind, yet thinking they see, and into whose hearts love enters not, but only darkness and ignorance—in those lands shall we dwell, suffering sorrow and pain, and longing for the freedom we had of yore. Even then we shall have gladness, for the ancient memories and joyousness upwelling in our souls will never cease to throw their light around us, and bear us on to where the immortals already await our coming."

She ceased. My dreams grew clearer, and for a moment memory returned. I glimpsed the lives of which she had spoken, and had foreknowledge of those to come. I knew that, even in the dark time to fall upon us, we would meet and tread together the secret ways of wisdom. Then I tenderly led her away to my dwelling, and for a few brief summers we lived together. And ever the love in my heart increased for her; though when her dreamings fell upon her, and she held communion with the winds and running waters and the spirits of the air she would forget the presence of all around, even, I think, she remembered me not.

As time passed on, and another shared our lodge with us, the Singing-bird, as I chose to call her, awoke from some of her musings to a more human life, though she never became as the other women of my tribe, but walked mostly apart in ways of her own. Sometimes she would join them at the fire that burned in the circle of our lodges, and speak a strange and mysterious wisdom that came to her in her dreams. But they could not understand; they were content to cook the corn

and venison for the warriors returning from the chase, nor knew nor dreamed aught of the fashioning of worlds or men.

While the child was still young our enemies gathered themselves together and waged war upon us again. But I led my warriors to the battle with the war-fury raging in their breasts, and we fought through the hours of the long day till we had scattered those who had dared to assail us, though in the doing of that I received my death-blow. So I bade my warriors carry me home to my lodge, for I would see my Singing-bird and child before death should steal the light from my eyes and make powerless the tongue to utter that which I would say to her.

When the people of my tribe were gathered round the rough couch of skins on which I rested, I gave to them my last words of wisdom and counsel as to how they should best keep themselves noble and true, so that when they also were killed in the battle they would pass quickly into the abode of the sun-god we all worshipped. Into their charge I gave her who had made summer of my life since first her eyes had looked into mine, and her strange chant of forgotten glories had fallen on my ears; and I bade them cherish her and the child, for she had much wisdom, and the child would surely be a great chief, and would also teach them to walk again in the secret ways approaching death made clear to me. Then silently they drew back while I spoke my farewell to her who held my heart.

"Farewell. I go, for death is upon me. I would bear you with me, even to where I go, but the weavers of life and death have decreed otherwise. Yet we shall meet again, for already is it dimly shadowed forth before me. Perchance we shall have forged bonds which seem to keep us asunder, but when we meet we shall surely know each other, and in our hearts will spring the blossom which has made sweet our life to-day. Much wisdom have I learned from you of the life men call death, and the death men call life; of the beings ever attendant upon man, waiting to work his will, and of the path to the gods, still you have much that I know not. Often when you have sung the song of the bygone ages, telling of the mighty ones who moved through space and breathed their messages over the world, I have seen the many-coloured radiance brighten and pale round your brow, and methinks you are one of those great ones, though all unknowing of it yourself. Even as I speak there gleams before me a time long past when we twain were as stars set in the heavens, radiant and glorious, yet always together. And I know we shall be again as stars, for ever there is a spirit within impelling me on to something I feel but dimly now, yet

when death is here I shall know for a surety. Now bid the warriors chant the song for the departing, for I would have the chiefs of my race meet me when I enter the sun-god's abode."

Night fell, and still I lingered, wrapped in the old, old dreams of might and power. Shadowy figures bent over me and floated above me; beings round whom the sun-rays played and the lights of many jewels glowed. Then, with a brief memory of her at my side, I drew the dark head to my breast and passed into the sun-god's home.

LAON.

ON IDEALS.

YOU had better begin to realize that others have ideals as well as you. You'll learn how to help if you notice this. Study the people around you a while and you'll see that you are not the only person in the world who has ideals. You are not the only one who is trying to help. To think otherwise is another form of vanity, and I have spoken often to you about this before.

It's all right to have high ideals; that is as it should be, no credit to you though in this. Be glad that you have such but don't pride yourself as being the only one of the sort, for there are many others who have as high and higher ideals than you.

You think the people you see about you have no ideals, do you? Look a little deeper and you'll find they have. They may have greater ones than you, but don't talk so much about them (except when asked, or if the occasion demands it). Better still, they may be trying to act up to their ideals, for they may realize what is true, that it's no use having such unless they try to live up to them. Do you examine yourself on this? You say you want to help, then do as I say on this a while and find out yourself how real your ideals are to you, or whether they are only something you like to talk about but do not like to live by.

I have heard people talk of Masters as ideals, but very few really try to live up to them as such. You are not exempt in this, are you? for you say you will have to wait till circumstances alter, till you feel better, and perhaps until your next incarnation, and what not, before you can begin to live towards such ideals as these.

This is only an attempt to deceive yourself and to cover yourself up by excuses, and is no good, for if you had taken them as ideals they would be more real to you than that, and you would make an attempt in spite of any circumstances, in the face of any events. Better be frank with yourself and begin just where and as you are.

If you want to help make a beginning at once by realizing that you can help others more by trying to bring out in them, and by trying to see, that they have ideals too, than in any other way. By trying to parade your own particular virtue or ideal to the exclusion of those of everyone else only bores people, is no good, and kills the reality of your own ideals. I get tired of people who continually tell others what large objects they have in life, but never live them. "Little tin gods" do this, and they forget to find out whether others may not have them too. You do this often, and it's time to stop if you ever expect to really be of use.

To think you can hold an ideal alone is also a mistake. Unless you share it and see that others have ideals too in greater or less degree, you will never be able to perfect your own, and run the risk of losing it altogether.

Look for the best ideals in people you meet, and if they haven't such, your attitude of trying to take for granted that they have will sometimes force them to look inside to find the ideals they see you think they have, and so in time they'll find them. Will you lose yours while doing this? Not a bit of it; for on other planes you will be satisfied, and instead of taking time for self-praise you will be learning by this and from the ideals of others better things than you had ever dreamed of, and you will have the joy of seeing others helped by this to bring out the best in themselves. A little more pleasure over the good in others would help to make more men into gods whom we view now only as men, than anything else we could do. They'll forget you perhaps, but do you care? Well, if you don't then your help will be real, and in helping others to find their ideals you will find your own.

So I say bring out the best in all those you meet. Throw off some of the veils that cover their souls by helping them to forget that these veils exist. See them as gods and they will see it themselves.

A.

AN ANCIENT EDEN.

OUR legends tell of faery fountains upspringing in Eri, and how the people of long ago saw them not but only the Tuatha de Danaan. Some deem it was the natural outflow of water at these places which was held to be sacred; but above fountain, rill and river rose up the enchanted froth and foam of invisible rills and rivers breaking forth from Tir-na-noge, the soul of the island, and glittering in the sunlight of its mystic day. What we see here is imaged forth from that invisible soul and is a path thereto. In the heroic *Epic of Cuculain* Standish O'Grady writes of such a fountain, and prefixes his chapter with the verse from *Genesis*, "And four rivers went forth from Eden to water the garden," and what follows in reference thereto.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SHADOWY BEAUTY.

A Dream.

I would I could weave in
The colour, the wonder,
The song I conceive in
My heart while I ponder,

And show how it came like
The magi of old
Whose chant was a flame like
The dawn's voice of gold;

Who dreams followed near them,
A murmur of birds,
And ear still could hear them
Unchanted in words.

In words I can only
Reveal thee my heart,
Oh, Light of the Lonely,
The shining impart.

Between the twilight and the dark
The lights danced up before my eyes:
I found no sleep or peace or rest,
But dreams of stars and burning skies.

I knew the faces of the day—
Dream faces, pale, with cloudy hair,
I know you not nor yet your home,
The Fount of Shadowy Beauty, where?

I passed a dream of gloomy ways
Where ne'er did human feet intrude:
It was the border of a wood,
A dreadful forest solitude.

With wondrous red and faery gold
The clouds were woven o'er the ocean;
The stars in fiery æther swung
And danced with gay and glittering motion.

A fire leaped up within my heart
When first I saw the old sea shine;
As if a god were there revealed
I bowed my head in awe divine;

And long beside the dim sea marge
I mused until the gathering haze
Veiled from me where the silver tide
Ran in its thousand shadowy ways.

The black night dropt upon the sea:
The silent awe came down with it:
I saw fantastic vapours flit
As o'er the darkness of the pit.

When, lo! from out the furthest night
A speck of rose and silver light
Above a boat shaped wondrously
Came floating swiftly o'er the sea.

It was no human will that bore
The boat so fleetly to the shore
Without a sail spread or an oar.

The Pilot stood erect thereon
And lifted up his ancient face,
(Ancient with glad eternal youth
Like one who was of starry race).

His face was rich with dusky bloom;
His eyes a bronze and golden fire;
His hair in streams of silver light
Hung flamelike on his strange attire

Which starred with many a mystic sign
Fell as o'er sunlit ruby glowing:
His light flew o'er the waves afar
In ruddy ripples on each bar
Along the spiral pathways flowing.

It was a crystal boat that chased
The light along the watery waste,
Till caught amid the surges hoary
The Pilot stayed its jewelled glory.

Oh, never such a glory was:
The pale moon shot it through and through
With light of lilac, white and blue:
And there mid many a faery hue
Of pearl and pink and amethyst,
Like lightning ran the rainbow gleams
And wove around a wonder-mist.

The Pilot lifted beckoning hands;
Silent I went with deep amaze
To know why came this Beam of Light
So far along the ocean ways
Out of the vast and shadowy night.

"Make haste, make haste!" he cried. "Away!
A thousand ages now are gone.
Yet thou and I ere night be sped
Will reck no more of eve or dawn."

Swift as the swallow to its nest
I leaped: my body dropt right down:
A silver star I rose and flew.
A flame burned golden at his breast:
I entered at the heart and knew
My Brother-Self who roams the deep,
Bird of the wonder-world of sleep.

The ruby body wrapt us round
As twain in one: we left behind
The league-long murmur of the shore
And fleeted swifter than the wind.

The distance rushed upon the bark:
We neared unto the mystic isles:
The heavenly city we could mark,
Its mountain light, its jewel dark,
Its pinnacles and starry piles.

The glory brightened: "Do not fear
For we are real, though what seems
So proudly built above the waves
Is but one mighty spirit's dreams.

"Our Father's house hath many fanes,
Yet enter not and worship not,
For thought but follows after thought
Till last consuming self it wanes.

"The Fount of Shadowy Beauty flings
Its glamour o'er the light of day:
A music in the sunlight sings
To call the dreamy hearts away
Their mighty hopes to ease awhile:
We will not go the way of them:
The chant makes drowsy those who seek
The sceptre and the diadem.

"The Fount of Shadowy Beauty throws
Its magic round us all the night;
What things the heart would be, it sees
And chases them in endless flight.
Or coiled in phantom visions there
It builds within the halls of fire;
Its dreams flash like the peacock's wing
And glow with sun-hues of desire.
We will not follow in their ways
Nor heed the lure of fay or elf,
But in the ending of our days
Rest in the high Ancestral Self."

The boat of crystal touched the shore,
Then melted flamelike from our eyes,
As in the twilight drops the sun
Withdrawing rays of paradise.

We hurried under archèd aisles
That far above in heaven withdrawn
With cloudy pillars stormed the night
Rich as the opal shafts of dawn.

I would have lingered then—but he—
"Oh, let us haste: the dream grows dim.
Another night, another day,
A thousand years will part from him

"Who is that Ancient One divine
From whom our phantom being born
Rolled with the wonder-light around
Had started in the fairy morn.

"A thousand of our years to him
Are but the night, are but the day,
Wherein he rests from cyclic toil
Or chants the song of starry sway.

"He falls asleep: the Shadowy Fount
Fills all our heart with dreams of light:
He wakes to ancient spheres, and we
Through iron ages mourn the night.
We will not wander in the night
But in a darkness more divine
Shall join the Father Light of Lights
And rule the long-descended line."

Even then a vasty twilight fell:
Wavered in air the shadowy towers:
The city like a gleaming shell,
Its azures, opals, silvers, blues,
Were melting in more dreamy hues.
We feared the falling of the night
And hurried more our headlong flight.
In one long line the towers went by;
The trembling radiance dropt behind,
As when some swift and radiant one
Flits by and flings upon the wind
The rainbow tresses of the sun.

And then they vanished from our gaze
Faded the magic lights, and all
Into a Starry Radiance fell
As waters in their fountain fall.

We knew our time-long journey o'er
And knew the end of all desire,
And saw within the emerald glow
Our Father like the white sun-fire.

We could not say if age or youth
Was on his face: we only burned
To pass the gateways of the Day,
The exiles to the heart returned.

He rose to greet us and his breath,
The tempest music of the spheres,
Dissolved the memory of earth,
The cyclic labour and our tears.
In him our dream of sorrow passed,
The spirit once again was free
And heard the song the Morning-Stars
Chant in eternal revelry.

This was the close of human story;
We saw the deep unmeasured shine
And sank within the mystic glory
They called of old the Dark Divine.

Well it is gone now,
The dream that I chanted:
On this side the dawn now
I sit fate-implanted.

But though of my dreaming
The dawn has bereft me,
It all was not seeming
For something has left me.

I feel in some other
World far from this cold light
The Dream Bird, my brother,
Is rayed with the gold light.

I too in the Father
Would hide me, and so,
Bright Bird, to foregather
With thee now I go.

A.

INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES' SUGGESTIONS.

As chairman of last European Convention it was my duty to notify all International Representatives who were not present at the Convention of their appointment. In asking them to accept the position I suggested that any hints as to how best to carry out the idea embodied in the resolution would be appreciated. By this time I have had replies from most of our Representatives, and have no doubt that all will be interested in reading one or two of the principal suggestions made. Of course the definite purpose of such an international body can only be properly decided when the Crusade ends, and the American Convention has considered the matter and taken action with regard to it.

Dr. Buck's proposal for an International Convention representative of all Sections in America, either at the site of the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity, or at New York when the Crusaders have completed their circuit, has been already published. Brother Thurston fully endorses the proposal, but suggests that "the expenses should be met from a common fund of contributions from all Sections, otherwise those far distant (from America) and small in number will have an undue share of expense." What a "big force" would be carried back to each of the Sections if such a scheme could be carried out! Everybody wants to know how it is to be accomplished.

Bro. Smythe of Canada writes as follows:

Members of such a body should have, as it were, consular or ambassadorial duties (not powers) in their respective territories, and their meetings might be of a pan-theosophical character, yearly or biennially, or even triennially, in different parts of the world, and on the lines of the British Association. . . . I can conceive of no reason for their existence in the theosophical movement but for purposes of work, and the gods know there is no dearth of it.

Bro. C. van der Zeyde, of Holland, makes a suggestion of a different character, but one which will certainly commend itself to many:

From my entrance into the T. S. I disliked the accidental and unmethodical fashion of treating the subjects of our philosophy in Branch meetings. My opinion is that these subjects should follow one another like the lessons in a well directed and regulated school, so that the treatment of one subject will be a preparation for that following. For example, I have made for our very young Centre (Zaandam) a syllabus, containing all the matters to be discussed in the first year, as follows:

(1) The T. S., its Ideals, Objects, etc.; (2) Belief, Philosophy and Science; (3) The Sources, Means and Ways of Knowledge; (4) Self-Knowledge; (5) Outer Organs and Inner Observation; (6) The Dualism of Man; (7) Soul and Spirit; (8) The Dis-

positions of Man; (9) Evolution; (10) Forms of Existence; (11) The Heresy of Seclusion and Separation; (12) The Enigma of Life; (13) The Cycle of Life; (14) Reincarnation; (15) Disorder or Regularity in Nature? (16) Karma; (17) Extinction of Nations and Progression of Ideas; (18) Thought-Force; (19) Goodness and Truth as a Unity: (20) The Higher and Lower Mind; (21) The Christ-Myth; (22) The Meaning of Mythology; (23) Symbols; (24) Analogy in Natural Phenomena; (25) Number and Rythm; (26) Cycles; (27) Whence and Whither? (28) Atlantis; (29) Our Future; (30) Our Responsibility and Duty.

It would be useful to communicate to one another through our International Committee the plans and methods used in different national and local Centres, so that we may work on harmonious lives in all countries, and help one another to find the best way to instruct those who come to us to learn lessons of knowledge and brotherly love.

The course of subjects outlined by our brother ought to prove useful to many young Branches, and even to those not young.

From New Zealand Bro. Neill writes a letter crammed full of suggestions. He says:

I feel *something* must be done to keep these fourteen countries *always* in touch —each with all—about that there can be no difference of opinion, I think. The Crusaders are laying the connecting line, but we all must be *living links* afterwards. Then, I suppose, at stated times these countries will meet by their representatives—it may be the seed-grain of "that parliament of man, that federation of the world." The fourteen countries will grow into twenty-one, I hope, before long, or seventy-seven even. Nothing like expecting much, and in future, as we get rich, we may be able to exchange lecturers for a year or so, as may be found convenient and advisable. Whatever keeps up a lively, intelligent interest in the doings of the whole body of Theosophists throughout the world would help to give life, power, increase. . . . Why not have *The Theosophical World*, something really *international?* At present each paper is confined to the part of the world (mainly) where it is published, so that one has not anything like the whole theosophical world before one in any magazine. . . . The whole acts on each point and each point acts on the whole.

On another point Bro. Neill suggests that:

Each Branch or Lodge should, as far as possible, form a depôt for books (however small), and pay, with order, which would lighten the capital at the chief publishing centre. Each Lodge would then virtually have a small share in the whole capital required.

Still another suggestion by Bro. Neill which, perhaps, concerns our Recording Secretary (the always genial C. F. W.) more than the International Representatives:

There is also a work which some one might do, which I have spoken of to several, and all are agreed that it would have a telling effect, viz., that a short outline of the theosophical movement in *each* century, for the last eighteen or so, be compiled—a sketch of the inner side of history, in fact. We have a little of one or

two centuries, but not much of others. To show the real philosophy of history and the continuous current of the theosophical river from age to age would arrest the attention of many.

I feel sure that this body of International Representatives will yet play an important part in our movement. It should be known that it was another of the many practical ideas thrown out by our leader, and the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm which it has provoked from all parts augurs well for its success when the plan and scope of its operations are definitely arranged. The most practical point, it seems to me, for immediate action is that of Dr. Buck. Delegates from each Society at an International Convention in New York, immediately following the American Convention in April, would certainly be a great affair.

D. N. D.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is useful now and again to turn attention to some of the characteristics of the age in which we live. We are told sometimes that we insist too much on the need for human sympathy and practical brotherhood. But what are the facts. Look around and see the effect of many of the most prominent agencies at work. What has culture done? Was life ever more humdrum and meaningless to the vast majority of men and women? What has the cult of beauty, with its desire *l'art pour l'art*, produced? Has it lessened poverty, wretchedness, suffering? I answer No! But it has done something. It has produced utter weariness, doubt and uncertainty. The true philosophy, forsooth, is to note the variety of life's contrasts and to appreciate each in proportion to its rarity, "its power of ministering to an almost feverish curiosity." Tolerance is synonymous with indifference. The human intellect has overstrained itself, and men falter, baffled, when they see what still remains to be achieved after all the energy expended. It is little wonder, therefore, that "weary" men know not whether they believe in anything at all—it might be a bad thing to believe in anything. Problems are solved but to lead to new problems. Theosophists talk of duty to humanity, it is true, but men dare to think and say that they have no duty—but to cultivate their nerves into a state of "abnormal sensitiveness," so that they will shriek almost when they enter a room with ugly wall-paper. Theosophists speak, too, of the dawn of a new day for the human race, but then, how many are up at sunrise?. Is not the day far spent before they leave the habilaments of the night? Theories of things political and social are all very well;

but convictions? Not at all. It is true also that men do not see the realities of life. Catchwords appear to them illuminating profundities. One point of view is changed momentarily for another. Man must replace theory by knowledge before he can hope to have certainty of anything. Verily, it is true, that when the great man is absent the age produces nothing.

* * *

News to hand about the Crusade shows that splendid work has been done in India. Owing to Mrs. Besant's publication of certain statements in the Indian press before the arrival of the Crusaders, they were given an early opportunity of ventilating the real facts regarding the "split," about which India certainly had been kept much in the dark. They found Theosophy practically dead there, and if it had been possible to prolong their stay and cover more of the country India would be almost solidly with us. As it is, however, an organization has been formed on the lines of other countries, in affiliation with the Societies throughout the world who remained true to the principles of brotherhood when William Q. Judge was attacked. A strange appearance in the heavens, recorded by some Indian newspapers, may not be without significance. A meteor with three strong bright lights, triangle-shaped, and with a long serpent-like form of light attached, was seen to shoot in from *west* to east, followed by a strange and weird sound. What interpreter will explain? A most interesting address delivered by Mrs. Tingley at Bombay on Oct. 29th has been printed by special desire. In case some of our readers may not have seen it we give two interesting quotations:

It should be known that India was not the source of the world's religions, though there may be some teachers in India who flatter you with that view in order to gather you into some special fold. The occult learning that India once shared in common with other ancient peoples did not originate here, and does not exist to any extent in India proper to-day.

That sacred body that gave the world its mystic teachings and that still preserves it for those who yearly become ready to receive it, has never had its headquarters in India, but moved thousands of years ago from what is now a part of the American continent to a spot in Asia, then to Egypt, then elsewhere, sending teachers to India to enlighten its inhabitants. Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Quetzalcoatl, and many others who could be named were members of this great Brotherhood, and received their knowledge through interior initiation into its mysteries.

And again:

Oh, ye men and women, sons of the same universal mother as ourselves: ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like

ours belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race.

This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait till another age arrives before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours to-day, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand. Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for ever more.

* * *

Sweden took a wise step in allying itself more closely with the real T. S. movement and the "new force." This has been already manifested in a variety of ways. The magazine of the new organization has come to hand and is really splendid. It contains a beautifully executed portrait of W. Q. J., with some appreciative articles regarding him. All Lodges are in full swing. Publicly organized lectures are given on a larger scale than ever before, and the movement is sure to spread widely as the result of this fresh activity. Our Swedish brothers and sisters have always been close to our hearts, and it is needless to say that we are watching their developments with much interest.

* * *

In New Zealand members are looking forward to the visit of the Crusaders, and have been successfully arousing public interest in the matter. Lodges and Centres are increasing, but in this direction there will no doubt be a great impetus when the Crusade brings its accumulated force to bear upon the country. Good news reaches us also from Sydney, N. S. W. The workers there have started a monthly magazine called *Magic*. They have their own type, etc., and Brothers Daniell and Williams, being compositors, "set up" after their working-hours. The first proofs, we understand, were "pulled" with smoothing-irons! There should certainly be great room for such a magazine in Australia. Copies of the first number have come to hand and certainly present a very creditable appearance in every way. It is hardly necessary to say that we wish this plucky venture the greatest possible success.

* * *

From letters received during the past month or two I gather that many new Branches find it hard to conduct their meetings owing to the want of papers, the result being that a heavy burden falls upon one member. Some scheme could surely be devised whereby older Branches could meet the deficiency of those more recently organized. Some country member, perhaps, anxious and willing to do some theosophical

work, might start a register of all Branches having papers to offer, as well as of all Branches desiring them. By this means papers might be kept in general circulation for the benefit of all Branches.

* * *

More attention might profitably be given to press work. Bro. Edge has been writing an admirable series of articles for a Portsmouth paper. It would be well, indeed, if they could appear in the local papers in other parts of England.

* * *

It seems to me that our Deputy Vice-President, Bro. Crooke, who has been doing such excellent work in England and Scotland during the past month or two, should, if possible, get to the American Convention in April next. I mention it thus early because some time will be required to collect a sufficient number of mites to pay his expenses. It would not be a bad idea to adopt the Purple Box plan. Members could thus put something aside daily for this object. I have no doubt when this paragraph meets Bro. Crooke's eye he will be much surprised. But his modesty enables us to appreciate his services all the more, and I have little doubt that if he goes to the American Convention he will bring back with him a force which will have far-reaching effect on the work in England and elsewhere.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THERE is a good deal of quiet interest in our regular weekly meetings, and there are also a number every week who quite make up their minds to attend—but don't. It was ever thus. Bless their timid unconventional hearts!

The Annual Convention T. S. E. (Ireland) will be held on Jan. 6th, when the numerous members thereof are expected to attend in one or another of their Sharîras. Likewise the elemental selves of all crusaders, friends, powers and principalities.

On Jan. 13th Bro. Russell will lecture on *Our National Religion*.

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener*.

NOTICE.

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The Irish Theosophist.

GREETING.

COMRADES, the world over, we greet you. Old Time has drawn the veil over another year. For all of us it was an eventful one. One momentous incident after another followed in quick succession. When the year was still young our dear chief W. Q. J. passed away with his hand on the helm. The shock which the news gave us all was but momentary. We soon learned that his last gift was, perhaps, his greatest. We expected to find that wise provision had been made for carrying on the work, and our expectations were more than fully realized. The wonderful Convention of the T. S. A. at New York, at which the first announcement was made regarding the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of antiquity, revealed the fact also that plans had been laid for a "Napoleonic propaganda" on a wider scale than ever attempted before. Shortly afterwards the Crusaders started out, headed by our new leader, Mrs. Tingley, to lay the "cable tow" around the world. You are all familiar, by this time, with the great success attending the efforts of the Crusaders in every country which they have visited, and it is needless to enter into details here. But much of the most valuable work remains unchronicled. The T. S. E. Convention in Dublin formed many new links and liberated new currents of force. Day by day we receive fresh evidence of the extraordinary impetus that has been given to our movement, and its international character becomes more strongly emphasized than ever before.

Time hastens on. Another year has glided in as silently as morning glides, bringing with it much of the cheer of the reviving season. Comrades, mount upon the hills of the morning; rise to the level of the sun and feel the new order of the world approaching. Here, in this old land, the fires that smoulder unrevealed in religions, uplift to flame through the broken crust of the earth. Ah, it would seem after all that

it is possible to attract mankind from wrong by creation's lovelier glow, by a recreative symphony to overcome sorrow and disease, by a sound, like the murmur of a shell on the seashore, to bring new joy to many an aching heart! What has hitherto been but vaguely felt through the cold of winter flows as life fire in the veins, until one throbs with ecstasy of the divine in nature. In such a mood one feels that the long darkness was but the shadow of God cast upon the waves of time. What has hitherto been looked for only in Scripture is becoming unfolded in man, and creeds that have crushed him give place to godlike hopes. At least so it appeared to us by "the clear light shining in Ireland."

In every country the methods of work differ, but we have no longer any cause to approach our work with sad hearts. Opportunities are greater than ever; days are in the hours. The "crowning effort" of all is to evoke the "spiritual and heroic"; in every country to bring the "statelier Eden" back to men. So then, comrades, let us bend to the work, with God in every vein, and when 1897 closes myriads of sorrows will have been brought to a close also.

D. N. D.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 44.*)

THE second chapter of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ* is approached with a feeling of impotence on the part of the individual who would fain portray it, epitome of wondrous wisdom and help to mankind. It is not to be spoken about, but to be felt; above all, to be lived. It is better so; everyone finds himself in it and himself drinks as he can at the spring. The science of the soul is there; the science of right living; there, too, the heart of all faiths. From whatever standpoint we approach it, we are presently lifted out of ourselves by its harmonious grandeur, and yet there is a dear note of homelike things, a remembered touch from out those heavenly mansions of the soul where once we journeyed with gods. Krishna, we are shown, "tenderly smiles" at the dejection of Arjuna. What depth of love and trust serene are here displayed. Nothing of so-called cold philosophy; only the tenderness which knows our better self to be steadfast in triumph, which smiles, in the name of that deeper insight, above our dejection. Krishna has both the seeing eye and the calling heart. It must be true —so cries our human heart responsive—it must be very truth that the

crucified Light yearns over me, longs to manifest in me, waits, asking for my love.

What, then, holds us back from giving that love in measure so ample that every thought is permeated with its sunshine? What restrains us from unbarring the door of the heart to that Light? Why send we not forth streams of devotion to call down the waiting Radiance? What impedes the union of the Light and the heart? Arjuna gives the names of our jailers: they are Fear and Grief. Fear for all our lower selves and interests, for just as each one of us has his lower and his higher self, so can each love in others the lesser or the greater. It is for us to choose what we will contact in one another, and we have touch with the lower phase of our friends only when we fear, just as that which fears is the weaker and the lower in man. The high soul knows no fear of loss, disaster, death, ruin or the world, for well it knows that it can never lose its own. Many a thought of the brain-mind, due to education, custom, or the thought-vibrations about us, come between our hearts and this clearer vision of the Soul. When we begin to argue, to marshall images of loss and sorrow within the mind, we may know that we are doing the Dweller's work for it. The powers of darkness have found an ally and a helper in us and cease from troubling that we may the better do their destructive work in ourselves. This interior process by which we produce an interior result which we call fear—or grief—is one both curious and occult. The images of desolation are evoked by us, pictures of supposed future losses to ensue upon some given action, and then their long array defiles before the soul. Now that soul, spectator of Matter, and Life-in-Matter, from which it seeks to learn, that it may recognize itself—that soul has a mirror, the mind. It looks into the mind for a clear, true reflect of life. But man steps in and by the deliberate action of his will throws false images upon the mirror; these false images bewilder the soul. A numbness comes over the heart; its interaction with the soul is paralyzed.

"When the perfect man employs his mind, it is a mirror. It conducts nothing and anticipates nothing; it responds to what is before it but does not retain it. Thus he is able to deal successfully with all things and injures none."

Arjuna graphically describes the action of grief upon the nature in the words, "grief, which drieth up my faculties." The action of that diffusive force which we call grief is similar to that which follows upon the over-watering of plants. The natural nourishment of the earth and water is flooded away from the roots and the plant rots and dies.

In another edition the idea is given as "this anguish which withers up my senses," and Arjuna says, "my heart is weighed down with the vice of faintness," as hearts will be when not buoyed up by the energies of faith and courage. A world of instruction regarding man's use of his own mental forces is conveyed by these simple words, to which meditation discovers many a helpful meaning. These energies, all powerful in their action, are not to be frittered away. The evolution of energy is a spiritual act; misuse or waste of energy a sin against the spirit. Wherefore let it be our endeavour to follow the course outlined by Kwang-Sze:

"When we rest in what the time requires and manifest that submission, neither joy nor sorrow can find entrance to the mind."

No selfish joy or sorrow, is the meaning of the Sage. When we rest in Truth we are that Truth itself. We are at peace, a peace higher than joy, deeper than sorrow; it is a bliss above our fondest dreams. To this exalted condition Krishna has reference when he tells Arjuna that his dejection is "Svarga closing," literally, "non-Svargam": it shuts the door of heaven; the celestial joys are assembled, but man, deploring, weeps without and will not lift the bars. How abject are such tears!

In *Light on the Path* the same truth is alluded to:

"Before the eye can see, it must be incapable of tears."

It puts in poetical language the occult truism that an outburst of personal grief disturbs for a time the interior conditions, so that we can neither employ sight or hearing uncoloured and unshaken. What an output of energy goes to our tears. In the mere physical plane all may feel the contraction in the nervous and astral centres, the explosion following; the very moisture of life bursts forth and runs to waste. Nor can the mind use clear discernment in life when that life is shaken and distorted by personal grief. Such grief contracts the whole of life to the one centre—I—and looks within that microscopic eddy, exaggerating all it sees. For mind is indeed the retina of the soul, upon which images of life are cast, and, like the physical eye, may make an illusive report. Or it may report truly, qualifying what it sees and relating that to the vast Whole. Yet, just as Wisdom hath a higher eye in man, so there is that which is higher than the mental view, and that, the vision of faith and love, is at the very bottom of the heart always. Deny the tender presences. They are there, nestling close, often weighed down by care and doubt, but to be discovered by the man who desires to discover them. Does any one disbelieve this? Let him ask himself why we remember best the joys of life. Were we to

remember the details of past sorrows as keenly we could not go on, despair would destroy our powers. That mysterious thing which we call our past, smiles more or less to our remembrance; the edge of sorrow is blunted in memory, but that of joy is ever more keen. Krishna, the "warrior eternal and sure," discerns these presences, and, tenderly smiling upon downcast man, prepares to send a heaven-born voice which shall summon them forth. Man is made for joy!

Why are they ever in the heart of man, these potencies which he names Hope, Trust, Love, because he does not know their god-like names? Is it not because that heart is a spark of the Mother-Heart, great Nature's pulsing sun, and thus shares in all her gifts and potencies? Ah! study thine own nature; thou shalt find them ever recurrent no matter how oft thou hast denied them. Hate! a sudden instant blots it out and it is Love. Doubt! some swift revulsion overturns the mind and Hope, the immortal, smiles thine anguish down. Fear, if thou canst; thy swelling heart forbids, and in an unexpected hour its tides of strength uprise, thy puny mind-erections are level with the dust that stirs about thy feet, and the world sings, for thee. Thou canst not wholly bar thy heart. It hears the Mother calling to all her children and every heart-spark leaps in answer. Give o'er denial. Confine the rebel mind. Seek! seek! The heart wills to be heard—and it *is* heard.

Arise, ye magic powers! Ye sun-breaths, warm our hearts and lead them on to conquest over self. The universe is Love, for it awaits all beings. All, all are summoned home, to be at one with Life and Light; to end the day of separation. The "day Be-With-Us" is ever at hand, when man, in the dawn of the divine reünion, shall see mankind as the manifested Self, and in that Self—the All.

"Whatever may be apprehended by the mind, whatever may be perceived by the senses, whatever may be discerned by the intellect, all is but a form of Thee. I am of Thee, upheld by Thee. Thou art my creator and to Thee I fly for refuge."

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

THE AWAKENING OF THE FIRES.

When twilight flutters the mountains over
The faery lights from the earth unfold,
And over the hills enchanted hover
The giant heroes and gods of old:
The bird of æther its flaming pinions
Waves over earth the whole night long:
The stars drop down in their blue dominions
To hymn together their choral song:
The child of earth in his heart grows burning
Mad for the night and the deep unknown;
His alien flame in a dream returning
Seats itself on the ancient throne.
When twilight over the mountains fluttered
And night with its starry millions came,
I too had dreams; the thoughts I have uttered
Come from my heart that was touched by the flame.

I THOUGHT over the attempts made time after time to gain our freedom; how failure had followed failure until at last it seemed that we must write over hero and chieftain of our cause the memorial spoken of the warriors of old, "They went forth to the battle but they always fell;" and it seemed to me that these efforts resulted in failure because the ideals put forward were not in the plan of nature for us; that it was not in our destiny that we should attempt a civilization like that of other lands. Though the cry of nationality rings for ever in our ears, the word here has embodied to most no other hope than this, that we should when free be able to enter with more energy upon pursuits already adopted by the people of other countries. Our leaders have erected no nobler standard than theirs, and we who, as a race, are the forlorn hope of idealism in Europe, sink day by day into apathy and forget what a past was ours and what a destiny awaits us if we will but rise responsive to it. Though so old in tradition this Ireland of to-day is a child among the nations of the world; and what a child, and with what a strain of genius in it! There is all the superstition, the timidity and lack of judgment, the unthought recklessness of childhood, but combined with what generosity and devotion, and what an unfathomable love for its heroes. Who can forget that memorable day

when its last great chief was laid to rest? He was not the prophet of our spiritual future; he was not the hero of our highest ideals; but he was the only hero we knew. The very air was penetrated with the sobbing and passion of unutterable regret. Ah, Eri, in other lands there is strength and mind and the massive culmination of ordered power, but in thee alone is there such love as the big heart of childhood can feel. It is this which maketh all thy exiles turn with longing thoughts to thee.

Before trying here to indicate a direction for the future, guessed from brooding on the far past and by touching on the secret springs in the heart of the present, it may make that future seem easier of access if I point out what we have escaped and also show that we have already a freedom which, though but half recognized, is yet our most precious heritage. We are not yet involved in a social knot which only red revolution can sever: our humanity, the ancient gift of nature to us, is still fresh in our veins: our force is not merely the reverberation of a past, an inevitable momentum started in the long ago, but is free for newer life to do what we will with in the coming time.

I know there are some who regret this, who associate national greatness with the whirr and buzz of many wheels, the smoke of factories and with large dividends; and others, again, who wish that our simple minds were illuminated by the culture and wisdom of our neighbours. But I raise the standard of idealism, to try everything by it, every custom, every thought before we make it our own, and every sentiment before it finds a place in our hearts. Are these conditions, social and mental, which some would have us strive for really so admirable as we are assured they are? Are they worth having at all? What of the heroic best of man; how does that show? His spirituality, beauty and tenderness, are these fostered in the civilizations of to-day? I say if questions like these bearing upon that inner life wherein is the real greatness of nations cannot be answered satisfactorily, that it is our duty to maintain our struggle, to remain aloof, lest by accepting a delusive prosperity we shut ourselves from our primitive sources of power. For this spirit of the modern, with which we are so little in touch, is one which tends to lead man further and further from nature. She is no more to him the Great Mother so reverently named long ago, but merely an adjunct to his life, the distant supplier of his needs. What to the average dweller in cities are stars and skies and mountains? They pay no dividends to him, no wages. Why should he care about them indeed. And no longer concerning himself about nature what wonder is it that nature ebbs out of

him. She has her revenge, for from whatever standpoint of idealism considered the average man shows but of pigmy stature. For him there is no before or after. In his material life he has forgotten or never heard of the heroic traditions of his race, their aspirations to godlike state. One wonders what will happen to him when death ushers him out from the great visible life to the loneliness amid the stars. To what hearth or home shall he flee who never raised the veil of nature while living, nor saw it waver tremulous with the hidden glory before his eyes? The Holy Breath from the past communes no more with him, and if he is oblivious of these things, though a thousand workmen call him master, within he is bankrupt, his effects sequestered, a poor shadow, an outcast from the Kingdom of Light.

We see too, that as age after age passes and teems only with the commonplace, that those who are the poets and teachers falter and lose faith: they utter no more of man the divine things the poets said of old. Perhaps the sheer respectability of the people they address deters them from making statements which in some respects might be considered libellous. But from whatever cause, from lack of heart or lack of faith, they have no real inspiration. The literature of Europe has had but little influence on the Celt in this isle. Its philosophies and revolutionary ideas have stayed their waves at his coast: they had no message of interpretation for him, no potent electric thought to light up the mystery of his nature. For the mystery of the Celt is the mystery of Amergin the Druid. All nature speaks through him. He is her darling, the confidant of her secrets. Her mountains have been more to him than a feeling. She has revealed them to him as the home of her brighter children, her heroes become immortal. For him her streams ripple with magical life and the light of day was once filled with more aerial rainbow wonder. Though thousands of years have passed since this mysterious Druid land was at its noonday, and long centuries have rolled by since the weeping seeress saw the lights vanish from mountain and valley, still this alliance of the soul of man and the soul of nature more or less manifestly characterizes the people of this isle. The thought produced in and for complex civilizations is not pregnant enough with the vast for them, is not enough thrilled through by that impalpable breathing from another nature. We have had but little native literature here worth the name until of late years, and that not yet popularized, but during all these centuries the Celt has kept in his heart some affinity with the mighty beings ruling in the unseen, once so evident to the heroic races who preceded him. His legends and faery tales have connected his soul with the inner lives of air and

water and earth, and they in turn have kept his heart sweet with hidden influence. It would make one feel sad to think that all that beautiful folklore is fading slowly from the memory that held it so long, were it not for the belief that the watchful powers who fostered its continuance relax their care because the night with beautiful dreams and deeds done only in fancy is passing: the day is coming with the beautiful real, with heroes and heroic deeds.

Æ.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE THIRD EYE.

THE teachings given to the world by Mme. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere are almost daily being confirmed by scientific investigation, as she predicted; the recent experiments with the Röntgen rays and the electric eye being striking examples. But it is a little startling to find the existence of the "third eye" and its identity with the pineal gland soberly discussed in the pages of a popular magazine.

In the Christmas number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* there is a description of the curious lizard called the Tuatara, referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* (old ed., II. 296), which inhabits a few small islands off the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. To proceed in the words of the article:

"The pineal gland is a structure which occurs in all vertebrates, except the very lowest, in front of the hinder and lower part of the brain. It is a cone-shaped body about the size of a pea and of a yellowish-grey tinge. The function of this gland was ever a matter of speculation. Descartes regarded it as the seat of the soul, and it was long surmised to be such.

"In dissecting the head of a Tuatara Baldwin Spencer solved the enigma. In the *Sphenodon* (the scientific name of the lizard) the pineal body reaches the skin on the top of the head, and retains distinct traces of an eye-like structure. Beyond all doubt it is a a persistent vestige of a middle, unpaired, upward-looking third eye. At an early stage of the development of the Tuatara, the pineal body is a prominent feature. An oval spot is left free from pigment in the skin of the skull over the eye. Through this the dark colouring of the retina shows distinctly. . . . So, after all, the great eye in the middle of the head of the dragon of old-time romance was not altogether an idle coinage of the brain."

Moreover, it is stated that the skin of the Tuatara is unlike that of

any existing lizard, and "throws much light on the origin of the sense of hearing," though in what way is not explained; but in *The Secret Doctrine* (p. 298) it is asserted that the recent discoveries in connection with this lizard "have a very important bearing on the developmental history of the human senses, and on the occult assertions in the text." These assertions are: that what is now the pineal gland in man was originally active as a third eye, an organ of spiritual vision. Man was then male-female and four-armed (*cf.* the Hindu deities), but with the gradual fall into matter the separation into sexes came about, and the third eye, "getting gradually *petrified*, soon disappeared. The double-faced became the one-faced, and the eye was drawn deep into the head and is now buried under the hair." This was due to the abuse by man of his divine powers.

Observe further that the race possessing the third eye in full activity was the early third race, which inhabited the continent of Lemuria. New Zealand and its islands are remnants of that ancient continent, and hence we see that this little lizard is an actual living link with that far-off time and a testimony to the truth of these ancient teachings.

Thus will link after link be recovered until the time when Lemuria shall awake from its long sleep beneath the waters of the Pacific to re-become the home of its children after their long journey into the abyss of matter.

"Rightly, then," to quote Mr. Judge, "will the great far western ocean have been named the *Pacific*, for that race will not be given to contest nor hear of wars or rumours of war, since it will be too near the seventh, whose mission it must be to attain to the consummation, to seize and hold the Holy Grail."

BASIL CRUMP.

NEW YEAR IN THE NEW LAND.

All things new.

IT is marvellous how the archaic wisdom explains all things. Here is an instance, quite unthought of hitherto. Half way between the old land and the new is a place of tossing waters, very ill-omened, where the tears of many travellers mingle with the brine of Varuna. The woefulness of this wet waste is known to all men, but the true inwardness of its sorrow is here first told. Straight downward, under the dark, wailing waters, is the old Atlantean land; and the ghosts of Titans damned, who sinned mightily and proudly in days gone by, still lie there amid the ooze, tossing their arms about despairingly, until the

very waters toss in moist sympathy. And of those who pass there, all who in any way shared the evil of the Titans, are doomed by fate to have a part in their restless tossing and sorrow, until the times are fulfilled. And whoever believes not, nor is convinced of the truth of this tale of ages gone, let him pass that way across the waves, and he will confess in sorrow that these things are true.

But after storm comes peace. It came to us one morning, before the waning moon and pale stars had faded from the sky, while the white mists of dawn lay across the placid Delaware. As the stars faded throbbing into the blue, a rosy arrow shot across the sky from east to west, and the sun lit up the woods on the oceanward bank of the river, touching with gold our first sight of the new land, making the earth gleam and shine under the sky-line like the illumined pages of a missal.

And there the similitude of things reverent and revered ceased utterly. The air of the new land, and the white life-breath of it streaming up from the heart of the earth, suggest anything rather than cloistered veneration. There is rather an all-present buoyancy, a vigour stimulating pulse and nerve; so that he who begins by walking will soon quicken his pace, and ere long break into a run—not at all from the hurry to get anywhere, but wholly from that same impetuous life-breath pouring from mother earth into his heels.

And the compelling vigour of the earth-breath is here over all men, so that they build towers like that of Babylon, not indeed to reach unto heaven, but rather to get away from the restless earth. They hew down trees and tear apart the rocks, under the same impulse; pretending to each other, meanwhile, that they are accomplishing the most mighty work of Brahm; but in very sooth because the stirring power of the all-bountiful Mother is overwhelming them, and they move restlessly even in their sleep, building pyramids even in dreamland, and hollowing out dim, fantastic caverns in shadowy hills. They say that, towards the further ocean, men go drowsy even at noon-tide, their eyes half-closed and full of glamour, moving about in worlds not realized, so filled and overcome are they by that most potent and sparkling earth-breath.

It is true absolutely that the people of the new land are dominated by that inward atmosphere, and in no sense dominate it. They have hitherto written nothing on their white and lucent time-screen, from which the last traces of the race that went before them have not quite died away. In older lands, or, we should rather say, in lands more worn and weary, the very air is haunted and heavy with the thoughts,

the ambitions, and the sins of untold generations of men who have gone down into the earth. And there are lands and cities, esteemed among the mightiest of the earth, where the inward self of us can hardly breathe for the crowding in of these half-dead remnants of a past that is altogether dead, mingled with heavy imaginings of a present hardly more alive. In those outlived places of the earth, their book of the air, stained and worn like some antique parchment, is written and written over again, scored and crossed in many colours, so that nothing but the ocean depths rolling there for ages can wash it clean again for some new race to paint new pictures on.

Here, it is as though we had issued but yesterday from the purifying waters, were it not for that faint and fading memory of the warriors of the forests, still lingering here and there on one page or another of the air-book. And it is not so much a mere unwritten book, a still white canvas, as a luminous sea of buoyant life, stirring and seething, and carrying all men away in its vigorous stream.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

ON ATTENTION.

IF you want to learn life you will have to gain the power of attention. You have asked me many times how to understand men and things, and I say again there is no other way than to note what is passing by strict attention. This does not mean that you are to enter into all you see about you; this would be foolish and would be just the opposite from the power of attention you want to gain. If you enter into everything you see it shows you lack attention, for you are carried away by what you see and hear and are not noting it at all.

The attention necessary is of two kinds, the outer and the inner. If you gain attention even with your outer senses you will have learned more than most people do, and very few gain the inner attention which is necessary in a much greater degree than the other.

Not long since I asked you to do something for me: there were several points to notice. Think it over and see how much attention you paid to what I said. You got one or two of the ideas, the rest you hardly heard, much less took them in, for you were attending not to what I said, but to what you thought I was going to say. You then went away and did what you imagined I said, which was not at all what I actually said, but was only your own imaginings. Was that attention either outwardly or inwardly? Rather a poor sample surely.

You want to have me teach you occultism, do you? Well, I have

given you many ideas on this, and if you had paid attention you would have made a beginning in occultism, which is first attention, then understanding. Have you done this? No, I haven't noticed it yet, and until you gain this attention you can never be an occultist, and the sooner you face facts the better. I haven't time for talk, you know, and if you cannot pay attention you might as well begin on another line of work than that of occultism.

Half the people you meet have this lack of attention. They wander about like sleepy animals after a heavy meal. They have not the power to attend, then to grasp, then to hold on to ideas. Everything slips between their mental fingers like water through a sieve.

If you would try for one day to make a positive determination to note everything you see during that day you would not only be surprised to see how much has been passed by quite unnoticed by you, but you would also gain a power about which you little dream.

You have learned that you have to say exactly what you mean when you talk to me. Why? Because I attend to what you say and act on that, and even if you say one thing and mean another, and I know it, I show you the attention paid to the exact words so that you can learn this power of attention. I act on the words I hear, not on what I think you mean. With the inner attention I may note when you say one thing and mean another, but that power is gained only after you can pay strict attention to what you actually see and hear. Have you noticed my doing this, or have you not paid attention to this either?

There are many kinds of attention you will have to gain, about which I will tell you later; but if you ever expect to be an occultist you had better begin on the ordinary practice of attention, which is attention to your own duty in every minute detail, the other kinds will follow in natural order when you have learned to practise the attention I have been telling you about.

A.

THE LAND OF YOUTH.

A Story for Children.

One autumn night long, long years ago, Pat Kavanagh ran out of the cabin he called home and went as swiftly as his small legs could carry him down to the shore. He was very young, and very hungry, and the big tears stood in his eyes, for his heart was heavy.

There had been very little food in the cabin that day, and no turf fire upon the hearth; his smaller brothers had been crying for food and Pat had given them his share of the cold potatoes and buttermilk, and when his mother asked why he did not eat them, he had lied and told her that a neighbour had given him bread for driving home her cow, and after the words had left his lips he felt ashamed for the first time in his short life, and he did not like to meet mother's eyes, and so he ran out under the starlight towards the sea. The harvest moon shone large and bright over him, and a broad path of light lay right across the water, and wonder of wonders, at the end of it, where sea and sky met, the child could see another shore faint and shadowy.

He knew all about that land, often around the cabin fire he had heard the old people tell about it, and old Mick the blind fiddler sang a song which said that it was the fairy realm of Tir-na-noge, where everything was bright and young and glad: the other half of the moon turned towards it, and the far end of the rainbow rested upon its hills. It was the children's land, they said, the land of youth, little ones went there in sleep every night, but grown up people never reached it, because some night or other they grew careless and went to the land of forgetfulness, and after that they never could reach the land of youth again.

But young hearts, pure hearts, were always welcomed there by great Queen Niam and her people; and if only one could get there in waking hours one would leave their heart there and remember all about it, and never grow old or weary or sad but be young and glad always. But no one Pat had ever known had reached it and come back; in the village the old people were all sad, and the children hungry.

The child shaded his tear-dimmed eyes with his small, dirty hands, and gazed and gazed enchanted; his bare feet danced with joy, his heart beat quickly with gladness; it was really there, the faery land, if he could reach it awake he could bring back faery gold and gifts for his mother.

He managed somehow to launch the small old boat that had been his father's, and drifted out across the track of the moonlight, and the

west wind blew softly and the waves rocked him gently until he forgot how hungry he was.

At last he reached the shining beach and the sweet, wee faery folk trooped down to meet him, and they looked surprised and one of them said: "Why, here is a mortal child come to us of his own accord without waiting for the Queen to send for him. What shall we do?" And another said: "We can't let him land for he has been sad at heart, the marks of tears are on his face and he is not truthful;" and another said, "He would sadden our land; we had better send him back." But one faery said: "I will ask Queen Niam."

So the Queen came to the shore surrounded by her people, and her heart was loving and she lifted the tired child with her arms and pillowed his head upon her shoulder, and with a magic herb she touched his eyes and gave him power to see what other mortals could not, and Pat Kavanagh looked up into her face and wondered at her beauty.

Golden was her hair as sunlight, and her eyes clear and kind and blue as forget-me-nots, sweet and low her voice as the south wind blowing through the pine forests at evening, and her laughter like the rippling of a tiny streamlet flowing adown the mountain side.

Her dress was of pure white, and just beside her feet grew a tall lily with a tear in its cup, and she plucked the snowy flower, and with the crystal drop she washed the stain of untruth from his lips, and she shook the gold dust from the lily's heart upon them so that his words might always be golden and true.

And the child nestled closely to her and she whispered loving thoughts into his ear, thoughts that mothers think, my dear one, when they hush you to sleep, and she bade him remember them and taught him this lesson, that children grow like what they think about, and she told him to repeat her words to others.

Then the child said: "Who are you?"

And she said: "Some call me Beauty, but others who are wiser call me Truth." And she beckoned to her faery folk and said: "What gifts shall we give this small sad mortal child before we send him back to earth again?"

Tears filled the child's eyes and his voice quivered as he said: "Let me stay here; it is cold and sad on earth."

But she said: "Child, I cannot. Even now I hear your mother weeping for you, but I promise you this—that whilst your heart remains loving and unselfish and your lips true you may return to us each night when your eyelids grow heavy with sleep; and I give you the greatest gift I have to give, all the time that you dwell among mortals you shall

be wise to help them if you will, and willing to suffer with and for others; and however gray your hair may grow, and however wrinkled your face, you will never really grow old, for as long as you love truth your heart will remain young—but listen what gifts my people promise you."

And one said: "I give him joy."

And another: "I give him the sunny smile to cheer others."

And a third: "I give him patience and the power to repay wrongs with forgiveness."

And the Queen said: "It is enough. Now sing him the lullaby of Tir-na-noge, that he may sleep and awake joyous in his cabin home."

The faeries joined hands and danced round them three times in a mazy circle and sang:

"To the isle of beauty
Hidden far away,
Come the young folks dreaming
To our faery day.
To the faeries dreaming
Legends old and gay.
To their hearts we'll whisper
E'er they wake to-day;
Let them hear us singing
Faery unto fay,
Follow, follow, follow,
The Queen of Truth alway."

. . . . . .

It was long, long ago, as I told you, since Pat Kavanagh drifted across the moonlight into the land of youth, and he is a very, very old man now—at least so the village people say, and they tell the story of how he drifted out to sea when quite a child, and drifted homewards safely again with the return tide.

But he only tells the children the wondrous story of that night, and the little ones who gather closely round him in the small mud cabin by the sea, and climb upon his knees when the shadows darken round them, and the wind whistles outside—the children say that he is young, not old, because he and they live half their time in the land of youth, and he has left his heart there; and if you point out to them how white his hair is, and that his dear old face is as puckered and wrinkled as a dried-up apple, then they whisper that it is all right, he may look old but really and truly he isn't, for he says so, and he always tells the truth.

K. B. LAWRENCE.

SENTIMENT.

In so far as Theosophy is a universal divine life there must be no aspect of consciousness with which it does not correlate, no phase of nature which may not claim its law and seek its aid. I am constantly brought to restate this fact for myself by the tendency I see within and around me to assert some aspect of teaching or some phase of knowledge with the emphasis of an ultimate law, as if one should say, "the soul of all belief lies in this or that doctrine, all else is vanity and a grasping of wind." The very fact that it is through such accentuation of aspects that we learn, in time, the relative values of our own and our brothers' ideals should prove to us the necessity for tolerance, and for the pursuit of spiritual aims under conditions which recognize—as our Society does—that tolerance is one aspect of the divine life.

These feelings are suggested to me by noting how men who give themselves to the study of ideas naturally break up into groups, each group being to some extent a protest against the other; one seeking to justify intellect as the key of truth and scorning sentiment, the other accepting the hints of the intuition which reaches them through their feelings and looking askance upon the followers of the reason. These two modes, reason and feeling, must have their alternating influence upon the man who would unite in himself the conditions which make for universal life, and if, for the moment, I venture to take sides in this old controversy, it is because I know that to-morrow nature will reëstablish the equilibrium which I disturb to-day if I give to one side a weight that is not true to the facts of our life.

I would defend sentiment, then, from the onslaught which I find made upon it by those who, having given themselves to the pursuit of truth, think they see in feeling the antagonist of fact. Like all words which have been degraded to ignoble uses, sentiment has suffered sadly in the hands of false friends, until it has become identified in many minds with the attractions of lower nature, and to be "sentimental" means mainly to be a complaisant victim to the demands of personal desire. On the contrary, I think of sentiment as a feeling for the true, as inner touch groping towards its appropriate object in an inner undefined but very real sphere of being; as an intuition which has not yet found sight and so can "only feel," as we say when we sense truths too deep for utterance. Now this confusion in our minds, as to what essentially sentiment is, is worse than it seems, for it separates us from real power. It is vain that you point out to me the immemorial path

whereon all who would attain must go—the path of aspiration and self-sacrifice—unless you touch in my nature some chord awakening in me the power, the desire, the determination to tread that path, and that you will never do—*never*—except through this mystery of feeling, this touch of the heart's hand upon the soul, which fills me with electric life and leads me towards my goal.

Or to take sentiment in a more general aspect—why should there be such distrust of the primal affections? Where else save through the purification of these are we going to furnish men with the impulse for brotherhood, and how can we better begin than by a broad, generous trust in the sentiment of love? I know too well the subtleties of nature to deny or to forget the dangers of this way. I know that our loves here are all refracted from the true, and that too often that which we call love is veiled self-approval; yet if, keeping watch upon our desires but letting our impulses towards harmonious relations with our fellows travel out from us free, we spoke—not in words perhaps but deeper—those sympathies we feel, think you not that the force for brotherhood would grow stronger, and that the soul within us, striving to deliver somewhat of its knowledge—a knowledge of our divine oneness—would be seldomer balked in its mission?

The teachers tell us that we are gods, how shall we convert this thought into life? I know of no way save devotion, and I know of no devotion that is not sprung from love. Is our devotion to a wise and lofty ideal transcending forms of thought and modes of exposition—it is through love of the ideal that our homage is kindled and passes in fiery impulse out of ideation into activity. Is Humanity the sacred watchword that we ponder—how till we have surcharged it with emotion, the emotion of love, can we arouse in ourselves the power to live and die for the race?

I know indeed that besides love there is wisdom, besides devotion knowledge, besides ideals insight, and that no half life can satisfy the soul that has accepted the task of learning the meaning of its own divinity; but I know, too, that wisdom is the mode and love the force through which we may some day reach Deity, and if aught of to-day can remain to us in the True surely it shall not be the path that brought us but the light that led, say rather, that impelled us onward, the light of a nobler sentiment than we know but which is surely reflected to us now in our few brief moments of tense affection, when the sense of personality is forgotten and the recognition of our intimate oneness is gripped by the heart. Surely the simplest doctrine is at last the truest in love of loving-kindness we find light.

OMAR.

REVIEW.

PLEASURE AND PAIN. By Mabel Collins. London: Isis Pub. Co.

I AM long enough a student to remember the time when the appearance of anything signed M. C. used to cause a golden pleasurable glow of anticipation ere settling oneself to read. There were such wise things said with such perfect beauty, calmness and surety that it could be nothing else but the voice of the soul. And so here it is also but it is hardly that first voice. There is a wisdom of intuition and a wisdom learned by experience. In the little books of some years ago which we prize so much that first wisdom is clear, shining, impersonal: it might be the Law declaring itself so little do they seem tinged by the emotion of the writer. In this later work the intuitions of earlier days seem to be checked off by experience. It is not creative, but it reässerts many of the old aphorisms with a profound human feeling added and with almost all the old beauty of style. How wise many of these commentaries are probably most people will not realize because but few are at the stage of life described, but all may find some partial application. This one ought to be laid to heart; it is so difficult for us in an age where beauty is more an underlying soul than a visible presence to put in practice any self-restraint: "The ecstatic who dwells in visions must serve out his bitter apprenticeship at another time, and so make up for the days he has spent in dream." Again, without pretending to ourselves that personally we are anything very important, we may gain from study of the following: "Great natures are often betrayed by their own greatness. They find in themselves higher gifts than other men possess, and they find an increasing pleasure in their exercise. They seem like redeemers, yet all the while the growth of self within them is rank and strong. . . . They have made the mistake of living in the pleasure of their own work, forgetting that the pain and suffering which is a part of the world's life is their inheritance also." To too many does it happen that the entrance into their darkness of the first brilliant rays from spirit is the signal for the fiery upspringing of the personal nature, and pride or pleasure go along with and dim the higher light. Such sentences as these are frequent in every page, and if the power is not so present now as formerly still there is enough wisdom and enough beauty to make this little book in every way memorable and worthy of study.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

Second Annual Convention.

3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.

The President having taken the chair, the Hon. Treasurer gave a short account of the condition of the movement in Ireland, and gave a statement of financial position.

Resolved, That Bros. Jordan and Dwyer audit the books and accounts for 1896 and report to next meeting.

Letters of greeting were received from Mrs. K. A. Tingley, the Clifton Branch per Miss Townsend, the T. S. in Sweden per Dr. Erik Bogren, and the T. S. in England per Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, all expressing the warmest sympathy and good wishes for the progress of Theosophy in Ireland. Arrangements were made for replies to be sent.

The election of Officers and Council for 1897 then took place, and the following were duly appointed: *Pres.*, D. N. Dunlop; *Vice-Pres.*, P. E. Jordan; *Hon. Treas.*, F. J. Dick; *Hon. Sec.*, R. E. Coates; *Additional Councillors*, Violet North, G. W. Russell, A. W. Dwyer, the latter two to act as Librarians.

Changes in the headquarters arrangements having become imperative for several reasons, a Committee was nominated to obtain suitable quarters for the Society's work, and report to a further special meeting to be called at an early date.

A discussion then followed on methods of work, and one valuable suggestion was that at the public meetings familiar subjects should be treated from a theosophical point of view, so that strangers could more readily follow the line of thought than would be possible with papers or lectures of a more advanced type. It was agreed that the plan of having a syllabus of the subjects should be continued, and another important suggestion was that the members should *think* over the subject to be next discussed, and come prepared to give their ideas on it rather than wait for the inspiration of the moment, which seldom produces adequate results.

The discussions during ensuing month will be: Jan. 20th, *Inspiration*, H. F. Norman; 27th, *Compassion*, P. Gregan; Feb. 3rd, *Sacrifice*, Mrs. E. Dunlop; 10th, *The Search for Beauty*, Miss Caroline Rea.

Robt. E. Coates, *Hon. Sec.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(Continued from p. 65.)

KRISHNA, as we have seen, desires to aid and encourage Arjuna. He therefore proceeds to instruct his ward in the art of Thought, which is the art of Living. In the book the fact is set forth as the art of Warfare, but that and to live are one and the same thing when Man, standing between the hosts of Spirit and those of Material Desire, decides to advance towards the Eternal.

It is worthy of more than passing consideration, this fact that Krishna at once begins to tell Arjuna how to think, and hence how to live. The Lord does not bid Man to become an ascetic ; nor to separate himself from his fellows ; nor to evade or set aside the duties of his immediate place ; nor to mortify the flesh by any system of food or of life. No ; He inculcates right thinking, a system of thought based upon the real nature of the Universe, for such interior attention and thinking will in time affect the very brain, will alter—not its substance, but the mode, the convolutions of that substance, making it the vehicle of finer forces, the radiator of higher powers.

Broadly stated, the whole sum of this chapter is the method of storing and using the spiritual thought energies. Read the chapter with care, and it is evident that a mere man of business would do his work better, would save wear and tear, coming always freshly to the daily problems, if he had his mind under the perfect control described, so that he could turn it away from every deed once done, taking no further care for the result once he had done his best in any point of detail, never wasting energy in doubt, anxiety, or nervous dread, sure of himself and calm in woe or weal. There have been such men, and one or two names occur now to the writer's mind, veritable Colossi among

their fellows, who only failed when age fretted through the splendid armour of their calm. When the motive for such mental training is set higher, when the leakages of energy are avoided in order to store that Life force for diviner uses, then the results take effect on more interior planes of Being, and the results are more swift and more powerful, because they do take effect in Substance more dynamic.

The result of too great brain wear and tear, perpetual debate, worry, anxiety, anger, fear, and—subtle pigmy—the small but deadly foe, "FUSS," is to depress the Life currents by persistently applied lower vibrations, and this devitalizes the inner man as well. In Will and Hope arise, as from a fontal source, the true springs of our Being, and flesh, blood, nerve fluid, brain, as well as life currents and mind, are invigorated by those heavenly streams.

It may be well to compare editions in dealing with this chapter in detail, for often two translators throw more light upon the subject than one alone.

Arjuna is told that: "Thou grievest for those that may not be lamented while thy sentiments are those of the expounders of the letter of the law." Another edition puts this more clearly: "Thou hast grieved for those who need not be grieved for, but thou utterest words of wisdom." Arjuna has used judgment, he has also uttered partial truths, as when he says his ancestors should be respected by him, or when he says that he cannot destroy his friends. But his seeming wisdom has missed the more profound wisdom, for he shows most respect and more true helpfulness to his ancestors in endeavouring himself to perfect his nature; he cannot kill his friends, for his kinship is with the immortal souls, not with the outer bodies. This does not mean that a man shall go forth to kill, for while he is in the body as well as when he is out of it he has a duty towards the Deity, not to consciously, deliberately destroy a vehicle of the human, intelligent soul. The "war" and the "killing" are typical, and also we find that Arjuna is instructed to fight, but nothing is said as to killing, beyond the broad fact that the Soul is all, that it kills not nor is it killed.

In one edition at hand it says:—"As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, childhood, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same." Here we have the doctrine of Re-incarnation put forward at the very opening as affecting the entire argument. It certainly changed the whole point of view. Given that teaching, and we must unravel the entire fabric of our Thought, weaving another of closer texture, fashioning a garment direct from Mother-Substance. The man who determines to study Life, to rely upon and to learn of that

unapproachable teacher, cannot read the first letter of Nature's alphabet until he knows that he, the man himself, is a Soul; and a Soul whose very being is freedom; not a thing of matter, but a beam of the sun, a meteor that comes and goes, a law that chooses and rejects, that experiences and assimilates turn about, and whose starry essence is compounded of Love and Will.

Another edition has: "As the soul *in* this body undergoes the changes of childhood, prime and age. . . ." This is a useful gloss, for whereas we had the soul as "Lord of the mortal frame," a ruler and maker, we now find that this Lord is also seated within the bodily frame itself; still a third edition confirms this: "As the Dweller in the body seeketh in the body childhood, youth, and old age, so passeth he on to another body; the well-balanced grieveth not thereat." This brings out clearly the point of balance. A later verse repeats that point: "Balanced in pain and pleasure—tranquil."

It is a point of deepest value, for Balance or Harmony is the true nature, the true life of the Soul. In the Voice of the Silence we have "Charity and love immortal" as the first key, and "Harmony in word and act" (*i.e.*, harmony with the Law, acceptance of the whole Karmic sound of Life) as the second key, and also we are told that Harmony is Alaya's self. Little by little light shines in upon the mind, and we find that to tread the path is to sink down, down within the turbid mind and life's perturbed waters to the deeper, the essential nature of the Soul. It *is* Love; it *is* Charity; it *is* Harmony; it *is* Freedom. Why? Because that star which we call the Soul is still a thing of substance, the starry essence has its attributes, and these are they. It is Love because it goeth forth, expanding with the light of the spiritual sun towards the entire universe. It is Charity because it knoweth the three energies or principles that are in Nature, and that these act, often blindly, and not the liberated human Soul. It is Harmony because every atom of that starry essence moves with and in the Great Breath—there where no dissonance can be heard. It is Freedom, unbound by delusion, able to fulfil its own high nature, able to choose the Above or the Below because of that energy by which it is "self-moved from within." It is Justice because it cannot act contrary—in its purest state—to the universal spiritual action nor against the law of the acting and re-acting Breath. This spark, this flame, that is thyself, oh man! Wilt thou choose or depart from that? "The unreal hath no being; the real never ceaseth to be; the truth about both has been perceived by the Seers of the Essence of things." This gloss reminds us of those lines of the Secret Doctrine: "The Initial Existence in the first twilight of the

Maha-Manvantara (after the Maha-Praylaya that follows every age of Brahmâ) is a CONSCIOUS SPIRITUAL QUALITY. In the manifested WORLDS (solar systems) it is, in its OBJECTIVE SUBJECTIVITY, like the film from a Divine Breath to the gaze of the entranced seer. . . . It is Substance to our spiritual sight. It cannot be called so by men in their WAKING STATE; therefore they have named it in their ignorance "God-Spirit.'" (Vol I., p. 288, old edition.) The entire extract should be studied with care. The Soul is an Energy, a Breath; but it is also a Substance, a Light. The endeavour to realise that man is that Soul will bring in time a wider, truer concept of the whole scheme of Being. We cannot live wisely or well upon false postulates.

Other glosses are :—"Those who discern the truth discern the true end" (of the existent and non-existent).

"By those who see the truth and look into the principles of things the ultimate characteristic of these both is seen." (Truth, the ultimate Essence and ultimate characteristic, are shown to be the same thing—viz., "a conscious Spiritual quality"—an essence of the Breath; the ultimate Soul.)

A wise hint this. Be not governed by the apparent nature of things. Look at the ultimate nature. As—this Joy; is it born of the Eternal; hath it root in the spiritual; or is it a passing gladness for an ephemeral thing? This Grief—does it sorrow divinely as for some obscuration of the Self, some loss of hold upon the Divine by some bewildered human heart? This Anger; what a harsh constrictive energy; this Perturbation, how its chopping, fretting tide drives back the large harmonious vibrations of the Mother Soul. Let us look at these things, analyse them, and gently put them back from us, not thralls of Pain or Pleasure, but artificers of divine things, creators by will of the universal gladness, pilgrims of the path of heavenly Joy. Fear not, oh! fear not to rejoice divinely, Life is a song. The Path is only sorrow to the man of flesh and desire, who struggles as he goes, To the pure in heart that path is one of profound delight. See the joy of a good and happy child; what innocent mirth; what merry trust; what whole-souled generosity; what spontaneous love. In that candid eye, that clear brow, see as in a dim mirror that greater thing which the pure Soul in thyself is—and shall be—a Joy Incarnate.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

THE AWAKENING OF THE FIRES.

(*Concluded.*)

IT may not be well to prophecy, but it is always permissable to speak of our hopes. If day but copies day may we not hope for Ireland, after its long cycle of night, such another glory as lightened it of old, which tradition paints in such mystic colours? What was the mysterious glamour of the Druid age? What meant the fires on the mountains, the rainbow glow of air, the magic life in water and earth, but that the Radiance of Deity was shining through our shadowy world, that it mingled with and was perceived along with the forms we know. There it threw up its fountains of life-giving fire, the faery fountains of story, and the children of earth breathing that rich life felt the flush of an immortal vigour within them ; and so nourished sprang into being the Danaan races, men who made themselves gods by will and that magical breath. Rulers of earth and air and fire, their memory looms titanic in the cloud stories of our dawn, and as we think of that splendid strength of the past something leaps up in the heart to confirm it true for all the wonder of it.

This idea of man's expansion into divinity, which is in the highest teaching of every race, is one which shone like a star at the dawn of our Celtic history also. Hero after hero is called away by a voice ringing out of the land of eternal youth, which is but a name for the soul of earth, the enchantress and mother of all. There as guardians of the race they shed their influence on the isle ; from them sprang all that was best and noblest in our past, and let no one think but that it was noble. Leaving aside that mystic sense of union with another world and looking only at the tales of battle, when we read of heroes whose knightly vows forbade the use of stratagem in war, and all but the equal strife with equals in opportunity ; when we hear of the reverence for truth among the Fianna, "We the Fianna of Erin never lied, falsehood was never attributed to us"—a reverence for truth carried so far that they could not believe their foemen even could speak falsely—I say that in these days when our public life is filled with slander and unworthy imputation, we might do worse than turn back to that ideal Paganism of the past, and learn some lessons of noble trust, and this truth that greatness of soul alone insures final victory to us who live and move and have our being in the life of God.

In hoping for such another day I do not of course mean the renewal of the ancient order, but rather look for the return of the same light

which was manifest in the past. For so the eternal Beauty brings itself to the memory of man from time to time brooding over nations, as in the early Aryan heart, suffusing life and thought with the sun-sense of pervading Deity, or as in Greece where its myriad rays, each an intuition of loveliness, descended and dwelt not only in poet, sage and sculptor, but in the general being of the people. What has been called the Celtic renaissance in literature is one of the least of the signs. Of far more significance is the number of strange, dreamy children one meets, whose hearts are in the elsewhere, and young people who love to brood on the past, I speak of which is all the world to them. The present has no voice to interpret their dreams and visions, the enraptured solitude by mountain or shore, or what they feel when they lie close pressed to the bosom of earth, mad with the longing for old joys, the fiery communion of spirit with spirit, which was once the privilege of man. These some voice, not proclaiming an arid political propaganda, may recall into the actual: some ideal of heroic life may bring them to the service of their kind, and none can serve the world better than those who from mighty dreams turn exultant to their realisation: who bring to labour the love, the courage, the unfailing hope, which they only possess who have gone into the hidden nature and found it sweet at heart.

So this Isle, once called the Sacred Isle and also the Isle of Destiny, may find a destiny worthy of fulfilment: not to be a petty peasant republic, nor a miniature duplicate in life and aims of great material empires, but that its children out of their faith, which has never failed may realise this immemorial truth of man's inmost divinity, and in expressing it may ray their light over every land. Now, although a great literature and great thought may be part of our future, it ought not to be the essential part of our ideal. As in our past the bards gave way before the heroes, so in any national ideal worthy the name, all must give way in its hopes, wealth, literature, art, everything before manhood itself. If our humanity fails us or becomes degraded, of what value are the rest? What use would it be to you or to me if our ships sailed on every sea and our wealth rivalled the antique Ind, if we ourselves were unchanged, had no more kingly consciousness of life, nor that overtopping grandeur of soul indifferent whether it dwells in a palace or a cottage?

If this be not clear to the intuition, there is the experience of the world and the example of many nations. Let us take the highest, and consider what have a thousand years of empire brought to England. Wealth without parallel, but at what expense! The lover of his kind must feel as if a knife were entering his heart when he looks at those black centres of boasted prosperity, at factory, smoke and mine, the

arid life and spiritual death. Do you call those miserable myriads a humanity? We look at those people in despair and pity. Where is the ancient image of divinity in man's face: where in man's heart the prompting of the divine? There is nothing but a ceaseless energy without; a night terrible as hell within. Is this the only way for us as a people? Is nature to be lost; beauty to be swallowed up? The crown and sceptre were taken from us in the past, our path has been strewn with sorrows, but the spirit shall not be taken until it becomes as clay, and man forgets that he was born in the divine, and hears no more the call of the great deep in his heart as he bows himself to the dust in his bitter labours. It maddens to think it should be for ever thus, with us and with them, and that man the immortal, man the divine, should sink deeper and deeper into night and ignorance, and know no more of himself than glimmers upon him in the wearied intervals of long routine.

Here we have this hope that nature appeals with her old glamour to many, and there is still the ancient love for the hero. In a land where so many well nigh hopeless causes have found faithful adherents, where there has been so much devotion and sacrifice, where poverty has made itself poorer still for the sake of leader and cause, may we not hope that when an appeal is made to the people to follow still higher ideals, that they will set aside the lower for the higher, that they will not relegate idealism to the poets only, but that it will dwell in the public as the private heart and make impossible any national undertaking inconsistent with the dignity and beauty of life? To me it seems that here the task of teacher and writer is above all to present images and ideals of divine manhood to the people whose real gods have always been their heroes. These titan figures, Cuculain, Finn, Oscar, Oisin, Caolte, all a mixed gentleness and fire, have commanded for generations that spontaneous love which is the only true worship paid by men. It is because of this profound and long-enduring love for the heroes, which must be considered as forecasting the future, that I declare the true ideal and destiny of the Celt in this island to be the begetting of a humanity whose desires and visions shall rise above earth illimitable into godlike nature, who shall renew for the world the hope, the beauty, the magic, the wonder which will draw the buried stars which are the souls of men to their native firmament of spiritual light and elemental power.

For the hero with us there is ample scope and need. There are the spectres of ignoble hopes, the lethal influences of a huge material civilisation wafted to us from over seas, which must be laid. Oh, that a protest might be made ere it becomes more difficult, ere this wild,

beautiful land of ours be viewed only as a lure to draw money from the cockney tourist, and the immemorial traditions around our sacred hills be of value only to advertise the last hotel. Yet to avert the perils arising from external causes is but a slight task compared with the overcoming of obstacles already existant within. There is one which must be removed at whatever cost, though the hero may well become the martyr in the attempt. It is a difficulty which has its strength from one of the very virtues of the people, their reverence for religion. This in itself is altogether well. But it is not well when the nature of that religion enables its priests to sway men from their natural choice of hero and cause by the threat of spiritual terrors. I say that where this takes place to any great extent, as it has with us, it is not a land a freeman can think of with pride. It is not a place where the lover of freedom can rest, but he must spend sleepless nights, must brood, must scheme, must wait to strike a blow. To the thought of freedom it must be said to our shame none of the nobler meaning attaches here. Freedom to speak what hopes and ideals we may have; to act openly for what cause we will; to allow that freedom to others—that liberty is denied. There are but too many places where to differ openly from the priest in politics is to provoke a brawl, where to speak as here with the fearlessness of print would be to endanger life. With what scorn one hears the aspiration for public freedom from lips that are closed with dread by their own hearthside! Let freedom arise where first it is possible in the hearts of men, in their thoughts, in speech between one and another, and then the gods may not deem us unworthy of the further sway of our national life. I would that some of the defiant spirit of the old warrior brood were here, not indeed to provoke strife between man and man, or race and race, but rather that we might be fearless in the spirit of one who said "I do not war against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers"—and against influences which fetter progress, against an iron materialism where the beauty of life perishes, let us revolt, let us war for ever.

But with all this I, like others who have narrowly watched the signs of awakening life, do not doubt but that these things will pass as greater potencies throng in and impel to action. Already the rush of the earth-breath begins to fill with elation our island race and uplift them with the sense of power; and through the power sometimes flashes the glory, the spiritual radiance which will be ours hereafter, if old prophecy can be trusted and our hearts prompt us true. Here and there some rapt dreamer more inward than the rest sees that Tir-na-noge was no fable, but is still around him with all its mystic beauty for ever.

The green hills grow alive with the star-children fleeting, flashing on their twilight errands from gods to men. When the heart opens to receive them and the ties which bind us to unseen nature are felt our day will begin and the fires awaken, our isle will be the Sacred Island once again and our great ones the light-givers to humanity, not voicing new things, but only of the old, old truths one more affirmation ; for what is all wisdom, wherever uttered, whether in time past or to-day, but the One Life, the One Breath, chanting its innumerable tones of thought and joy and love in the heart of man, one voice throughout myriad years whose message eterne is this—you are by your nature immortal, and you may be, if you will it, divine.

Æ.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

THE programme of the T.S. has apparently been long before the minds of the leading educationalists in America, and to the gladdening of our hearts be it recorded how thoroughly their work is in accordance with our aims. Paul Desjardins voices thus the homage of the state to the new idealism :—"There are new views abroad of the University of the world, of poetry, of religion, of virtue, of kindness, of worth. Think it over : these are the objects on which our new generation is fixing its thoughts and trying to awaken yours." In this land of blood-money prizes and "result fees" it is hard for us to realize that the fact of this living expression of our long cherished ideals is not some delusion, so I shall quote the names of a few well-known champions of the spiritualization of education in America :—Professors Dewy, Tomlins, Jackmann, Herron, Josephine Locke, J. S. Clarke, (Boston), President Baker, (Colorado), Dr. Maudsley, Col. Parker.

Two prominent features of the new movement are :

(1.) The substitution of the quality of life for the quantity of acquirement as the ultimate ideal to be held.

(2.) The Culture of the Imagination. The standards of these pioneers are lofty : "The new education must comprise the spirituality of life as its direct aim and ultimate effect. We must revise our ideals as to what constitutes *success*. The term must not be held up as synonymous with either a great fortune or a great fame. It must be taught that success lies in the quality of personal life ; that to be just, considerate, courteous, and helpful to others is success ; that to have those intellectual and spiritual resources which feed the mind and sustain the soul in whatever vicissitudes of fortune may occur, is success ; that to be able to so command all the forces of one's nature as to be serene, confident, and joyful in all undertakings, is success.

"Our national future depends on a complete revision and regeneration of our ideals. The only true success lies in social service; the spectacular ideal of place and power is most pernicious."

"Attitude of mind, sympathy, responsivenesss, living interest—these all come first and precede mere learning."

"The study of Nature should mean coming into spiritual contact with the inward meaning of Nature."

"The education of the will through ethical ideas and correct habit is to be considered in a scheme of learning. Ideals must be added to the scientific method."

"The ultimate ideals are faith, hope, and love. . . They are to be spiritually attained, and their attainment is character. Training in morals may or may not include them; discipline of the will may or may not; but these ideals felt in the heart include all things. The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. With the novel, the drama, and with religion pleading for idealism education must surely suggest it."

Then as the primary means towards the attainment of these objects we read concerning the second feature:—

"Imagination is the spiritual faculty, the power by means of which are carried on all educational activities; it is the faculty that creates for us true ideals of life and gives us the winged power for their realisation. Imagination must not be confounded with mere fancies, phantoms, and fantasies; it is the working factor of life. Imagination is interpretation always. No one can help another unless he can think himself, for a moment, into the other's life." "A feeling for beauty means a perception of the harmonies of life. Modern education in restoring the myths the legend, and the fairy tale recognises as fundamental the old Greek thought concerning nature as intelligent and animate."

"The child is a soul seeking manifestation, an imaginative being hovering in regions of poetic rhythm. Education is the province of the poet and the painter, of the saint and the seer. Beauty and love are its handmaids; sight and service are its aims. The measure of right and truth and beauty is the measure of that true education whose results are known in the spiritualization of human life."

To us who are working on the outposts here against such odds it is cheering to know that the ideals we uphold are being so widely adopted and acted upon. Where formerly such views were approved of by tens they now are applauded by hundreds of thousands. We are reminded of some words written years since to a comrade: "Your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of."

E.

A NEW EARTH.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims within his ken."

I who had sought afar from earth
The fairy-land to greet,
Now find content within its girth,
And wonder nigh my feet.

To-day a nearer love I choose
And seek no distant sphere,
For aureoled by fairy dews
The dear, brown breasts appear.

With rainbow radiance come and go
The airy breaths of day,
And Eve is all a pearly glow
With moonbow winds a-play.

The lips of twilight burn my brow,
The arms of night caress:
Glimmer her white eyes drooping now
With grave old tenderness.

I close mine eyes from dream to be
The Diamond Rayed again,
As in the ancient hours ere we
Forgot ourselves to men.

And all I thought of heaven before
I find in Earth below,
A sunlight in the hidden core
To dim the noon-day glow.

And with the Earth my heart is glad,
I move as one of old,
With mists of silver I am clad
And bright with burning gold.

Æ.

THE FUTURE OF THE T. S.

SINCE New Year Day the thought of the Future of the T. S. has been constantly present to my mind, and it has been reflected to me as well from my general correspondence. At least two Branches, one the Aryan of New York, read the chapter upon this subject from the Key to Theosophy at the New Year Vigil.

It would appear that the T. S. can only expand with our expansion. Numerical growth is not sufficient. There is no cohesive power in mere numbers. We must expand mentally, as well as through the exercise of the heart sympathy. I am no advocate of ever-ready tides of gush and emotionalism, or the unwise expenditure of energy in superfluous deeds and words. The truest love is the wisest love. The closest sympathy is that which divines the real needs of individuals or of nations, and which know how to help and how not to hinder the fulfilment of those needs. Failing the somewhat rare power to do that, it must at least be able to express itself vitally, to shed the unfolding and revealing ray upon hearts fast sealed to surrounding coldness.

Since so much depends upon our all taking a broader view, it would seem as if a time must come, and as if it were not far off, when Brotherhood would be the sole point of contact demanded by the T. S. As if those who would work for Brotherhood, in any and every way, and not alone, practically among the poor, would have an unquestioned welcome in our midst. Not that study should be neglected or intellect left to go to seed. These too are instruments of the soul. But to the mystic and the esotericist definite teachings would elsewhere be available if desired while the T. S. became, definitely and simply, a bond of Brotherhood, of charity, toleration, and harmonious interchange throughout the world. It would do an enormous moral work if it only taught men to agree to disagree in cordial good will. In the understanding—final and entire—of that single word—Brotherhood—the whole body of Truth is really contained. To help every man, woman, and child with whom we come in contact to think about it and to carry out *their* highest ideas of it, will really be to help them to broaden towards wider conceptions of its meaning, hence toward nobler living. The maintenance of this view in daily life would no doubt break down the fences and barriers which divide life off into separative compartments; differences of race, of creed, of station, and all the terribly insistant mental differences, would be merged in the general trend towards unity, that unity the endeavour to realise Brotherhood. It needs no more. To him who does that the universal doors are opened.

It were perhaps well to think and to meditate more upon the nations than we now do. The Soul has no nation. But that nation in which it incarnates at any given time must karmically affect the body and the mind. Mind being the present great field of contest, to understand the national mind, the national genius, is to have a clue to the unit minds forming the nation. With nations, as with individuals, the first great step is to understand one's self. Thus to turn the thought of each nation towards its own inherent genius, towards the fulfilment, along its own lines of its own highest destiny is a broad field of work. It can be done through the writers and thinkers of each country specifically, but generally through any member of its community. The nations are at present thinking of material power. Can we not awaken the thoughts of moral grandeur, of freedom, of toleration, of spiritual achievement in each? Each has its symbols of unity; each has some half-forgotten lore telling of a diviner state. We shall not fail in this direction if we are guided by that unfailing tact and cordial sympathy which are one aspect of Brotherhood. Let us not preach a doctrinal Brotherhood, nor dictate to them how to be brothers, but let us demonstrate that we feel the reality of the bond, and ask their assistance, on their own lines, in spreading that bond, for thus alone can we awaken national ideals and a national spirit, whose breath is Universal Brotherhood.

J. W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

GOLDEN GRAIN.

I HAVE been gleaning in the fields of my friends, and have here gathered together a little of the grain let fall by them "on purpose" for my use. Having been myself refreshed, it is pleasant to share what has been reserved.

I would like friends of the I. T. everywhere to look through their sheaves from time to time, and pick out a ripe stalk to send to me for fitting place among this "Golden Grain."—D. N. D.

Through *trust* and *unity* wonders will be accomplished during the next fifteen years.—P.

Say, my friend, remember that title: The Cause of Sublime Perfection. That is the name of Theosophy. Opposed to the idea of inherent sinfulness, it may work a change. Use the title now and then. So will I. Those three—*(a)* Perfectibility of Humanity; *(b)* Cause of Sublime Perfection; *(c)* Masters are living facts, and not cold abstractions—should be well spread abroad. They pulverize the awful wrong

of inherent sin, they raise a hope in every man above a sot, they illuminate the sky of the future. We work for the future—oh, the glorious future!—W. Q. J.

Whole armies march to our support. Can you not hear the tread of their feet? Wait until twilight, and then sit in silence, all relaxed, not straining to see or to hear, but with Mind turned to Master and the Lodge, to which all true souls belong, whether or not they know it. Then you will feel the throb, like the beating of a great heart: that is the action of the spiritual force sent by——. We feel their effect, and ideas flow into the mind. 'The true Master is felt, he is not seen." For long I tried to see and to hear, and then I learned that we heard in the mind best, and with less danger than audibly; that we felt in ourselves the presence of the descending gods, and that this feeling was less delusive than any astral vision—then I understood many things which had been to me before unknown, because unrecognised.—A STUDENT.

Let us not be caught by reaction. It may come as a depression, so that one feels depressed and yet is not able to say exactly what about. It may come in other ways. But it is all right so long as we do not get carried away by the silly notion that it is *we* who are reacting. The great influx comes and goes, and has its rise and fall within rise and fall And each time it withdraws a sort of reaction is set up on each of the lower planes it has effected. So we can be on our guard and gently smile when we feel it, saying, "Not this time do you catch me, my friend." If we see to it that we use the force and do not let it use us overmuch; steadying ourselves as it flows, all will be well.—T.

The chief point present in my mind lately has been: What is the object of our work? We are all of us at work, some more, some less, on the attaining of a "steadfast" line of thought and action. In some it takes the form of investigation of and attaining psychic knowledge; in others, it takes the form of intellectual investigation; in yet others the practical aspect of Brotherhood engages all the attention. Looking over these, there is a unity of purpose in all. That purpose is the fulfilling of the higher laws of their own existence: their own "substantial" principle drives them on to manifest itself in their action in some analogous way to that in which it enforces re-incarnation. The method adopted, the means taken, are evidently a matter of Karma, the result being favoured or hindered by the way in which during past lives the personality has striven to act according to the laws of its indwelling or overshadowing "spirit." All the potentialities of action are in that

spirit, but it lies with the personality whether or not they shall come into active manifestation. Then why?

If, as I hold, Brotherhood is one of the primary laws of the individual spirit or soul, it must be given effect in all the states of consciousness "below" that soul. It is a necessary law of the manifestation of spiritual being. The intellect translates it as "altruism," and the only safe and proper investigation of the psychic consciousness and its whirlpools and eddies must be in the steadfast action according to the Law of Brotherhood of the higher state of consciousness. Altruism is, then, not a law in itself, but the term used to denote the natural fulfilment of the laws of our Higher Being.—A. K.

Let us respect and follow the true. Let us practise the sterling virtue of keeping company with our truest state of consciousness; that state that was discovered to us for a brief space, by the Fire in the Heart, when we threw in our lot with the Theosophical Movement. At that time we were determined to *stand* and *serve*. By the magic of the living Love let us retain that heroic determination.

The sorrow of battle is in complete victory. Not ours yet that passing sorrow, but the joy of the fight. Sound, then, the bugle-note of effort ever renewed. Voice the Leaders' call to follow. Heed the simple regulations of the army.

We will be unselfish; unselfish enough to be loyal.—G. R.

Be earnest in your work. No right deed is too mean to be done carefully; it is the spirit that the gods regard. When you know this you will be reconciled to your duties. Earnestly performed, each little labour has a spiritual significance equal to the greatest.

Be earnest in speech, and do not speak too much. Every word you utter affects somebody; therefore, say only what you mean, and mean just what you say. Mirthfulness is good in moderation, but flippancy causes friction. Half-heartedness is no-heartedness.

Be earnest in your thought. This is important, for word and deed are children of thought. Treat your thoughts as realities, not as shadows; thence comes intensity and force. Thought is not a thing outside you, but is yourself; you are a thought. Thought is sacred, and should not be trifled with.

Be earnest in Life, as apart from living, working, and the rest, which are but for a day. Self is undying, existing equally in past and future, ever present in the Eternal Now. Earnestly seek the Self.

G.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are few real friends. Even in the T. S. we find few exceptions to this, though there are some. A good many are called by that name, but not many know the meaning of friendship. Do you know it? A little perhaps, but it would do you no harm to think it over and see how real your power to be a friend can be before you say that you know it or that some others do not know it.

Ordinary friendships (or what are called by that name) always remind me of varnish, pretty and shiny at first, but easily scratched. Never indulge in varnish friendships and never offer such.

Pretty talk doesn't mean friendship, affectionate actions or expressions count for nothing, even personal love doesn't have to do with friendship. If you think it does then you view it as the ordinary run of people view it, and have very little idea what real friendship means.

You will never know what true friendship is unless you learn to look below the surface of things, and feel the souls of people more.

I've seen you throw off those who would be your truest friends (if you would only forget yourself and your likes and dislikes for a while).

I've seen you judge some of these from the standpoint of intellect, personal appearance, manner, or *what some one else thought of them.* This is no good, and shows you have much to learn on this before you, understand the true meaning of friendship

You may admire ———'s articles, not knowing who the writer is and think you like to have him for a friend ; but if you knew him would your friendship and admiration count for much with him do you think, when in ordinary life he knows you, and he also knows he does not suit you personally, does something you do not approve (though perfectly harmless in itself) because it goes against your well-defined ideas,—built up by you as your standard of what should be. Would you be able to take him for the friend you now think you would like to have in him? I fear not. Why? because you do not look below the surface to the soul of the writer who writes, you do not realise that there is the friend you would find, there in the place where real friendships grow.

Do I judge you externally? I do not. I give you facts, as you know. In our talks we call things by their real names, but we always talk from the inner basis, never from the external, and so you understand what I mean and do not think the less of me because of these talks, but feel that inside we are truer and better friends than before,

because we are of mutual help to each other, in our pleasures and our sorrows, our virtues and our faults. That we ripen each other by this kind of friendship and are not simply friends to talk pretty, and to mean little. Well, then, if our friendship is a real thing take it in it's inner meaning and take others in the same way, and don't try to find friends unless you are able to accept them as such inside, and have the courage to face the outside.

Make friends always when you can, "for this is the time to make friends," but make them from the soul, if you want them to be lasting and real friendships.

Never think of your friend what you would not wish him to think of you.

Never speak to him as you would not have him speak to you.

Let him be as frank to you as you would be frank to him.

Be glad with him as you wonld have him glad with you. The appreciation of a friend goes a long way to make life sweeter and better, you know this from your own experience. Then give this to your friend. Appreciation of the things you like in others knocks off many of the rough corners of life, and leaves a perfume which is sensed by the lowly as well as the great in life.

Learn then, I say, what friendship means, for the world is getting very weary in its search for friends. If you can learn the meaning of friendship you will help others to know what it means, and so in time we will make the world our friend, because, instead of being only lovers and talkers of love, it will feel that we are friends, and there is no holier thing, I say, than the friendship of a friend.

THE OUTLOOK.

By this time we expect the Crusaders have reached San Francisco, and will soon have their circuit completed. The Crusade has been a great success. Much has been accomplished in face of extraordinary difficulties, which were probably only comprehended fully by the Leader. The initial steps in a great enterprise have been taken ; the later ones will bring to light their real character, and full import. That Mrs. Tingley is an occult leader there can be no doubt whatever, especially in the minds of those who have been privileged to come into contact with her in this work. She requires no testimonial from us, nor do we think anything is to be gained by making comparisons, as some have done, between her, and those who, whatever their qualities may be, are of different rank and place, in Occultism at all events. Unfortunately in the present condition of humanity, such souls are only too rarely found, but when they are found their presence soon makes itself manifest, as we know by experience. I would not be surprised to find that during this Crusade Mrs. Tingley has made important connections with organisations, the existence of which has hardly been suspected within recent times. We have much to hear of visits to certain parts of Egypt, Greece, India and other places, not to mention Ireland, but for all that we can well wait, and it is more than likely that our patience will be well rewarded. Notwithstanding Bro. Geo. Mead's remarks in January's *Lucifer, we really do live in great times.*

With our hands ever free to deal with every practical detail, however trivial, that may arise within our immediate reach, it is well, at the same time, to lift our eyes and look over the entire field. To restrict our ideas of work to areas too closely defined is, I think, very often a mistake. Brooding over the work on a wide scale is good. Look at India and the variety of elements there. At one place the Hindu is predominant ; at another the Mohammedan ; sometimes there is a large admixture of Parsees, sometimes of Anglo-Indians. A successful appeal to one may fall quite flat with the others. What suits Benares may not take at Delhi, and so on—a vast field truly. There lies great Aryavarta, and, as someone puts it, the occult sceptre is held in the grasp of withered fingers. But "wheels go round," so let us keep India and its needs in mind, and we will help them to revolve more swiftly.

Turn to Europe. Old, aged, decrepid almost, or, in the words of the prophet of old, "a valley of dry bones." Here and there you will find, it is true, the remains of much that was once beautiful, but the spirit

that vitalized, whence has it departed? It may be that through the efforts of a few much may be possible still. While the withering breath of commercialism is yet over the land it is ours to lift anew the immemorial standard. What of our organisation then? While affording ideal conditions for localized work, does it lack cohesion? The difficulties of language are hard to overcome. But more could be done probably than is done. What of Germany? What of Greece and the work there? We hear little of it. In what way can the different countries (or can they at all?) mutually help each other, and draw closer together in the work of our movement?

And America. What of her? A vast continent, full of exultant, buoyant life, yet surely with much that is fantastic and crude. Many of the evils of our European civilization are to be seen exhibited there in magnificent display. How far yet from Whitman's great spiritual ideal is that vast democracy, so vigorous and untamed. Listen to his singing:

> In thee America, the soul, its destinies,
> Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!
> By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd (by these thyself solidifying),
> Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!
> The present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,
> For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,
> The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee.

Fortunately the T. S. is splendidly organised in America. It is united, coherent, and has consequently great force as an organisation. This is daily augmenting, and will, we believe, mould the life of the nation, in time.

Nowhere need we sit down by the wayside as if the work was done. When our attention is no longer directed to maintaining our organisation and keeping it together; when the little bickerings of to-day have completely died out, then will we be able to put all our energies into service for the good of all humanity. From the words of warning in last month's *Theosophy*, it would appear that another mud storm is likely to burst forth on the return of the Crusaders to New York. This need not surprise us. Calumny and slander are the reward of all those who have worked in the world as H. P. B. and W. Q. J. did, and as Mrs. Tingley is now doing. At this time of day we do not require surely to be asked to stand firm and unshaken in our loyalty. Rather may we think kindly of our brothers whose inner vision has been temporarily dimmed. In such an attitude we strengthen the weak ones among us

and at the same time help to sustain those valiant ones who are attacked. To those who understand something of this movement such "teapot" tempests never cause a wavering thought.

It is for Humanity we work; for it the night, we believe, is declining. Every day our ideas broaden; our conception of this great movement, grows deeper and wider, but this breadth and depth and width only give fresh zest to our enthusiasm, new stimulus to every endeavour. Each step forward, for some time to come, may add new foes, but new friends will be added by myriads. This force shall not be impeded. No; on, on, on, it sweeps. No human arm is strong enough to stay it; long enough have we tarried, led aside by every lure, but we rise at last elate from it all, and go forward to victory. It is no will-o'-wisp. In our quietest moments our hearts whisper sweetly, tenderly, the secret—We know it is true. Wisdom in Fraternity; Fraternity in Wisdom; every impulse and emotion turned to good purpose; every element of the reason satisfied.

D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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The Central Office of the T. S. in Europe (Ireland), the publishing office of the IRISH THEOSOPHIST, and the rooms of the Dublin Lodge, T. S. E., have been removed to 13 Eustace Street, whither all communications should in future be addressed.

It is intended to hold public meetings fortnightly at the Central Lecture Hall, Westmoreland Street, for the remainder of the Session, the first of which will be on Thursday, Feb. 25th. Members can assist in making these meetings a success by spreading the information amongst their friends or amongst those whom they think will be interested.

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"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(Continued from p. 84.)

The Holy Lord then continues to exhort Arjuna to remain steadfast in the belief that the re-incarnating Ego is the only real man, incorruptible and inexhaustible. The splendid imagery and profound reasoning flow on in stately measure, yet are simple as the simple truth itself. The duty of man is to this indwelling Spirit; he is a favoured warrior called to war at this period of his destiny. Should he fail in this, his universal duty, mankind will know him as one who deserted his post and his trust in the human army; the hosts of spiritual being, "generals of the army," will know that the base fear of material results drove him back. He will be one who came down the stream of human life to a certain point of evolution, and then, refusing the duty to which the law and life had brought him, neglectful and oblivious of that spiritual help which has been his, which has brought him thus far, ungrateful, undutiful, afraid to lose his little self, too timorous to trust life itself, he will have retired, an affrighted animal-man, into the background of human progress. He is Man. He is Spirit. The Lord is himself; he is That; *let him trust!*

The paramount necessity of trust is thus set forth at the very outset. Can man not trust to life in its full flowing, its love, its law? Can he not resign the phantasms of the mind for the wider experience of actual living? The ample opportunity, the timely changes, the onward course of the eternal stream; can he not trust these? The inner Lord; can he not trust that prompting? The indestructible, the indivisible, the universal, the immovable; can he not for these resign his little fragment of mind? That pigmy mind which hawks about its merits; which niggles for results and rewards; debates, barters, wrangles—and for what? For its own place and precedence in Nature. Will he, for

that inconsiderable place, resign his share in the Universal Mind? Will he prefer the drop to the stream?

Does he perchance say that he knows naught of these things? That no assurance of their reality is his, and such assurance he must have before he parts with that firm hold which he now has upon the visible, the actual and real? Then let him endeavour to touch or define this so-called actual and real, and it melts from his grasp; it dissolves before the gaze of the mind. To its minutest sub-division, matter is proved shifting and unstable. Far within his own consciousness is the only stable reality. Bid him go in search of that before the sliding sands on which he builds shall have swallowed him and his despair.

Do we say that there are none whom we can trust? No friend? No teacher? No guide? Accept the fact. Bereft of these all, are we yet bereft? See life in ruins at our feet, and shall the heart's high courage crumble too? Not so! The heart of man deceived, betrayed, outraged, abandoned, self-immolated even, is still a god-like thing and has a god's own power to fall back upon itself, building a newer and a better world. These cheats are well away! These idols, once so loved, what have they not swallowed up; what finer essences of our hearts have not been expressed before them in wasted blood and tears? But the true love we gave—that has gone forth to the margins of the world, to bless somewhat, somewhere. In he world of souls we can never lose our own. And that which was not ours; that fickle cheat we garlanded and praised; that child of time, that image of the dust; is it not well away, oh, grieving heart? Is it not well away; and what is not well with thee? Thou hast thyself, whose might thou dost not grasp. Yet is it dimly felt, seeing, as thou dost, those vernal returns of the heart's hope; seeing its buoyant reaction, its upward trend, its lift and lilt and love. There, deep within, inaudible as a sound, but as a power most audible to the mind, is that consciousness which is its own and only proof. Trust that and go forth into the universe living and working, careless of gathering, careless of garnering, as ready to go as to come, as ready to loose as to bind, as ready to resign as to take, and over all the star of thy strong heart. Know that great Nature does not love a whiner and a trembler, but to him who is careless of getting and holding, *there* do her endless bounties thickly fall.

Do we know what trust is? I think not. Some fashion of believing we take it to be, and a thing which we may have or may not have. We do not know this power. It is an energy to be engendered by the will, and is then a force so compelling that it lifts its possessor beyond mere

mountains and day stars to a place of knowledge and peace. In our poor terms we say we have, or have not, trust. It comes not so. No powers come to the timid, the reluctant, and the doubtful. Powers are things of light and fire. They must be sought, pursued, taken by assault, and held. Do we think Nature, who loves to have her thralls, will suffer us to hold undisturbed a power so great and so occult as trust? Having that, we are in time her master; all her hosts conspire to steal our trust away. But listening to the low call of intuition, let us grasp this power called trust, and, wrestling greatly, let us keep it for our own. Oh, trust; *trust;* TRUST; thou art mover of the world.

Side by side with this necessary quality is that other, which immovably regards both pleasure and pain. Call it calm, balance, even-mindedness, what we will; it is an interior adjustment to all circumstance, and permits the maintenance of harmony within.

It is possible to misunderstand the teaching at this point. Unless the mortal dross be utterly purged away and states unimagined by us be attained, it does not seem possible to regard pleasure and pain, as they present themselves to our consciousness, as being the same. Hence it seems that we are to meet either or both with equal heart. We are not, it would seem, expected to feel them alike; we are expected to meet them without moving from our course. It is evident, to take even one step away from mere gross selfishness, that the pain of a fellow-being cannot be the same to us as his happiness—however brief—may be; and especially if we are to "feel for all that lives." So that it must be, in the first place, the personal aspect of pain and pleasure, our own pain and pleasure, toward which we are to exercise equal-mindedness. In the second place, while to our present consciousness a great difference between them presents itself, it is at the same time possible to disregard them as influences, as results, not seeking or avoiding either, using both and abandoning both, becoming, each in his own degree, like that host "which foresaw, yet chose."

In a later chapter of the book we find Krishna saying:

"The pleasures which arise from the feelings are the wombs of future pains." This is so self-evident that the loss or departure of a pleasure causes pain, that probably everyone will grant the fact. If we love a pleasure for itself, as sensation, or as final result, the truism is apparent. But if we take it as so much experience; if we test it as a gift of life, as somewhat to be wisely used and having an inner meaning, then, indeed, it becomes evident that the departure of the pleasure causes no pain. We shall have foreseen this; we shall have found that thorn, and, being forewarned, we shall have plucked it out. What is

left is pure experience—a thornless rose if we offer it upon the altar of the Lord of Life.

It is a fact in human nature that we are loath to analyse either pain or pleasure, yet we do not shrink from them equally. We go but a short way in the test of pain, and, behold! we have conjured up the monster and it bears us away. The imagination is paralysed, the energies undermined by the mere contemplation of pain. Need this be so? Why not give it another name, another aspect? Call it experience; hath it then no fruit? If we have harvested anything at all from it, is it not also a fitting gift for the altar? Candidly, I do not believe that one *thinking* human being can be found who would willingly relinquish at his life's end all that he has learned from his sorrows, or those sorrows themselves, if he had the power to live his life over again without them. There are sorrows dearer than pleasure, it is true, springing from the loss of deeper joys, and to obliterate the one would bring oblivion to the other. But there is more than this to the question. The imagination recoils from the image of a life wherein pleasure was the only chord, the unique light. Instinctively we perceive that here is something grotesque; something lower than the pure animal, to whom some forms of pain are known. If we look deeper, shall we not find in this recoil of the soul a clear pointing to the fact that we are sharers of the universal life, while to know pleasure only must perforce cut us off from the whole of that life and its advance? Think of a life bereft of toil, effort, the spur of necessity, the travail of thought, the share in the dear common human life. What manner of grotesque monster is this? It is unthinkable.

Since pain, then, is necessary, we must re-adjust our ideas of it. Is it not, perhaps, true that what we call pain is really only *effort*, is the condition of life and growth in any direction; a condition which is only made discordant and painful by that selfishness which resists, which would refuse to share the world-experience, and would cling to a known and pleasurable state? Well for us it is that we are not taken at our word and left to starve amid a monotony of pleasure, like the king's son covered with beaten gold who died—as we should—from obstructed circulation. Gladly embrace the noble truth that life takes but to give, gives but to take, and each substitution is more ample than the last. If I lose a friend, I come nearer to the true ideal of friendship; but when I abandon that personal ideal and pine only to befriend all beings, I fall back upon myself and go by leaps and bounds towards that Self which brooks no half lover, but will have a man's whole soul in order to give that back to the universe in wise and wide work. Life never robs us. In that exchange man is always the gainer. But it demands the heart of trust.

It is incredible that we—each one of us—should with one accord demand as by right divine to be the exempts of pain. Some deeper meaning must exist. Is it that the joyful soul within sings of that right divine of gods on godlike planes of being, and the false self appropriates the tune? This is true, but is there no more to it? Can it be that this self really clings to pain and the idea of pain with its attendant train of self-pity, self-relaxation, self-distrust, self-perception—luxurious wantons, all? How if there be this morbid strain of liking to feel one's self exceptional, ill-used; to be preoccupied with one's self; in fine, to feel and feel and feel? How if we cling to the well-known note, the accustomed image of martyr and saint, and how if we love to gaze upon ourselves and must find ourselves worthy of attention as Knights of the Order of Pain? "No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might." Were we to be without this panorama of personal pain, could our attention be long withheld from the living spectacle of universal anguish? By my faith in nature humanized by compassion I believe we could not long be diverted from the suffering of the world, and that the false self, striving to block up the many avenues to the universal consciousness, throws out these sustained lures of personal pain. Put the image by! It is not by isolation, but by gladly sharing the common destiny that thou shalt become a moulder of fate herself.

A friend has reminded me that we take our pain too timidly. Let us freely admit that. Where lies the dormant hero-impulse to do, to dare, and to bear? The spectre of pain appears, and man turns away his gaze as from some ghastly spectre. Or he sinks plaintive and unnerved upon the grim form, embracing it as a something all his own. In either case he accepts this strange visitant as *pain*. Was it thus self-announced? How if it be not that, but a herald of some royal advent? Call the bright roll of patience, courage, trust, serenity, resignation, hope, and all the lovely progeny of heroic pain! Who would not father these? Yet thy patience slept the sleep of the unborn until pain called it forth and tried its strength. Thy courage was a thing of dreams until the instant a danger called it, full armed, from thy brain. The accost of pain demands a hero. Take thou his armed hand; smile boldly in his eyes, give him brave cheer within thy tented heart, for thou shalt find in him thy wisest Counsellor, thy world-wide Comrade, the great Revealer, whose final name is peace.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE OTHER MAN SAYS.

Of all intellectual pleasures, what pleasure more enjoyable, more replete with pure, unadulterated self-gratification than finding our own thoughts and pet theories expressed by some total and absolute stranger? "Exactly what I always thought, and such beautiful language, too. How clever of him to have expressed it all so neatly." This is what we say feeling a nice, warm feeling inside at giving the man his due, in such a generous and disinterested way. I suppose I need not add, that all the while the virtuous feeling of disinterestedness only gains from a solid ground conviction that, clever as the stranger may be, we are still cleverer, for we knew it all along, have thought of it all years ago, and need nobody's help to think wise and just thoughts.

It was exactly this kind of unmaterialised bouquets I was throwing at myself (a few other lovers of Gaelic tradition and believers in the great future of Ireland included), and so spending a few agreeable moments this morning, and all on account of another man, Edouard Schuré by name, having spoken of Celtic genius exactly in the same way as I would have spoken myself. The passage, which gave me this welcome opportunity for self-congratulation is to be found in his book, "Les Grandes Légendes de France," and is a sort of preface to the chapter entitled, "Les Légendes de la Bretagne et le Génie Celtique."

Here is part of the passage in English words: . . . . "If I had to characterise at a general glance the *living Trinity* (all the italics are Edouard Schuré's) which constitutes the moral being called *the French nation*, I would say that the *Frank genius* has constituted its skeleton and its *solid body;* the *Latin genius*, which has so strongly imprinted on us its stamp and its form, through the Roman conquest, the Church and the University plays in it the part of *intellect.* As to the *Celtic genius*, it is, at the same time, the *blood* which circulates in its veins, the *deep soul* which quickens its body, and the *second consciousness*, secret inspirer of its intellect. It is from the temperament, from the Celtic soul of France that come her incalculable movements, her most terrible jerks and her most sublime inspirations.

"But as the primitive Celtic race had two essential branches, whose twigs are to be found here and there, the Gaels and the Kymries, so the Celtic genius shows itself to us under two facets. The one jovial and jeering, which Cæsar saw and defined in these words: 'The Gael are fickle and lovers of new things.' This may be called the Gaelic genius, light, penetrating, and swift as the air, slightly indecent and sneering, easily turning to superficiality. The other facet is the Cymric genius,

solemn to heaviness, serious to sadness, tenacious to obstinacy, but profound and passionate, keeping at the bottom of its heart treasures of faithfulness and enthusiasm, often excessive and violent, but endowed with high capabilities of poetry, with a real gift of intuition and prophecy. This side of Celtic nature is dominant in Ireland (hear, hear), in Wales, and in our Armorique. It seems as if the elect of the race had taken refuge in these wild countries to seek safety behind their forests, their mountains, and rocky shores, and to guard the holy ark of memories against the destructive hands of conquerors."

Whether the forests and rocks had proved impregnable or the "holy ark of memories" still too full of vigorous life, but Edouard Schuré states farther on that "Saxon and Norman England never could assimilate Celtic Ireland." He also says that the province of Brittany always was the very seat of Celtic genius in France, genius of indomitable resistance and of exploration, which has produced at various epochs warriors of world-wide renown like Du Guesclin, La Tour d'Auvergne, and Moreau. It is from the same country that France has received many a time the impulses of her philosophic, religious and literary life. Chateaubriand, Ramennais, and the great Descartes, who, by an overwhelming effort of one short life, has for ever destroyed the dead scholasticism of mediæval thought—all were Celts, born guides and inspirers of Frank and Roman France.

The following passage of Edouard Schuré's prose is especially beautiful :

"Having beheld the resurrection of Celtic poetry, France has in a way recognised her soul of old arising from a forgotten past full of dreams and of the infinite. France was astonished at first before this strange apparition, its eyes looking from over the seas, its voice both rude and tender, sometimes swollen with wrath, at other times thrilling with sweet melancholy, like Oisin's lyre, like the ancient Atlantic silence it came, 'Who are you?' 'There was a time when I was in thee ; I was the best part of thy very self ; but thou hast driven me away,' answers the pale-faced prophetess. 'Indeed,' says the other, 'I do not remember it any more, but through thee strings unknown to me vibrate in my heart, and thou makest me see once more a forgotten world. Come, speak, sing again ! so that thou mightest teach me some hidden secret of my own destiny.' And so France, remembering that once she was Gael, has learned to listen to the voice of Brittany and the ancient Celtic world."

With our tottering self-reliance and poor sense of things as they really are, it is most important for us all to learn that when the "other

man" speaks he says exactly what we thought all along, but never had the pluck to proclaim or the moral uprightness to make our own unswerving ideal. What the other man says is often an encouragement, a pat on the back, which came just in time to show us that within our hearts there also dwells something which always makes us think the right thoughts, and sometimes men do the right thing.

In the particular case we are discussing, France is the other man who speaks to us through Edouard Schuré. France has learned, as he informs us, to listen to the voice of the great Celtic past. But has Ireland?

Is Ireland going to recognise the voice of her own soul speaking within her? Is she ready to understand that, behind the treacherous rocks of her prolonged material ill-luck and wilderness of her political disorders, there still dwell the "elect of the race," watching over the intactness of the people's great memories, and that these memories are of valour, of purity, of great men with great hearts and great deeds? And will there be a time when these great memories will step out of their present obscurity and become once more glowing ideals, fit to lead men to death and to life?

Or, may be, men, Irish-born and Irish-bred, are more inclined to read works about their own country by English authors, who tell them as Mr. Froude does, for instance, that Irish legendary lore is "ridiculous bombast," and may be, having collected this valuable information, they also are inclined to believe it in a sort of a half-hearted way.

I wonder.

VERA JOHNSTON.

DUALITY.

"From me spring forth good and evil."

Who gave thee such a ruby-flaming heart,
And such a pure, cold spirit? Side by side
I know these must eternally abide
In intimate war, and each to each impart
Life from their pain, with every joy a dart
To wound with grief or death the self-allied.
Red life within the spirit crucified,
The eyes eternal pity thee, thou art
Fated with deathless powers at war to be,
Not less the martyr of the world than he
Whose thorn-crowned brow usurps the due of tears
We would pay to thee, ever ruddy life,
Whose passionate peace is still to be at strife
O'erthrown but in the unconflicting spheres.

BY-PATHS IN OCCULT PROGRESS.

ONE of the objects which we, as members of the Theosophical Society, set before ourselves, is to strive after a realisation of man's higher destiny in our own selves. We believe in the existence of higher powers, and a sublimer state of consciousness than that which we experience now. We believe that the attainment of this exalted condition depends upon the abandonment of personal interests, which are a snare and a delusion, and the aspiring towards a universal consciousness which we shall share with all creation, and in which we shall feel by sympathy the throb of every human heart, and have no secret joys or sorrows unshared by others. Sick of the narrow limits of our personality; weary of private ambitions, loves, and speculations; distracted by the never-ceasing panorama of our own moods, now of gratulation, now of remorse; now of cold cynicism, now of morbid sentimentality, we long to escape from that importunate demon of self-consciousness which is ever at our side instilling into our cup of joy the poison of pleasure, and marring our healthy spontaneity of feeling with its whisperings of vanity and egotism. "Let me feel myself in these people, let me share their joys and sorrows that so I may help them!" is the cry of the soul; but the personality—exacting spouse created by ourself in the past—steps between and snatches our love for itself.

To paralyse this personality, to make it an obedient slave, and to learn to take away our attention from it and listen to the voice of the Oversoul—this is the science of Râja Yoga, or true practical occultism

Shall we then cultivate occult powers? Is it right to try to develop them? Or should we leave them alone, and confine our attention to the ethics and the philosophy? Such questions are often asked, but have we not here a touchstone by which they are easily solved? Would such and such a power increase or diminish the strength of our personality? Would its attainment hinder or help us in our chosen aim?

There are many occult powers and faculties which are mere adornments of the personality, and it is quite possible to imagine a being superbly gifted with clairvoyance, magnetic power, intellectuality, control over his inner bodies, and what not—and yet an intensely *personal* individual. He might fill the world with his charities and attract crowds by his personal gifts, but still be the victim of self-consciousness, egotism and vanity. Well, some may deem this a desirable goal to attain, and even imagine that such a being would be happy; but for those who do not care to merely swell their personality, the cultivation of such powers will be of no use whatever. There are

some of us who, so far from having powers to gain, have positively powers to lose, ere we can make any progress on the true path. Having in a past life strayed on the path of personal aggrandisement, we unexpectedly arouse a latent tendency to do the same in this life. A fatal facility to study along the lines of various occult arts tempts us to leave the straight path of spiritual development and to wander on the by-path of useless knowledge. Some have bodies over-sensitive to psychic impressions, whereby the evil forces of a great city are able to invade them and lead them astray. Others find they can leave their physical body and travel in an inner body, and thus they encounter new fields of temptation and subtler attacks which they cannot resist. Such powers are obviously hindrances, not helps, unless indeed our *motives* are other than we care to confess.

The fact is that the brain-mind is not fit to judge what powers we ought to develop. The powers are supposed to be for the use of the higher self in its work, but the brain-mind only caters for the lower self. It is never safe, therefore, to make the acquisition of powers an object; we should aspire after selflessness, and leave the powers to grow naturally as an outcome of our success in realising that aspiration.

As it is our personality is so strong that it invariably twists and distorts every bit of knowledge and power that comes within its reach. All our good motives get tinctured with vanity and greed, because we cannot yet altogether eliminate the personal element from them. Our responsibilities for the right use of our ordinary faculties are great indeed; which one of us dare take the far greater responsibility of rightly using wider powers? An occult force is not a mere quiescent machine ready to be used and capable of being turned off at will. It is a good deal more, and *must* be controlled to prevent it from controlling its master. Let us beware how we waken it.

Is it possible to stumble into the wrong path by accident and through heedlessness? Yes, I believe it is, and that some of us are inclined to fall in danger of doing so occasionally. The danger usually arises from a mistaken notion as to the object of certain ceremonies or practical aids that may be recommended. Suppose, for instance, we are told to visualise some symbol or what not, as an aid to concentration on the Higher Self. This hint is intended—not as an object in itself—but as an aid towards a higher object. If we find it does aid us, well and good; but if we forget the main object and allow our mind to be taken up altogether with the practice, we miss the point. It is of no use to visualise a double triangle until it grows objective and follows you about everywhere like a dog. This is simply the unintelligent cultivation of an occult art,

and may lead you astray by opening up to your eye the dangers of the astral world. Use the symbol to start a good current if you like, but then forget it. Again, we may be over-anxious to protect ourselves from the antagonistic forces that surround us, and may indulge in some such practice as the building of an imaginary wall or shell round us. The main spring of this conduct is *fear*; we are afraid, we feel weak, and we want to shut ourselves up in a comfortable house where we can be safe. But *courage* is the best protection; courage builds a far stronger wall round its possessor than could be built in the other way. It can even stop bullets in a battle. The wall built by courage is a real wall, and it is built in the right way—by dwelling on the *idea* and letting the material effect follow of itself. The psychic wall which some people try to build round themselves is built in the wrong way; they dwell on the material side of the question.

Let us beware of thinking about our inner bodies, our auras, and so on, as material things. They *are* material things, but we should live in the world of ideas, and leave the rest to natural law.

Black magic always begins at the wrong end. It begins at the bottom. It attempts to achieve spiritual results by the adjustment of material conditions. Thus it resembles the Tower of Babel, which was built upon the ground and reared towards heaven. But the creative power evolves from spirit downwards to matter. One of the symbols of the Tarot is the lightning-struck tower, which typifies a material system smitten by the wrath of heaven. Pranayama, or the restraint of breath, is a good instance of this. The idea is to tranquillise the mind by regulating the vital currents. But the right way is to regulate the mind, and then the vital currents will regulate themselves. There is a little vital god in your body who understands how to govern it much better than you do. Leave the regulation of the breath to him, and attend to your mind. It may be possible to regulate the mind by regulating the breath first, but it is exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

Believe me, the practice of brotherhood is the quickest and surest way to all objects of attainment. It is not a mere ethical precept tacked on to occultism to give it a pious smack, or to prevent its misuse. It is the true path. For by practising it we cultivate the higher self, the central pivot of our nature, and all the rest depends thereon. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

CAPRICORN.

OUR SECRET TIES.

OUR deepest life is when we are alone. We think most truly, love best, when isolated from the outer world in that mystic abyss we call soul. Nothing external can equal the fulness of these moments. We may sit in the blue twilight with a friend, or bend together by the hearth, half whispering, or in a silence populous with loving thoughts mutually understood; then we may feel happy and at peace, but it is only because we are lulled by a semblance to deeper intimacies. When we think of a friend, and the loved one draws nigh, we sometimes feel half-pained, for we touched something in our solitude which the living presence shut out; we seem more apart, and would fain cry out—"Only in my deep heart I love you, sweetest heart; call me not forth from this; I am no more a spirit if I leave my throne." But these moods, though lit up by intuitions of the true, are too partial, they belong too much to the twilight of the heart, they have too dreamy a temper to serve us well in life. We should wish rather for our thoughts a directness such as belongs to the messengers of the gods, swift, beautiful, flashing presences bent on purposes well understood.

What we need is that this interior tenderness shall be elevated into seership, that what in most is only yearning or blind love shall see clearly its way and hope and aim. To this end we have to observe more intently the nature of the interior life. We find, indeed, that it is not a solitude at all, but dense with multitudinous being: instead of being alone we are in the thronged highways of existence. For our guidance when entering here many words of warning have been uttered, laws have been outlined, and beings full of wonder, terror, and beauty described. Yet there is a spirit in us deeper than our intellectual being which I think of as the Hero in man, who feels the nobility of its place in the midst of all this, and who would fain equal the greatness of perception with deeds as great. The weariness and sense of futility which often falls upon the mystic after much thought is due, I think, to this, that he has not recognized that he must be worker as well as seer, that here he has duties demanding a more sustained endurance just as the inner life is so much vaster and more intense than the life he has left behind.

Now, the duties which can be taken up by the soul are exactly those which it feels most inadequate to perform when acting as an embodied being. What shall be done to quiet the heart-cry of the world: how answer the dumb appeal for help we so often divine below eyes that laugh? It is sadder than sorrow to think that pity with no hands to

heal, that love without a voice to speak, should helplessly heap their pain upon pain while earth shall endure. But there is a truth about sorrow which I think may make it seem not so hopeless. There are fewer barriers than we think: there is, in fact, an inner alliance between the soul who would fain give and the soul who is in need. Nature has well provided that not one golden ray of all our thoughts is sped ineffective through the dark; not one drop of the magical elixirs love distils is wasted. Let us consider how this may be. There is a habit we nearly all have indulged in: we often weave little stories in our minds expending love and pity upon the imaginary beings we have created. But I have been led to think that many of these are not imaginary, that somewhere in the world beings are thinking, loving, suffering just in that way, and we merely reform and live over again in our life the story of another life. Sometimes these faraway intimates assume so vivid a shape, they come so near with their appeal for sympathy that the pictures are unforgetable, and the more I ponder over them the more it seems to me that they often convey the actual need of some soul whose cry for comfort has gone out into the vast, perhaps to meet with an answer, perhaps to hear only silence. I will supply an instance. I see a child, a curious, delicate little thing, seated on the doorstep of a house. It is an alley in some great city; there is a gloom of evening and vapour over the sky; I see the child is bending over the path; he is picking cinders and arranging them, and, growing closer, as I ponder, I become aware that he is laying down in gritty lines the walls of a house, the mansion of his dream. Here spread along the pavement are large rooms, these for his friends, and a tiny room in the centre, that is his own. So his thought plays. Just then I catch a glimpse of the corduroy trousers of a passing workman, and a heavy boot crushes through the cinders. I feel the pain in the child's heart as he shrinks back, his little love-lit house of dreams all rudely shattered. Ah, poor child, building the City Beautiful out of a few cinders, yet nigher, truer in intent than many a stately, gold-rich palace reared by princes, thou wert not forgotten by that mighty spirit who lives through the falling of empires, whose home has been in many a ruined heart. Surely it was to bring comfort to hearts like thine that that most noble of all meditations was ordained by the Buddha. "*He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure.*"

That love, though the very fairy breath of life, should by itself and

so imparted have a sustaining power some may question, not those who have felt the sunlight fall from distant friends who think of them ; but, to make clearer how it seems to me to act, I say that love, Eros, is a being. It is more than a power of the soul, though it is that also ; it has a universal life of its own, and just as the dark heaving waters do not know what jewel lights they reflect with blinding radiance, so the soul, partially absorbing and feeling the ray of Eros within it, does not know that often a part of its nature nearer to the sun of love shines with a brilliant light to other eyes than its own. Many people move unconscious of their own charm, unknowing of the beauty and power they seem to others to impart. It is some past attainment of the soul, a jewel won in some old battle which it may have forgotten, but none the less this gleams on its tiara and the star-flame inspires others to hope and victory.

If it is true here that many exert a spiritual influence they are unconscious of, it is still truer of the spheres within. Once the soul has attained to any possession like love, or persistent will, or faith, or a power of thought, it comes into psychic contact with others who are struggling for these very powers. The attainment of any of these means that the soul is able to absorb and radiate some of the diviner elements of being. The soul may or may not be aware of the position it is placed in and its new duties, but yet that Living Light, having found a way into the being of any one person, does not rest there, but sends its rays and extends its influence on and on to illumine the darkness of another nature. So it comes that there are ties which bind us to people other than those whom we meet in our everyday life. I think they are more real ties, more important to understand, for if we let our lamp go out some far away who had reached out in the dark and felt a steady will, a persistent hope, a compassionate love, may reach out once again in an hour of need, and finding no support may give way and fold the hands in despair. Often indeed we allow gloom to overcome us and so hinder the bright rays in their passage ; but would we do it so often if we thought that perhaps a sadness which besets us, we do not know why, was caused by some heart drawing nigh to ours for comfort, that our lethargy might make it feel still more its helplessness, while our courage, our faith, might cause "our light to shine in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own." Æ.

EXTRACTS FROM A CHILD'S LETTER.

Mr. Editor, Uncle —— wants me to tell you what kind of a book I'd like the best to have you send us children, and so I'll just tell you the best I can.

First of all you see I like picture-books. I don't like books that

haven't any pictures, do you? I like those pictures of Æ.'s, they look so shiney and like sunshine, don't you think so? And Uncle —— has told me lots of things about what the sun does, and all about the fire. Fire is very nice, isn't it? Uncle —— and I have good times when nobody else is around about the fire. You see we have an open fire in our house, and Uncle —— puts out the light and then we amuse ourselves. We make houses and cities and faeries in the fire, and, oh, such wonderful things we see there! So tell us some fire stories and sun stories, I like them so much.

I'd like to know those children Æ. talks about. I wish they'd write me a letter—do you think they would? I wish you'd ask them. They could write to me, or you could write for them or get Æ. to write to me. Wouldn't that be fun—and then some day we'd meet each other and explain all about how nice it was.

Uncle —— tells me awfully nice stories about things he calls history. We always pretend we are going to Egypt when he is going to tell me a story of history about Egypt, then you see we understand all about it when we get there, and see just what was going on then, and this is so nice because you know it's about real people. Uncle —— says we used to live in Egypt a very long time ago, and that's the reason we can pretend to be there so easily when we tell stories about those places. Uncle —— and I sit in a big chair and go in our minds all over the world this way. I'd like this, too, in that book.

I would like to have a great many things explained, and I think you will tell us all about everything if you just write a book and take us children to all the places like Uncle —— and I go in our minds. We learn about the stars, and all about the faeries and caverns in the earth, and about all on top of the earth when we think this way, and that's the kind of a story book we'd like, Uncle —— and I; and we have such fun doing this that we'd like seeing the way other people do it, and go in our minds to places that they go to, and see what they see.

I like to draw pictures. Could you send us some pictures that we could draw and send to you, you could show us how to do them right, Uncle —— and I have such fun drawing pictures in the sand. We make wonderful houses and animals and birds in the sand. I don't know how to draw pictures very well, you know, but Uncle —— does them for me, and we call them ours.

Don't let anybody send us a book that hasn't any pictures, and that tells us to be good all the time, and talks about things we children don't want, and about how to bring us up Give my love to everybody from Uncle —— and from me. Some day I'd like to play with you.

Your loving little friend.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPELS.

WE have to thank the editors for letting us see the proof-sheets of their translation of the Gospel according to St. Mark. The proof-sheets were accompanied by a request for a perfectly sincere opinion as to the method and value of the work; and as in matters of this moment mere complimentary phrases are impertinent, we shall give our opinion quite frankly and sincerely.

It seems to us that this new translation of the Gospels will not accomplish its object, because it is carried out in a half-hearted way and half measures are fatal. What is needed is to rescue the records of Christian origins from the net of theology; to let them take their place quite simply in the world of real life. If they have any peculiar and distinctive quality, any divine breath not in other books, it will easily enough make itself known, for inspiration is harder to hide than sunlight. What we want is to meet these old writings face to face, to see them in broad daylight, to know them as they really are, the higher their quality the better they will stand the ordeal. To realise this they must be freed from the whole theological atmosphere which has grown up round them in the centuries; we wish to see them as their authors saw them, not as the divines of the Middle Ages viewed them in the midst of theological strife and turmoil. More particularly we must quite consciously put away from them the controversial spirit which is crystalised in the great English versions—for these versions are the outcome of an age of religious warfare and persecution. We must really go back to the originals, and bring them to light in the form and language of our day, just as we should do with a new dialogue of Plato, were we to discover one hitherto unknown. We must get the real, not the theological, equivalents of all important words and thoughts, in such a way that they shall speak to our sense of real life, and it is also essential that we should make a fresh start in matters of form. There are half-a-dozen arrangements of the New Testament books, all quite "orthodox" in their way; but in reality the result of mere habit, and not of thought and sound judgment at all. So that we need not confine ourselves to any special order for the different books. We might adopt a chronological order, beginning with Paul's *Epistle to the Galatians*, or *to the Thessalonians;* much would here depend on individual theory, it is true, but the result, as an object lesson, could not fail to be instructive. The problem of the order in which the books were actually written, finds its analogy in the question of the sequence of Shakespeare's plays, and every editor has to face that question

manfully, at the risk of his edition becoming quite insignificant from a historical point of view. And in reality the order of the New Testament books, as they appear in the authorised version of 1611, has no more a sacro-sanct character than the order of Shakespeare's plays in the folio of 1623. Both editions contain apocryphal works, and works wrongly attributed to their alleged authors, and it is the business of competent editors to set these things right.

It should hardly be necessary to say that the division into chapters and verses is a mere trick of theological controversialists, eager to belabour each other the more easily with "texts," that is with sentences torn out of their proper context and used regardless of age, authorship and everything else a thoughtful soul, seeking truth, would pay careful heed to.

So that any new translation we think should comply with these ideals: fresh and vivid language, which should speak to our sense of real life; a thoughtful arrangement of the various documents, according to date and authorship, or supposed authorship in the case of the anonymous books; and, lastly, a compliance with the best ideal of external form, such as is usual in any work of literary excellence at the present day. Thus we might gain a new impression of these obscure and difficult records, and this might in time grow to be a true impression.

THE OUTLOOK.

My comrades, let us look at the world a moment. Little Greece has been disturbing the equilibrium of the "Great Powers." The sympathies of the people in most, if not all, of the "great" nations are opposed to the action taken by their respective governments. A shout might set free an avalanche at any moment. An arbitration treaty between the United States and England has been under way for some time, but the fact that the latter country has been proposing to spend a quarter of a million sterling fortifying St. Lucia, a small island in close proximity to America, does not tend to remove the suspicion which seems to exist in the United States as to England's *bona fides* in the matter. Was it not said of old that a sign of the consummation of the age would be the cry "Peace, Peace," when there was no peace? In South Africa the gamblers still exploit. They "care more for land than niggers," as Olive Schreiner puts it. The ravages of plague and famine continue unabated in India. Thousands are dying for want of food, while "shillings" are being collected on every hand to celebrate the long reign of India's Empress. Of wheat there is enough, and to spare, but it is in the hands of the speculators. Religionists of the different sects in England are warring bitterly over some proposed changes in the educationa system. A new President enters office in the United States, and calls

together a Cabinet of millionaires. But it is for lack of wisdom the people perish there, as elsewhere, and for that they need not look to a body of millionaires. In Ireland the excitement over financial grievances has considerably subsided. The people seem to be awaiting the blast of a trumpet which will sound a note more directed to their *real* needs. When the hour is ripe the hero shall appear full armed. In a quiet mood one can catch the strain of the battle song reverberating through the hills and sleepy hollows.

In religion the old beliefs are being gradually replaced by the new. We are told by a paper of considerable influence on both sides of the Atlantic that "to be orthodox is not to hold to any old-time theories of inspiration, miracles, or incarnation, or other cognate doctrines—it is to believe that 'for us men and for our salvation' the prophets of old time spake, the witness in wondrous works was given, and the Christ came down from heaven." In Scotland, of all places, a new National Church Union has been formed for the spread of Broad Church Theology—a sign not without significance surely. The photographing of "spooks"; the hunting-up of haunted houses; palmistry, astrology, and general mediumistic practices, with the innumerable number of exposures following in their train, seem to form the chief matters of interest in spiritualistic circles. No startling revelation has come from the "spirits," and we continue to look to them in vain for a philosophy of commonsense. One does not need to consult the planchette or dabble with any such spiritualistic stage trappings to know what is essential—that only "wisdom and compassion can regenerate the world."

To the Theosophist looking out upon life all these things are so many sign-posts, which he scans as a traveller does the milestones along his path. He does not become absorbed in the turmoil, but notes carefully the meaning and purpose underlying it all. A hopeful, cheerful, gratifying event at the present epoch is the laying of the foundation stone of the first building in connection with the school for the revival of the lost mysteries of antiquity, in which "the science of life and true brotherhood" will be taught. "It is a glorious work," writes Mrs. Tingley, "and those who take part in it are, indeed, fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working with the tide of the world's life working with them. They can afford to keep in their hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty."

Sometimes I am accused by my friends of making too many suggestions. Perhaps there is some truth in the accusation, but I am content if even one or two bear good fruit. By this I do not mean to suggest in the words of the well-known parable that some "seed" may have "fallen on stony ground." Rather do I attribute the fruitlessness to the nature of the suggestions themselves. It is not sufficient to write exquisitely about beautiful things, neither is it sufficient to talk philosophy or metaphysics with wonderful lucidity and

wisdom. One little act of social service may accomplish much more. True, the ideal servitor of humanity must possess a great combination of gifts to satisfy the various entities composing it. We need not, however, sacrifice one gift to the predominance of another, or run anything to extremes. The dreamer of beautiful dreams may be the supreme practicalist if he will. This magazine exists to serve, and not in one direction only. I want to see it a radiating centre of life. All can help; all cannot write articles, but almost everyone hits on a good idea or suggestion, as the phrase goes, from time to time. Why not send it along to be shared in the widest manner possible by fellow-comrades? Do we realise what strength lies in our unity? Do we act with spontaneity when the heart impels, or do we restrain, thinking that *our* little help, whatever form it may take, is unnecessary?

I have received a suggestion from two members of T.S., both distinctly different. One is connected with children, and is as follows:—

There are many women amongst us whose duties lie in that narrow sphere called home, who, much as they long to work for Theosophy, may not give themselves up to public work. Such women ache daily with the effort to understand and interpret the purpose of life. Can they not serve the "little ones?" Possibly there are already children in their homes—children waiting to be loved and served. It may be that though kept by duty to a quiet, lonely life some women amongst the Theosophists have personal monies, on a payment of which they could support a homeless child. Most women are, however, without monetary independence, and therefore cannot mother a little one, willing though they be. Could our lodges help such workers for Theosophy to serve the children?

There are hundreds of outcast or orphaned little ones around us; a very small sum per week would keep one of these. Where a member of any lodge wished to receive a homeless child, it would surely be possible and brotherlike to find the small sum needed to give one more child such surroundings that it might have a chance of learning to rule the animal by the human, to blend the human with the Divine.

The other suggestion speaks for itself.

My proposition is, that we should have a Theosophic hymn, psalm, or chant, which may be like a pæan of blissful praise—a song of triumph, which will be known to all of us *in all nations*, and serve like a rallying call; with power to stir the utmost depths of our being, and rouse us as with one accord to the most fervent and ardent emotions of love, faith, trust, and courage in fighting our battles. A song which must always create a wave of enthusiasm wherever heard. It should be well known by this time that we mortals *can* put that power, like a living soul, into a song, witness the "Marsellaise," which rouses the French to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and valour; inspiring even the little street *gamins*, as at their evening play they march up and down loudly singing the grand Hymn of their Nation.

My correspondent suggests "The Silent Seer," which appeared in our pages some time ago, as a most suitable poem for the purpose, and proceeds to give many valuable suggestions as to the nature of the music required to do it justice, but want of space prevents my giving them. I will be glad to hear from anyone on the matter. Such a Theosophic Hymn would, to quote again from my correspondent, "form an additional link of brotherly union between us, and increase that *rapprochement* which tends to solidarity."

And now I will make a suggestion on my own account. Correspondence between members of the T. S. in different parts of the world, and with one another generally, has been found very helpful. Why not extend this means of helpfulness to others? In every district, in every country in the world, are to be found seekers after truth, who often lose their way because some friendly help has been wanting at a certain moment. If any T. S. members

care to communicate with me, I will give them the outlines of a simple scheme which could be worked without expense, and I think prove a means of doing good. At least, I think it would be worth trying. "May every Theosophist and every lover of the race press forward into the future, determined to play his part nobly in this work for the millions yet unborn."

D. N. D.

"CHILDREN'S DAY."

THE Lotus Circle Committee of New York have consulted with Mrs. K. A. Tingley, the Outer Head of the E.S.T., relative to the celebration of Wm. Q. Judge's birthday anniversary as a "Children's Day." Mrs. Tingley is very much in sympathy with the project, and has suggested a programme for the occasion, which has been adopted by the L.C.C. This will be printed and sent to every branch of the Theosophical Societies.

DRESS REFORM.

Mrs. Keightley, having given one of her gowns for a pattern to two F.T.S., who understand dressmaking, any member who so desires can have a gown made or paper pattern sent (to measurements) and all other particulars by applying to

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THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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THE work of transferring the printing plant and belongings of the Dublin Lodge to the new premises is now over, and members are beginning to feel more at home in their new quarters, which are very central and convenient. The Secret Doctrine group now meets on Tuesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, instead of on Fridays, as heretofore, and Wednesday evenings are being devoted to informal discussions, at which members and interested inquirers air their opinions for the mutual edification of one another, these gatherings have proved very interesting so far, and are capable of being made quite an attractive feature in the life of the Lodge. The public meeting at the Central Hall, Westmoreland Street, on 25th ult., brought a fairly large and very attentive audience together to hear Theosophy and Socialism discussed.

It has been decided to hold Public Meetings *Weekly*, till the end of the Session in the Central Hall, the subjects for the ensuing month will be:—March 25th, "The Divinity of Man" (D. N. Dunlop); April 1st, "Re-birth" (P. E. Jordan); April 8th, "The Need for Theosophy" (F. J. Dick); April 15th, "Toleration" (A. W. Dwyer).

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Articles in harmony with the spirit and aim of the Magazine are invited.

Short Contributions about 1,000 to 1,500 words preferred.

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VOL. V. APRIL 15TH, 1897. No. 7.

The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 105.*)

AT first sight the statement that peace is a resultant of pain may appear strange, even revolting, to some minds. To such, the idea may seem to savour of the pernicious attractions of self-martyrdom and self-immolation; that torture of the self which is one of the strangest of the many forms of personal vanity. To desire martyrdom for its own sake; to intoxicate the brain with the subtle image of one's moral heroism—this is but one step from that fanaticism which rushes towards suffering and burdens which form no part of our own duty and which were never awarded to us by that destiny which we call the Law. To a mind thus rendered drunk by its own greatness no distinction of duty is possible. It embraces hard and distasteful tasks for the sake of embracing them, and in the hope of thus demonstrating its own heroism to itself. Self-torment, self-immolation, are often but other names for self-intrusion into places and conditions where we had no business to go: a thrusting of one's self, led by the most insidious form of vanity, into a path where Karma never intended we should tread; a path of pain we have forced and made our own.

Such pain does not bring peace. It is a state of war. It is as necessary to be just to one's self as to any other, for all are equal in the balance of that Law which "is no respecter of persons." In the pursuance of our duty we shall need no pain; and this is just and right, for Karma brought us there. Such pain is outweighed by a keen and ever-increasing delight, the pure joy of service, and is indeed the swiftest of the peace-bringers. Upon the points of motive and duty then the whole question turns.

Our motives are obscure. To us as much—and sometimes more—as to any other. We can only endeavour to fathom them, reading them

often by the future light thrown upon them by our reactions. That is, we imagine ourselves to be acting unselfishly in some work. The work is a success, but does not turn out as we intended. Or some one else has the credit and we are set aside. Or the work fails. We then feel pain, annoyance, disappointment, and, as by a search-light, the soul reveals to us that our motive was not pure. Or we imagine it to be our duty to expose some wrong, and to do it at the cost of some pain to ourselves. We do expose it, and the wrong is found to be no wrong. Or the world believes us not. Or we fail and instead of turning then to other work we persist in striving to get a verdict against the offence or the offender. Failing still, we harden into a place and a state of being where we persist in the futile effort, and it has now become an effort to vindicate our own judgment, to demonstrate our own rightful courage, our martyr stand. Well indeed is it for us then if the Law permits that our heart shall shine out and show us our own error. It costs much pain. Yet hath the contrary course a greater anguish still. Our motives are indeed obscure. But a high courage, a sincere desire to serve, may bring light to the riddle little by little and in due season.

The pain that ends in peace is that which the Law appoints, and the peace is to be seized and confirmed at any moment.

If we look but a little way into this subject we see that physical pain, for example, when it is removed, leaves with the sufferer a sense of peace. Such a sense of peace is lacking in the presence of actual joy. The peace results from contrast. This is only another way of saying that Nature then works with us, pointing out that the removal of discord brings peace, and not the mere presence of pleasure. In other words, discordant conditions of mind or of body are productive of pain because they are opposed to the main course of universal Nature. When they are removed, Nature takes her unobstructed way and peace prevails.

Turning now to the mental and moral sources of pain, we find them to be identical. I sin against the inner light and my moral being is torn. I cling to my forms of belief, whether in religion, in friendship, in love, in what not else; the false erection crumbles and I grieve. Why? Is it not because "I" have lost something? But I have not. Nothing is lost. The false mirage has vanished, that is all. I may arise and pursue my journey unimpeded by the cheat.

Or I lose, apparently, the true and truly loved. Have I lost them? Are they not mine for ever in the realm of soul? Would I keep them back from heavenly joys, the well-earned rest, the deep arcana of spiritual assimilation? The heart, convicted once again of

the sin of self-seeking, even in the purest love, sighs as it makes its answer. Well, in that sigh it is nearer the Real than it perhaps thinks.

"If I suffer, it is self that suffers, not I. That is an awful doctrine and too hard except for the few. But it is God's truth. By asserting it as true, with or without the acceptance of the brain; by affirming with quiet persistence that this is fact whether one cares to accept it or not, the mind in time becomes impressed with the idea, works on it, digests it. That done, one rises superior to the suffering. An old story! And with it goes another, that those who suffer would do well to wander through the streets of their own city and find those who suffer with them from the same cause. They would soon find that their compassion for the pain of others, and their efforts to relieve it, would melt their own grief into a flame of love of a universal and divine nature—once they forgot themselves in the greater pain around them."

These words indicate still another facet of the shining truth that pain brings peace. For see what deep peace comes when once we merge ourselves into the endless compassion which reaches out to the whole world and yearns to serve those agents of the Law who only live by it and their compassion for the worlds where pain is known. It is the pain inseparable from life and from our lives as we have fashioned them, which, rightly borne, brings peace. Shall we either fear or love it? Need it be either sought, as by the fanatic, or avoided, as by the epicure? Not so, standing upon that middle ground which is our own duty, we, masters of ourselves, need not fear the accost of pain. Looking steadfastly upon it, we find it in every instance to arise from some concept of our own possessions, our own rights, something sequestrated from Nature. We yield up these mental possessions, and no longer shut out from the Boundless, we enter its tides in their flowing and the sweetness of peace is ours. It may not last. Again and again we enter the state of war. But the peace is within us, we remember it, we acclaim it, we, heirs of hope, we expect it; its leaven works within us; again and again we enter the state of peace also, until we learn that it is always to be found there where we lay down the personal will and the personal image. And then indeed we know that this pain we have met, accosted, accepted, have calmly housed awhile, was indeed the peace-bringer because it was the truth-bearer: it ceased to be pain to our sight and became a great white peace when we yielded up our self-will to Divine Will, and ceased to oppose at heart the onward march of Nature and Soul.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE-FOUNTAIN OF LOCH LEIN.

In the south of green Eri is an ancient ruined abbey. Centuries have given its walls a soft grey hue, and ivy twines itself about the crumbling stones. Its cloisters have long since been given over to shadows of pale monks gliding to and fro, missal in hand, or with lips moving as they silently recite their Pater Nosters and Ave Marias, dreamily telling their beads the while. Yet the murmur of the lake sweeping over the white rocks, the song of the wind rushing through the trees, speak of a past still living in a memory greater than that of man.

Walking in the dim haunted cloisters one day, musing on the hidden greatness of Eri and her dreamy-hearted children, I felt the presence of another beside me. I turned, and saw a figure robed and hooded after the fashion of an ancient order of monks. I noted the dark ascetic face and the burning eyes full of an unutterable sadness. Half unheeding me, he paced up and down, speaking aloud his thoughts:

"Is everything but vain desire, and life itself but a mockery? Are the long years of striving and search to count for naught, or is it true that beyond the grave lies only darkness? Once I had dreams of a higher wisdom, of power that men might possess, of magical deeds that men might do; but all are gone, and nothing remains but a heart desolate and torn by a myriad cravings and unnumbered fears."

Ere I could question him he turned his sorrow-laden eyes upon me and continued, as though conscious of the words I would have said:

"In my youth I had dreams of a mighty past, and a still mightier future. I saw myself moving among men many ages ago, and I deemed it possible that in the future I would so move again. Then something awoke within me, a burning desire to know the mystery of all things. I wandered by the lake and o'er the mountain-brow, in cities amidst crowds, striving to unveil the mystery in which we dwelt, the mystery we ourselves were. Sometimes on the crest of the mountain, when the first rays of the sun illumined the greyness, the cloud enwrapping me would lift, and I felt the wondrous mystery unfolding. Then, as a butterfly eludes the hand stretched out to grasp it, this gleam of greater knowledge would pass away, and again I returned to the vague ques-

tionings and wonders of a heart not content with the fleeting glories of earth.

"Years passed by, and the beauty of life revealed itself to me in love for my fair young cousin, but even that glimmered amid the clouds of doubt and fear. Love was a flying shadow, I said, though my heart's voice whispered it was eternal. So I heeded not the voice, resolutely turning from a love that had no power to still the unrest, the never-ending search for something undying, all-peaceful. At last I sought these cloisters; a great weariness beset me, hope had well-nigh deserted me; here I would find quietude and rest, I thought. It was a vain thought; rest approaches others, yet holds aloof from me."

For a moment he hesitated, and then half murmured to himself:

"Perhaps we are those ancient gods whose glories the bards sang long ago, and from our mountain-homes we came to wield a greater sceptre here. Now only a dim memory of the past remains to urge us on to the future, and half blindly we stumble forward, hoping and fearing always." His dreamy tone changed, and quickly he exclaimed: "Behold this. Night after night have I watched it; none other here can see."

I stood by a pillar and looked into the darkening enclosure. What was this marvel happening before us? Into the past my mind travelled; that past when the wise Druids built their temples on many a sacred hill and in many a vale through our fair isle. The far-spreading tree in the cloisters disappeared, and in its place towered a column of waving golden flame. Majestic white-robed figures, with glittering symbols on their breasts, moved round it with arms upraised, chanting as they paced. Then one by one they entered the fire and passed into a hidden way. The last turned and raised a beckoning hand, and in obedience to that, without fear or trembling, we also stood in the flame together. A rending and a rushing sound, and we floated down one of those rivers of fire which are the life of the world. At last we came to a cavern deep, deep in the earth, where were assembled beings whose vestures were as the changing sunset-hues, and whose diadems were flowers of jewel-like radiance. And one among them, more brilliant than all others there, to him they gave allegiance as to one possessing greater wisdom than they. Silently we watched and wondered. Who were these with the calm of ages shining in their eyes, and the seal of life upon their brows? What was the meaning of this assemblage, and why were we bidden to attend? Even as we questioned ourselves thus a single ray of light gleamed from the leader. In obedience to that ray we saw the starry beings act. Some tended the fires buried deep

in the heart of the hills, keeping them ever bright. Some departed to the ancient temples to build anew the mists which conceal them from mankind, for not yet could men know of the existence of these homes of knowledge. Some went to men and women, giving them dreams of life in other worlds, and in those dreams teaching them the eternal wisdom. And we saw how these men and women woke in the dawning with a golden glow at their hearts; with a strength of will and a peace that no earth-troubles could disturb or dim for even a moment.

Then the great one spoke to us—not indeed in words, but we understood—and said that once these were men who had passed long years in weariness, doubt and striving; remembering, sometimes faintly, sometimes clearly, that they themselves were of that ancient race of gods that at one time peopled Eri, and who will return to it again—nay, who are even now returning, for they make themselves visible to those who turn their hearts towards them, who long to be with them once more.

Then he glanced at my companion and said:

"O passionate-hearted one, may you have peace. You have lingered long on the way, yet you too are one of the immortals. Often before you have battled successfully in wars we have waged against the dark hosts; in that which is still to be done you also have a part, and future ages shall tell how your voice, clear-sounding, far-reaching, carried its message of light and life over sea and land to many weary hearts."

A touch light as a fluttering leaf rested for an instant on my eyes; the cavern and the shining figures grew dim, then passed away, and the shadowy monk disappeared. Once more I saw the old cloisters, and heard the light laughter of my friends as they stood by the lake. Pondering upon the meaning of what I had seen and heard, I left the abode of shadows and walked under the sunlit trees.

LAON.

PRIEST OR HERO?

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

. . . . . .

No one kneels to another, nor to one of his kind that lived thousands of years ago."—WALT WHITMAN.

I HAVE prefixed some ideas about spiritual freedom addressed to the people of Ireland with these lines from the poet of another land, because national sentiment seems out of date here, the old heroism slumbers, alien thought and an exotic religion have supplanted our true ideals and our natural spirituality. I hoped that the scornful words of one who breathed a freer air might sting to shame those who have not lost altogether the sentiment of human dignity, who have still some intuitions as to how far and how wisely a man may abase himself before another, whether that other claim divine authority or not. For this is the true problem which confronts us as a nation, and all else is insignificant beside. We have found out who are the real rulers here, who dictate politics and public action with no less authority than they speak upon religion and morals. It was only the other day that a priest, one of our rulers, declared that he would not permit a political meeting to be held in his diocese, and his fiat was received with a submission which showed how accurately the politician gauged the strength opposed to him. And this has not been the only occasion when this power has been exerted: we all know how many national movements have been interfered with or thwarted; we know the shameful revelations connected with the elections a few years back; we know how a great leader fell; and those who are idealists, God's warriors battling for freedom of thought, whose hope for the world is that the intuitions of the true and good divinely implanted in each man's breast shall supersede tradition and old authority, cannot but feel that their opinions, so much more dangerous to that authority than any political ideal, must, if advocated, bring them at last to clash with the priestly power. It is not a war with religion we would fain enter

upon; but when those who claim that heaven and hell shut and open at their bidding for the spirit of man, use the influence which belief in that claim confers, as it has been here, to fetter free-will in action, it is time that the manhood of the nation awoke to sternly question that authority, to assert its immemorial right to freedom.

There lived of old in Eri a heroic race whom the bards sang as fearless. There was then no craven dread of the hereafter, for the land of the immortals glimmered about them in dream and vision, and already before the decaying of the form the spirit of the hero had crossed the threshold and clasped hands with the gods. No demon nature affrighted them: from them wielding the flaming sword of will the demons fled away as before Cuculain vanished in terror shadowy embattled hosts. What, I wonder, would these antique heroes say coming back to a land which preserves indeed their memory but emulates their spirit no more? We know what the bards thought when heroic Ireland became only a tradition; when to darkened eyes the elf-lights ceased to gleam, luring no more to the rich radiant world within, the Druidic mysteries, and the secret of the ages. In the bardic tales their comrade Ossian voices to Patrick their scorn of the new. Ah, from the light and joy of the faery region, from that great companionship with a race half divine, come back to find that but one divine man had walked the earth, and as for the rest it was at prayer and fasting they ought to be! And why? Because, as Patrick explained to Ossian, if they did not they would go to hell. And this is the very thing the Patricks ever since have been persuading the Irish people to believe, adding an alien grief unto their many sorrows, foisting upon them a vulgar interpretation of the noble idea of divine justice to cow them to submission with the threat of flame. Ossian, chafing and fuming under the priestly restriction, declared his preference for hell with the Finians to paradise with Patrick. His simple heroic mind found it impossible to believe that the pure, gentle, but indomitable spirits of his comrades could be anywhere quenched or quelled, but they must at last arise exultant even from torment. When Ossian rejects the bribe of paradise to share the darker world and the fate of his companions, there spake the true spirit of man; spark of illimitable deity; shrouded in form, yet radiating ceaselessly heroic thoughts, aspirations, deathless love; not to be daunted, rising again and again from sorrow with indestructible hope; emerging ever from defeat, its glooms smitten through and through with the light of visions vast and splendid as the heavens. Old bard, old bard, from Tir-na-noge where thou, perchance wrapt by that beauty which called thee from earth, singest

immortal songs, would that one lightning of thy spirit could pierce the hearts now thronged with dread, might issue from lips which dare not speak.

I do not question but that the heroic age had its imperfections, or that it was not well that its too warlike ardour was tempered by the beautiful, pathetic and ennobling teaching of Christ. The seed of new doctrines bore indeed many lovely but exotic blossoms in the saintly times, and also many a noxious weed. For religion must always be an exotic which makes a far-off land sacred rather than the earth underfoot: where the Great Spirit whose home is the vast seems no more a moving glamour in the heavens, a dropping tenderness at twilight, a visionary light on the hills, a voice in man's heart; when the way of life is sought in scrolls or is heard from another's lips. The noxious weed, the unendurable bitter which mingled with the sweet and true in this exotic religion was the terrible power it put into the hands of men somewhat more learned in their ignorance of God than those whom they taught: the power to inflict a deadly wrong upon the soul, to coerce the will by terror from the course conscience had marked out as true and good. That power has been used unsparingly and at times with unspeakable cruelty whenever those who had it thought their influence was being assailed, for power is sweet and its use is not lightly laid aside.

As we read our island history there seems a ruddy emblazonry on every page, a hue shed from behind the visible, the soul dropping its red tears of fire over hopes for ever dissolving, noble ambitions for ever foiled. Always on the eve of success starts up some fatal figure weaponed with the Keys of the Hereafter, brandishing more especially the key of the place of torment, warning most particularly those who regard that that key shall not get rusty from want of turning if they disobey. It has been so from the beginning, from the time of the cursing of Tara, where the growing unity of the nation was split into fractions, down to the present time. I often doubt if the barbarities in eastern lands which we shudder at are in reality half so cruel, if they mean so much anguish as this threat of after-torture does to those who believe in the power of another to inflict it. It wounds the spirit to the heart: its consciousness of its own immortality becomes entwined with the terror of as long enduring pain. It is a lie which the all-compassionate Father-Spirit never breathed into the ears of his children, a lie which has been told here century after century with such insistence that half the nation has the manhood cowed out of it. The offence of the dead chief whose followers were recently assailed weighed

light as a feather in the balance when compared with the sin of these men and their shameful misuse of religious authority in Meath a little while ago. The scenes which took place there, testified and sworn to by witnesses in the after trials, were only a copy of what generally took place. They will take place again if the necessity arises. That is a bitter fact.

A dim consciousness that their servitude is not to God's law but to man's ambition is creeping over the people here. That is a very hopeful sign. When a man first feels he is a slave he begins to grow grey inside, to get moody and irritable. The sore spot becomes more sensitive the more he broods. At last to touch it becomes dangerous. For, from such pent-up musing and wrath have sprung rebellions, revolutions, the overthrow of dynasties and the fall of religions, aye, thrice as mighty as this. That thought of freedom lets loose the flood-gates of an illimitable fire into the soul; it emerges from its narrow prison-cell of thought and fear as the sky-reaching genie from the little copper vessel in the tale of Arabian enchantment; it lays hand on the powers of storm and commotion like a god. It would be politic not to press the despotism more; but it would be a pity perhaps if some further act did not take place, just to see a nation flinging aside the shackles of superstition; disdainful of threats, determined to seek its own good, resolutely to put aside all external tradition and rule; adhering to its own judgment, though priests falsely say the hosts of the everlasting are arrayed in battle against it, though they threaten the spirit with obscure torment for ever and ever: still to persist, still to defy, still to obey the orders of another captain, that Unknown Deity within whose trumpet-call sounds louder than all the cries of men. There is great comfort, my fellows, in flinging fear aside; an exultation and delight spring up welling from inexhaustible deeps, and a tranquil sweetness also ensues which shows that the powers ever watchful of human progress approve and applaud the act.

In all this I do not aim at individuals. It is not with them I would war but with a tyranny. They who enslave are as much or more to be pitied than those whom they enslave. They too are wronged by being placed and accepted in a position of false authority. They too enshrine a ray of the divine spirit, which to liberate and express is the purpose of life. Whatever movement ignores the needs of a single unit, or breeds hate against it rather than compassion, is so far imperfect. But if we give these men, as we must, the credit of sincerity, still opposition is none the less a duty. The spirit of man must work out its own destiny, learning truth out of error and pain. It cannot be moral by

proxy. A virtuous course into which it is whipt by fear will avail it nothing, and in that dread hour when it comes before the Mighty who sent it forth, neither will the plea avail it that its conscience was in another's keeping.

Æ.

(To be concluded.)

A WARRIOR'S WEAPONS.

The Sword.

The will is a warrior's first weapon and may be best described as a sword. And as there are many kinds of swords—curved, two-edged, of steel, silver and lead, and in various conditions, sharp, dull, bright, and rusty, so there are many kinds of wills. The underlying qualities of a sword are sharpness, quickness and force. The underlying qualities of will are the highest expressions of force in all Nature.

A sword is carried in a scabbard. The scabbard of will is desire. To use a sword to advantage we draw it from its scabbard, and so to use our will effectively we must first dissociate it from desire. To use it otherwise is to abuse our highest faculty and to render ourselves an easy prey to our first enemy.

Before we can be given a real sword and be taught fencing we must learn the difference between friend and foe, peace and war; otherwise we shall slay our own kin. We must also learn to take proper care of a sword.

Time may be likened to a stream of lava issuing from a volcano; beginning in vapour and gas, it condenses and becomes a molten stream, it hardens and becomes rock. The moment the present passes into the past is like the moment the lava hardens and becomes rock. The future we can alter and mould as we will, even the present, with a strong will, we can greatly change; but to beat our will upon the past and wish it otherwise is like using a sword against rocks, we dull if not break it and yet accomplish nothing.

When we have learned to care for a sword and to use it properly—not to cut ourselves or fight against our fellows—we may be trusted with a real sword. Each man must for himself win the right, and forge his own sword. If we "help Nature and work on with her" she will furnish us the metals, and if we persist in seeking for it we shall find the hidden fire needed to melt them. "When the materials are ready the Master shall appear" who will show us how to forge a true sword.

When our sword is forged and tried and we have proved our own

valour, we may enter the ranks of the warriors of old, the protectors and guardians of the race, and be on our way to the front of battle.

"He that useth the sword shall perish by the sword," applies only to him that useth the sword for self. The knights of old did not so, they fought in the cause of the weak and the wronged. He that fighteth thus, consecrating and abandoning his acts, shall never perish.

The Dagger.

This word is merely a warning, for the dagger is not in good repute among warriors and is never carried by the victors of the white race. It is the weapon of anger.

Anger is not able to wield the mighty sword of a warrior and hence requires a smaller weapon. To be secure against this foe within we must cast away all such, for they are useless against the real enemy; and so long as we have one with us, no matter how deeply hidden or put away, we know not what moment anger may seize upon us and its weapon, and break forth.

Men of the world are not allowed real weapons, nor any save such as are of base metals, rusty or dull, but a warrior is trusted, his own keeper and the guardian of the race. When he has won and tested his true sword let him trust to that alone and cast away all lesser weapons; in their place he shall gain a counter—inner—power, a power of peace.

Rafe Hopton.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

When in a moment of divine repose,
My spirit breaks its earthly bars,
I hear the blushful secret of the rose,
The murmur of the stars.

And every living thing of high or low
Hath its own fitting time and place;
The meanest weeds that bud and blossom show
Beauty's eternal face.

And in the broken song of life I see
How word and deed dissevered rhyme;
And all its aching discords grow for me
The radiant song of time.

Paul Gregan.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.—His Inspiration.

Of the many phases in which the great soul known to our time as Robert Browning presents its meaning and its message to men, it is the object of this article to select only one upon which to direct our thought. Poet, thinker, moralist, man of the world, humorist and idealist as he was, he was far greater than all these, being in the largest and only final sense a mystic. It is not so much as the herald of a new day for man or the bearer of a new message from the realm of spirits that his influence is felt to be most pervasive, his presence in our hearts most potent. It is rather as an inspirer of men that he appeals to our inner nature and exacts our homage, and it is in this relation that I venture to call him a mystic and to claim for him a great place in the kingdom of manifested souls; for this, it seems to me, is—so far as we can determine that which for most of us lies partly beyond the veil—the function among men of a mystic: to rouse men to a sense of their own majesty; to proclaim, not so much in uttered thoughts as in projected impulses, the real issues of life; to impart vitality to ethics, to make thought living and instinct with divine presences; to breathe through the joys of men and idealize them, through the sorrows of men and inspire them; to rouse torpor into divine unrest and passion into aspiration; not merely to sing of the soul or to persuade us of its beauty, but to *be* the soul, and by vital impact to touch and stir that mighty being that slumbers in the hearts of all men. There have been, even in this iron age of ours, many men known through their writings who have pleaded the cause of spirit, who have reminded us of our heritage as men, and pointed to divine destinies lying for us beyond the limits of the life we know; but of those who have so gained recognition in literature I only know one who was preëminently an inspirer of souls, an imparter of life, and he was Robert Browning.

When I look through his writings for quotation or example in proof of what I have said I own to a certain embarrassment. The secrets of spiritual strength were never wholly said in song; it is rather in shadowy suggestion, in thoughts that loom too large for utterance, in spiritual emotions thrown upon a mental sheet too small to contain them, that we feel the presence of the soul than in any well-defined conception or finely-wrought phrase; it is less by what he tells us than by what we infer of the untold; less by the expansion of his philosophy

into thoughts than by the touch of his total manhood upon ours that we know how whole and strong and propellent Browning is. Like the deity of his own concept he

"Presses close and palpitatingly
His soul o'er ours,"

and the surgings of life within him have set free some of the latent force which is innate in the common heart, and whose vibrations sing within us the music of his secret power. Perhaps of his shorter poems "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Abt Vogler," "Prospice," and the "Epilogue to Asolando," best realize his gift of imparting aspirations with the same vital power that distinguishes a flower in diffusing fragrance. Take the often-quoted lines from the first-named poem:

"Be our joys three parts pain
Strive and hold cheap the strain,
Toil, nor account the pang,
Dare, never grudge the throe."

This may not be music, it may not be thought, it may not be art, but it is certainly impulse, it is certainly motive force, it is certainly life; it comes to us as words, it enters us as vital energy, it remains with us as aspiration. Out of the heart of humanity—the humanity for which he wrought—there has passed into our heart a tense will not to be known by any term of science or of art; a desire to be and to become which passes out of those regions of thought of which it is possible to speak with definiteness, and into those where thought has become assimilate with life. Or take this single phrase out of that song of triumph over death (the most triumphant song in English verse), the "Epilogue to Asolando":

"Greet the unseen with a cheer."

Is there any more perfect way of expressing the assurance that death is nought, of filling the mind with a buoyant trust in the vast resources of nature and the unconquerable vitality of soul? It is the optimism of a nature which was intensely living at every point and whose life was one supreme exultation, that is Browning's greatest charm, and it is the aspiration which springs from this—an aspiration paramount, continuous, unflagging, to realize all the divine purposes of life—which lifts him above the rank of teacher, and gives him a place in the spiritual hierarchies of all time as one who has passed on to men not merely the secret but the power of strenuous purpose and heroic deed.

OMAR.

(To be continued.)

SOME ASPECTS OF BROTHERHOOD.

LIFE as we see it to-day presents on the surface a seeming chaos. Yet nature meets us exactly where we stand, and we respond to that aspect of civilization which we feel our natures drawn towards. Art, music, science, philanthropy, religion, places of amusement, offer abundant scope to satisfy and develop the different parts of our nature.

We could not have had those different movements without something first of all having arisen in human nature to necessitate their expression. Now being expressed, they are the means of drawing others who have any of those particular tendencies. All aspects of civilization have their place in the scheme of evolution, if we think of man as a soul, and it is on this recognition that I think the basis of brotherhood rests, for it at once breaks down all distinction between race and class, and without that basis of equality there can be no true brotherhood.

Everyone does not believe in the existence of the soul, and it is a part of our nature which it is impossible to prove the existence of, in a certain sense. It would be like trying to prove that we ourselves exist, while perfectly conscious that we do not know ourselves. To say that we exist because we have a physical body, and a mind and senses by which we recognize, see and feel it, does not prove very much, unless we believe that the universe, ourselves included, was evolved out of nothing and by no one.

No matter how much we trace or analyze what we perceive as human beings, we always come to a point where out of the invisible the visible appears, out of the unknown comes the known. So that one is forced, I think, to believe in that very ancient doctrine—that underlying all things there is an eternal, immutable spirit, in which the visible and the known appear and disappear. If all manifestation is contained in an eternal, universal spirit, then that spirit exists always and in us, seeing that a part is always contained in and forms part of the whole; and if we exist through and in this universal spirit, then the real part of us must be immortal, because that which endures is more real than that which passes away. If we believe this, then our ideas of the things in physical life undergo a change, because then the kindest and most brotherly actions are those based on the idea that man is a soul. Brotherhood then takes the form of doing what one can to bring people nearer to that which is real.

Looking at life with this idea it is hard to see in the rush for fame,

money and comfort, and the effects brought about by these desires, namely, luxury and poverty facing us side by side, jealousy, envy, and all the attending miseries which accompany their gratification, how anything can be gained by this rushing turmoil of forces which can bring us nearer to that immortal part of ourselves. But it is evident that if we were strong and wise enough to resist the forces which bring about these effects they would not be there, and it is only by living where these forces are that we know whether we will be swayed by them, or indifferent to their influence.

Belief is not conviction, and thinking a thing is true is not knowing the truth of it, but how many people attempt to make their beliefs knowledge to themselves?

We build ideals very often, without realizing what that ideal represents in life, and without thinking about the changes which must take place before we make it part of our nature. In all ages and by all peoples the highest ideal put forward has been the nature of the soul, ever giving ideas of beauty, goodness and truth, and of a state which earthly desires have no power to influence. We have thoughts about high ideals, yet too often, in the trials which test us, we allow the thoughts to slip away and act from the part of our nature we are familiar with.

If the soul is the real part of us, it is but logical to think that there must be a way of knowing ourselves through self-knowledge, and daily life gives us this opportunity. We all know that we have very complex natures, but in that complexity a distinct duality; one ever drawing us to things spiritual and guiding us by the voice of conscience, the other towards the transient by our earthly desires.

If our ideals are spiritual, then naturally our ideas about brotherhood are based upon those ideals. But ideas and ideals which always remain in the abstract are of very little use to humanity, and we only make them living by acting from them. They then become part of our intelligence, and it is our intelligence which acts in everyday life. If we act foolishly it shows that we have not yet developed the intelligence which recognizes deeply enough that the act is foolish. When through suffering and experience we recognize that selfishness, vice and crime are not desirable paths to tread, we will then have the intelligence which possesses that knowledge. We are gaining that knowledge now through our personal desires, which take us through the many and varied experiences of human life, until at last we realize that all the sufferings and sorrows of humanity are caused by selfishness and gratification of earthly desires, and until we recognize that the life

of those desires is fleeting, and not worth the thought and energy of a lifetime. But, in the meantime, we are all going through different experiences, and what for the moment helps one is useless to another. What is true to one is to another false. To talk philosophy to some people when suffering would be cruelty, to others it would help them to bear it.

People are starving, and if we have any sympathy we give them bread. Sympathy, or the sense of brotherhood, seeks to express itself in relieving suffering in every shape and form. But, I think, believing that in every human being there is a spark of the divine, that in acting from that belief we would do much to lessen the causes which produce so much suffering, and it gives us a grander and nobler conception of mankind if we think that all will at last become divine. But there are many different opinions, therefore many different standpoints from which to act, and one very real aspect of brotherhood shows itself in that wide tolerance which recognizes that in the many ways by which we express our ideas as to what we think is the best for the welfare of the race, we are all standing on that platform of brotherhood called sympathy.

Sympathy, blended with toleration, is a platform on which freedom reigns, from which no voice can bid us come or go, only our own hearts can place and retain us there.

A. P. D.

GOLDEN GRAIN.

"Let us not judge others too much, for they also may be acting up to the best light they have. Besides, Karma ever works, and ever the T. S. must feel it even more than other bodies. The effect of the fuss —for it is but that—must be for the best; for, if it kills the T. S., that proves a deserved death; if not, than the T. S. is stronger than ever. The latter is what I see as the final end, however far off."

"Do not judge in anger, for the anger passes, but the judgment remains."—W. Q. J.

"Forgive—and you find you have had nothing to forgive; true forgiveness is only clearer knowledge."—J. N.

"Reäctions? How to guide and watch them? What causes the reäction? The action, of course. Now I think we must learn to offer up *all* things to the Supreme—states of consciousness as well. In fact I know it. Then, when we feel a great energy or exaltation, we should offer that up too, recognizing that *we* are not in fact exalted. Instead of that we say or think that this is real, and we cling to it. Then, be-

cause we cling and because we identify ourselves with that happy state, there comes a reäction which we try to offer up. We can't, because we have not offered up the action. See? And even when we feel serene we should offer up that as well. So we remain apart from all the actions and reäctions."—T.

THE OUTLOOK.

ANOTHER chapter in the T. S. annals has just concluded; the first Crusade has been carried to a successful end. The journey from San Francisco to New York was attended with even more wonderful results than have been chronicled with regard to other places. The interest in Theosophy in America has been awakened more widely than ever: the work seems but beginning; the future beckons on, shining luminous and bright. The next important event will be the Convention of the T. S. A. on April 25th and 26th. We have always looked forward to this gathering of American Theosophists with hearts full of hope and expectation. This is as it should be. America was the starting-point of our movement in this century, and every fresh impetus of importance since then has naturally enough had its origin there. We send our warmest greetings, and await the unfolding of events with patience.

I have referred to the future, but it is well to remember that it is only made great and glorious by our action to-day. Every step has to be carefully taken; every forward movement regulated by calmness and wisdom. A danger of over absorption in work has recently been referred to by one writer, and it is a timely hint. Nothing should be done excitedly; the balance should be maintained without any abatement of enthusiasm. Work must always be carried on with zeal, but the mental attitude is important. The army of workers is increasing, and it is wisely generaled. The movements of the army as a whole are full of absorbing interest, yet we must never overlook the outposts. Our Branches are the outposts, and they must always be kept running smoothly if the force is to be distributed effectively.

I have been asked to say something about Branch work. One or two observations may not, therefore, be out of place here. The work of a Branch should be well divided among its members. Each member can find something to do; there is no limit to the lines of work. Responsibility for the condition of a Branch is not evaded by withdrawal from active participation in its work, because something displeasing may have been done, or on any ground. Cliques should be avoided, and the interest of each member enlisted and maintained. Care should

be taken not to ride hobby-horses too much. Harmony is essential, but cannot be forced; it must come about spontaneously and free. True harmony begins within. Differences may naturally arise over details of work, but this should never mar the unity in essentials. No one is altogether wrong; nor is anyone altogether right. The first step is toleration, from that harmony proceeds. If a point of difference arises, it is wise to turn attention to other matters on which perfect unanimity exists. Time works wonders, and when the point again comes up for consideration a complete change may have taken place and harmony prevail. Tact and discretion are necessary elements always. In short, nothing should interfere with the purpose for which a T. S. Branch exists—the formation of a nucleus of brotherhood. Only thus can we expect to ally ourselves with all the forces that make for brotherhood, and succeed in making our ideal an accomplished fact. Our hope lies in the spread of fundamental ideas. They evoke responsive echoes in the hearts of men and give rise to a feeling which finds its way through all barriers of creed and sect.

I have been asked also to give through this column some idea of the Correspondence Scheme suggested in last issue. It is not well to weary the general reader with too much detail, but the initial steps may be indicated. The scheme is international. Branches are regarded as Local Committees in their districts. The Consultative Committee is regarded as being composed of all Fellows of the T. S. of wide experience and knowledge throughout the world. The following letter should be sent to all newspapers possible by anyone who has time and cares for the work:

To THE EDITOR.

It may be of interest to your readers to learn that an International Correspondence Bureau has been established to give help and counsel to those in need, as far as possible, without any distinctions whatever. While it is of the first importance that the wants of the physically poor should receive attention from all those who have the good of their fellow-men at heart, it is equally necessary to remember that there are a vast number who literally starve for want of mental food, who seek guidance in the solution of life's many problems.

The Bureau is intended primarily to fill this want, although its work is not restricted to one particular sphere of service. The only condition imposed upon all desiring help is that they should be willing to help others in their turn.

In connection with the Bureau Local Committees have been already formed in many towns of importance, and a number of representative men belonging to almost every country have been formed into a Consultative Committee to be referred to when necessary. It is hoped that lectures, debates, etc., may be organized in time wherever possible, and that also helpful printed papers may be issued, and books and pamphlets which will in any way help on the work brought into requisition.

No fees whatever are charged, but letters should in all cases be accompanied by stamped envelopes for reply. Further particulars can be obtained from

Yours truly,

A member of a Branch should take up local papers, giving his or her name and address on the letter, but a list of papers can be made out and written to by any F. T. S. who is willing to undertake the work, and does not object to publication of name and address. Where replies are received and cannot be attended to by a local Branch, or satisfactorily by the person to whom the enquiry is addressed, they may be forwarded to me for reference to the Consultative Committee. Thus, I think, some good might be done in a quiet way, and I will be glad to hear from others who think likewise. D. N. D.

NOTE.

Owing to the illness of Miss Violet North, who had to go away for a short rest and change, it was necessary to have the last two issues of The Irish Theosophist printed by an outside firm. The change in appearance was so perceptible that our readers will no doubt share our joy at Miss North's return to her old post in better health, for they, no less than ourselves, have learned to appreciate the high standard of her work. It speaks for itself. By her valuable help it has been possible to carry out an old wish of W. Q. J.'s—the establishment of a printing and publishing centre in his native city. D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

13, Eustace Street, Dublin.

The work continues to go on quietly and steadily, the public meetings in the Central Hall are perhaps not so well attended as might be wished, still there is evidence that there is a good deal of interest taken in these lectures by several regular attendants who have braved some very bad weather to put in an appearance.

Another interesting feature is the readiness of the local press to insert reports of the meetings, and the appearance recently in one of our weekly papers of several articles touching the Celtic revival from a more or less mystical standpoint.

The discussions during the ensuing month will be: April 22nd. *Theosophy*, J. Duncan; 29th, *The Celtic Renaissance*, Mrs. Duncan; May 6th, *The Brotherhood of Man*, Mrs. Dunlop; 13th, *Dreams*, G. W. Russell.

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The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 123.*)

WE have seen that pain and pleasure are reäctions, one of another, and we now find Krishna emphasizing that fact in this sentence:

"Be free from the pairs of opposites."

It is advice greatly needed by every student of life. Not one in a thousand is able to tread a middle path. We fly from pole to pole; extremists for the most part, we hate or love; we desire or repel; we act or reäct. There is all too little of sitting calmly by; too little moderation of mind; too rarely do we attain an attitude of suspended judgment; we are all too prone to crystallize. With us, brotherhood degenerates into sentimentality; avoidance of condemnation into direct encouragement to the evil-doer; our hope is so impetuous that it becomes a fear; our calm degenerates into indifference, our unselfishness into a blatant and self-advertised charity. We are not "constant in the quality of Sattva"; we are not content with knowing the truth.

How, then, shall we avoid these extremes, which we are led into by the very nature of mind itself? For the human mind has that tangential quality which only the "quality of Sattva," the knowledge of the True, can control.

The answer is given in a few brief words of a potency so marvellous, so wide-reaching, that could we at once attain to their full meaning and realization, we should transcend the higher heavens and stand, godlike, above.

"Let, then, the motive for action be in the action itself, and not in the event. Do not be incited to actions by the hope of their reward, nor let thy life be spent in inaction. Firmly persisting in Yoga perform thy duty, oh, despiser of wealth, and laying aside all desire for

any benefit to thyself from inaction, make the event equal to thee, whether it be success or failure. Equal-mindedness is called Yoga."

Here is the final recipe for wisdom and happiness. Do we even approach to the faintest realization of its meaning? Have we any conception of what it would be, to-day, in the very marrow of practical life, to ask ourselves, before every action, before every thought, even: "Is it my duty thus to act? Is it my duty thus to think?" Can we imagine what it would be to put every deed, every idea, to this touchstone, and never to let the image of possible *result* enter the mind at all? What a blessed relief even an hour of such living and thinking would be! How life would be simplified, the congested mind relieved, the engorged faculties released and intuition set free. He who is thus "mentally devoted dismisses alike successful and unsuccessful results, being beyond them." He is out of the region in which Karma operates, and is one with the vast sweep of Nature's laws. Action and reäction have no bonds for him who never acts for self; he goes to that "eternal blissful abode which is free from all disease and untouched by troubles;" that abode which is the peace that passes all understanding. He is indifferent there to doctrines, past or to come; he contemplates all, desiring none, appropriating naught. The endless panorama of life defiles before his gaze; he sees life soundly for he sees it whole: he is at rest.

The tendency of the mind to crystallize, to attach itself to forms and formulæ, is the source of most of our woes. We begin a work, for example, something praiseworthy in itself. Little by little we identify ourselves with the work; the next step is soon taken and we identify the work with ourselves. Our methods, our department, our plans, soon become of paramount importance; we manifest zeal, competition, rivalry; we struggle to make our department the best, or to carry out our own methods; or we dread the rivalry of someone else; or we shrink from new methods, from change, from taking up some new detail, place or plan. We have gradually—and in most instances unconsciously—formulated a creed in regard to our work, and we are happy in proportion as we lose ourselves in that work, its excitement, its absorption of our minds. Take the work away. Deprived of that, are we still contented, happy? We are not. We long to do, to do, and it becomes clear to the candid mind that what we loved most about our work was that it deadened self-consciousness. It narcotised for a time that terrible and unsettled mental condition, that pressure of a dual consciousness which drives many to drink or to narcotics. It was not our duty that we loved in our work, nor the work for its own sake, but

only the relief from our own mental hells, the one-pointedness which this work afforded to our restless brains. Why, then, should we not seek this one-pointedness in all things and for its own sake, and by seeing the Self in all things and all as the Self and offering up all results to the Lord of Life, escape from the eternal unrest of our present mental conditions? Even the wise man can be carried away, we are told, by the forces of personal desire when these invade his heart. By remaining in the fixed attitude of mental devotion to the true Self we attain to the possession of spiritual knowledge. We then find a statement which compels attention:

"He who attendeth to the inclination of the senses, in them hath a concern; from this concern is created passion, from passion anger, from anger is produced delusion, from delusion a loss of the memory, from the loss of memory loss of discrimination, and from loss of discrimination loss of all!"

That is where we stand to-day. We have lost all.

Many students ask why we do not remember our past incarnations. The answer is here. We have desired to hear, to see, to touch, to taste, on all the planes, until deprivation of any of our objects has at first concerned, then tried, annoyed, determined us, and the fancy has become a passion; we have conjured up Will, the great motor, and now the fancy is a passion, a bent of the mind and nature, the will to attain, to possess. Great Nature thwarts this will at some point where it crosses her larger purposes, and anger results. We do not necessarily fly into a rage. By "anger" it appears that the obstinate determination to carry our personal point is meant, as well as the interior irritation which opposition perforce engenders. For if one will be crossed by another current of will, friction must result. This friction, this struggle of force against force, produces a harsh, strident, disruptive vibration which corresponds, on the plane of force, to that explosive action upon the mental plane which is known as anger. Such a force rends the mental atmosphere of man; it confuses, irritates, congests and confounds; the soul no longer looks upon a clear and mirror-like mind, but that mind reflects distorted images; shapes of bewilderment and folly flit across the magic glass; delusion results, false mental concepts, false memories, false recollections, and now we no longer remember our high origin, our diviner life; and now we judge falsely because we remember wrongly; the faculty of discrimination has no longer an abode with us, and all, all is lost of our diviner heritage. Repeat this process from life to life, and the wonder is that we aspire and yearn at all. If anyone doubts the reality of this process, he has but to watch

the natural growth and progress of any desire in himself, and, provided it be thwarted persistently, he will see in little that which, on a larger scale, has robbed and orphaned the race.

"He who sees Krishna everywhere equally dwelling, he seeth." How calmly fall these words upon the fevered brain! How gracious their benediction! We thirst for peace. It is here, within our reach, knocking at the door of the heart, pleading to enter. Only live the life; only say "thy will be done"; only resist not the Law but be reconciled with thy brother-man and lay thy gift upon the altar; only take duty for thy guiding-star and heed not any result—*is it too hard for thee?* It is without doubt too hard for *thee*, but THOU ART THAT. IT is ever there, conscious and wise; calm, patient and compassionate. Oh, believe that thou art indeed and in very truth that eternal boundless One—and what is too hard for thee? On Krishna call, and fight on, fight out the field! There is not an hour, not an act of daily life, to which this counsel does not apply.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(*To be continued.*)

IN DANANN DAYS.

THOUSANDS of years before great Finn and his band of chivalrous followers warred with the oppressor and roamed and hunted through the land; long before the hero Cuculain, strengthened by the invisible Danann race, fought his magical wars, this story was lived. More beautiful was Banba in that long-gone past, wiser her people then than to-day.

. . . . . .

Wonderfully beautiful is this place. The honey-sweet heather-bells swing on their slender stems, and over the golden gorse-bushes many-coloured butterflies hover. I stand on the plain and wait for one who is coming, and waiting I watch the mountains ablaze in the setting sun. Soon they will wear their misty grey robe of evening, and then the dim purple of the starlit night.

"Our oldest and wisest men say that the beauty of Banba is passing away; that even the last of the gods remaining here will soon don the veil of invisibility, and pass into the underways of the mountains where their brethren dwell. This I have heard, but I will question the Druid Roewen, who knows more than the wise men of my father's tribe. Is it true that to-night I see Roewen for the last time? My father says I have learned from the Druids more than he thought they

had power to impart. I have learned that sorrow and love go hand-in-hand; that keenest joy is keenest pain; that from these the heart knows no forgetfulness or cessation when love has chosen it for a dwelling-place."

Half-idly, half-sorrowfully I was thinking when suddenly my heart leaped tumultuously for joy, the heather-bells rang their faery chimes and I knew that Roewen was nigh. I looked and saw him coming lightly and swiftly from the shore, and because of his presence the sun seemed brighter in its setting than in its rising, the sea a deeper blue and the mountains more radiant in their misty purple and grey. Scarcely his feet pressed the quivering green grass-spears as he came towards me, his dark face glowing and his eyes bright with a light I knew right well.

"My princess, I hastened, but these are troublous times. The war-demons move among us again, and the touch of their red-stained hands has filled the people with a rage which only the clash of the war-chariots and the shouts of the meeting hosts will extinguish. Your father is haughty and proud of spirit, and would have all the tribes submit to his will; but they have bound themselves together in rebellion, and are preparing to fight your father's people. Do not fear for him; he will receive no hurt, though he will be vanquished, for last night the gods came from their mountains and foretold the issue of the battle. What would you say, princess?"

"O Roewen, you speak of those dread gods who at one time dwelt visibly in the land. Wise men say that a few still linger, but that they also will withdraw, and only mortals remain. They say, too, that the earth will grow grey and bare in the distant years, and men—except at rare times—be incapable of high deeds. And this will be because the people of those future days will not even remember or believe that once the Danann races walked among the children of earth. Tell me yet again, Roewen, of the time when the mightiest race of all lived in Banba."

"I will. But rest yourself, princess, while I speak." He lightly placed his arm upon my shoulder as we walked to the great rock in the centre of the plain. Then he began:

"Time has gone by on hurrying feet since our isle was filled with a mighty people that came from the land of the setting sun, so the traditions tell. Great gods they were, wise with a wisdom that knew almost all things, even from the beginning of time to its end. They warred not as we war; in their battles with the invisible beings that endeavoured to pass the fiery rampart ever flaming round our island

they needed neither weapons of bronze nor stone. The burning darts of their will subdued the murky hosts, rendering them unwilling servants. Year succeeded year, until innumerable centuries were added to that past over which the shroud of forgetfulness was descending. Then a smaller race grew up in Banba, and the undying gods said: 'These we will teach to be great even as we are, and they shall teach their children after them, so that in Banba the light shall be inextinguishable, and she shall endure while other countries rise from the waters only to be engulphed in their depths again.' So they taught this lesser race great magical secrets; unremembered now save by a few whose incessant wondering and pondering over all things has taken them to the secret places where the Tuatha de Dananns dwell away from the darkening world. But I think the divine and immortal spirits of the Dananns hover round us continually; that ofttimes they may be seen by men."

The exultant light in his eyes and the flickering flame round his brow imposed silence upon me. Dimly I knew he was communing with divinities visible to him alone, and in that moment the realization of the utter futility of my love for him rushed upon me in all its completeness and with overwhelming force. I was a woman, and loved with a woman's heart. I would have given up my princess state, the power it conferred, and all else dear to me in the world, if such had been his desire. I knew that he loved me, but the druidical mysteries interposed between us, raising an unsurmountable barrier. Then I too began to dream as the sunset paled over the distant mountains, and I felt the cool breath of the oncoming dusky night on my lips and eyes. I knew that at the hour of twilight the Sidhe came up from the lakes and rivers and from their cavern-homes in the hills, and wandered among mortals, for the hour of twilight is their hour of power. If sorrow or woe be upon you in that hour, to call upon the Sidhe will bring them to your side, and ever afterwards they watch over those who have invoked them. I dreamed and half-wished that I could become as the passionless Sidhe, and Roewen be to me nothing more than Druid, teacher and bard; dear indeed, but not loved with a love that burned as fire in my heart, dwarfing all else into insignificance and weariness. Often I thought that Roewen was only a Druid; human hopes and desires could not touch him, and I was only someone to be instructed out of his plentiful store of knowledge. Then in a very gentle and sorrowful voice Roewen spoke, and surely he had divined my thoughts:

"Princess Meave, you who are more to me than pupil, should

think differently. Of all who have received instruction from me you alone I love, knowing full well how fruitless that love is, for the druidical vows must remain inviolate. I do not need you to tell me this is the last time we shall see each other as we are now, but as the Dananns meet so can we, and their way I will show you. Trust yourself utterly to me, my Meave."

For a moment he stood before me, holding my hands and looking into my eyes, meanwhile slowly saying some words in a monotone. I remember being gently laid back on the stone, and then—it was not a stone, but a sea of fire I was quietly standing on, and all around the white fire-spray was falling. Then, as one in an unfamiliar land would stand bewildered, knowing not whither to go, so I stood for a time, until I observed one, radiant in purple and violet and gold, waiting by my side, and I knew it was Roewen. He smiled, and it was as the sound of faery music there. He directed my gaze to something in the distance, and that which before I had thought to be a mountain I now saw was a fountain of fire, jetting innumerable streams of light over a marvellous country. As I looked I saw pale and shadowy forms appearing in these streams, and I gave greater attention still, until they had definitely shaped themselves into the most wondrous and beautiful beings. They came from the Corrig Sidhe in the east, where as flames they flit over the mountains; from the hills of the south and the far north they hastened. Once again I looked, and saw a long line of white-robed Druids—some with the weight of many years upon them, others young with a youth more than human—drawing nigh. As they breathed the fire-breath from the fountain they too changed; half they were of the divine Danann race that shall never die, half they were of perishable mortals, but wholly beautiful and full of an antique wisdom. They thought, and their thoughts were as stars; they wished, and their wishes were as meteors flaming to their fulfilment.

In this world of light the heart was untroubled by fear or desire. I was conscious of an unspeakable love for Roewen, which was born before time and would continue when time was ended, though countless lives and age after age pile up their many sorrows upon the human heart, submerging it with seas of untold agony and woe; yet here I knew that deeper than sorrow or joy are the invisible golden cords woven by love, uniting heart to heart, soul to soul, though space intervene its distances on earth. As I thought this I again saw the mountain, and the stars were beginning to glimmer forth in the deep blue of the night. Roewen, with a grave, sweet look, was bending over me, saying:

"My princess, you have seen and heeded. Yet sometimes you will grieve at my absence, and rebel at the destiny dividing us. Nor shall I be free from such grief and rebellion, for the human heart is often passionate, and hopes and fears and desires sweep through it and rend it again and again in defiance of the calm and peace it apparently possessed. To-morrow I go to the Druids in the south of Banba; to-night I remember only that I am your lover, and know this is the last time I shall look in your eyes or hold you in my arms, shall tell you how dear you are to me, how dear you always will be. My sweet, it is bitter to part from you here even though in the homes of the Sidhe we meet. Oh, hush, my child, your tears burn and sear my heart, and make this hard task more difficult still."

Long we stood by the rock in silence. The cool dewy night and the starlight wrapped us round with a vast peace and tenderness. The gorse shone palely through the half-dusk of the summer night, and long since had the gay-winged butterflies flown to their resting-place. The mountains rose purple and blue and shadowy shapes rested broodingly over them. And I—I was growing content with a deeper contentment than had ever approached me before. Time nor space can destroy love if its cords are woven in the Danann world.

. . . . . .

In the west of Banba a mountain stands like a sentinel guarding the western seas. Some there are who say it is a fountain of fire pouring its streams through the land and showering its spray afar on every side. Mountain or fountain—and truly I think it is both—nonetheless I am assured that there dwell the great gods of the Danann Sidhe.

LAON.

PRIEST OR HERO?

(*Concluded from p. 131.*)

THE choice here lies between Priest and Hero as ideal, and I say that whatever is not heroic is not Irish, has not been nourished at the true fountain wherefrom our race and isle derive their mystic fame. There is a life behind the veil, another Eri which the bards knew, singing it as the Land of Immortal Youth. It is not hidden from us, though we have hidden ourselves from it, so that it has become only a fading memory in our hearts and a faery fable upon our lips. Yet there are still places in this isle, remote from the crowded cities where men and women eat and drink and wear out their lives and are lost in the

lust for gold, where the shy peasant sees the enchanted lights in mountain and woody dell, and hears the faery bells pealing away, away, into that wondrous underland whither, as legends relate, the Danann gods withdrew. These things are not to be heard for the asking; but some, more reverent than the rest, more intuitive, who understand that the pure eyes of a peasant may see the things kings and princes, aye, and priests, have desired to see and have not seen; that for him may have been somewhat lifted the veil which hides from men the starry spheres where the Eternal Beauty abides in the shining—these have heard and have been filled with the hope that, if ever the mystic truths of life could be spoken here, there would be enough of the old Celtic fire remaining to bring back the magic into the isle. That direct relation, that vision, comes fully with spiritual freedom, when men no longer peer through another's eyes into the mysteries, when they will not endure that the light shall be darkened by transmission, but spirit speaks with spirit, drawing light from the boundless Light alone.

Leaving aside the question of interference with national movements, another charge, one of the weightiest which can be brought against the priestly influence in this island, is that it has hampered the expression of native genius in literature and thought. Now the country is alive with genius, flashing out everywhere, in the conversation even of the lowest; but we cannot point to imaginative work of any importance produced in Ireland which has owed its inspiration to the priestly teaching. The genius of the Gael could not find itself in their doctrines; though above all things mystical it could not pierce its way into the departments of super-nature where their theology pigeon-holes the souls of the damned and the blessed. It knew of the Eri behind the veil which I spoke of, the Tir-na-noge which as a lamp lights up our grassy plains, our haunted hills and valleys. The faery tales have ever lain nearer to the hearts of the people, and whatever there is of worth in song or story has woven into it the imagery handed down from the dim druidic ages. This is more especially true to-day, when our literature is beginning to manifest preëminent qualities of imagination, not the grey pieties of the cloister, but natural magic, beauty, and heroism. Our poets sing of Ossian wandering in the land of the immortals; or we read in vivid romance of the giant chivalry of the Ultonians, their untamable manhood, the exploits of Cuculain and the children of Rury, more admirable as types, more noble and inspiring than the hierarchy of little saints who came later on and cursed their memories.

The genius of the Gael is awakening after a night of troubled

dreams. It returns instinctively to the beliefs of its former day and finds again the old inspiration. It seeks the gods on the mountains, still enfolded by their mantle of multitudinous traditions, or sees them flash by in the sunlit diamond airs. How strange, but how natural is all this! It seems as if Ossian's was a premature return. To-day he might find comrades come back from Tir-na-noge for the uplifting of their race. Perhaps to many a young spirit starting up among us Caolte might speak as to Mongan, saying: "I was with thee, with Finn." Hence, it may be, the delight with which we hear Standish O'Grady declaring that the bardic divinities still remain: "Nor, after centuries of obscuration, is their power to quicken, purify, and exalt, yet dead. Still they live and reign, and shall reign." After long centuries—the voice of pagan Ireland! But that does not declare it: it is more: it is the voice of a spirit ever youthful, yet older than all the gods, who with its breath of sunrise-coloured flame jewels with richest lights the visions of earth's dreamy-hearted children. Once more out of the Heart of the Mystery is heard the call of "Come away," and after that no other voice has power to lure: there remain only the long heroic labours which end in companionship with the gods.

These voices do not stand for themselves alone. They are heralds before a host. No man has ever spoken with potent utterance who did not feel the secret urging of dumb, longing multitudes, whose aspirations and wishes converge on and pour themselves into a fearless heart. The thunder of the wave is deeper because the tide is rising. Those who are behind do not come only with song and tale, but with stern hearts bent on great issues, among which, not least, is the intellectual liberation of Ireland. That is an aim at which some of our rulers may well grow uneasy. Soon shall young men, fiery-hearted, children of Eri, a new race, roll out their thoughts on the hillsides, before your very doors, O priests, calling your flocks from your dark chapels and twilight sanctuaries to a temple not built with hands, sunlit, starlit, sweet with the odour and incense of earth, from your altars call them to the altars of the hills, soon to be lit up as of old, soon to be the blazing torches of God over the land. These heroes I see emerging. Have they not come forth in every land and race when there was need? Here, too, they will arise. Ah, my darlings, you will have to fight and suffer: you must endure loneliness, the coldness of friends, the alienation of love; warmed only by the bright interior hope of a future you must toil for but may never see, letting the deed be its own reward; laying in dark places the foundations of that high and holy Eri of prophecy, the isle of enchantment, burning with druidic splendours,

bright with immortal presences, with the face of the everlasting Beauty looking in upon all its ways, divine with terrestrial mingling till God and the world are one.

There waits brooding in this isle a great destiny, and to accomplish it we must have freedom of thought. That is the greatest of our needs, for thought is the lightning-conductor between the heaven-world and earth. We want fearless advocates who will not be turned aside from their course by laughter or by threats. Why is it that the spirit of daring, imaginative enquiry is so dead here? An incubus of spiritual fear seems to beset men and women so that they think, if they turn from the beaten track seeking the true, they shall meet, not the divine with outstretched hands, but a demon; that the reward for their search will not be joy or power but enduring pain. How the old bard swept away such fears! "If thy God were good," said Ossian, "he would call Finn into his dun." Yes, the heroic heart is dear to the heroic heart. I would back the intuition of an honest soul for truth against piled-up centuries of theology. But this high spirit is stifled everywhere by a dull infallibility which is yet unsuccessful, on its own part, in awakening inspiration; and, in the absence of original thought, we pick over the bones of dead movements, we discuss the personalities of the past, but no one asks the secrets of life or of death. There are despotic hands in politics, in religion, in education, strangling any attempt at freedom. Of the one institution which might naturally be supposed to be the home of great ideas we can only say, reversing the famous eulogy on Oxford, it has never given itself to any national hero or cause, but always to the Philistine.

With the young men who throng the literary societies the intellectual future of Ireland rests. In them are our future leaders. Out of these as from a fountain will spring—what? Will we have another generation of Irishmen at the same level as to-day, with everything in a state of childhood, boyish patriotism, boyish ideals, boyish humour? Or will they assimilate the aged thought of the world and apply it to the needs of their own land? I remember reading somewhere a description by Turgenieff of his contemporaries as a young man: how they sat in garrets, drinking execrably bad coffee or tea. But what thoughts! They talked of God, of humanity, of Holy Russia; and out of such groups of young men, out of their discussions, emanated that vast unrest which has troubled Europe and will trouble it still more. Here no questions are asked and no answers are received. There is a pitiful, blind struggle for a nationality whose ideals are not definitely conceived. What is the ideal of Ireland as a nation? It drifts

from mind to mind, a phantom thought lacking a spirit, but a spirit which will surely incarnate. Perhaps some of our old heroes may return. Already it seems as if one had been here; a sombre Titan earlier awakened than the rest who passed before us, and sounded the rallying note of our race before he staggered to his tragic close. Others of brighter thought will follow to awaken the fires which Brigid in her vision saw gleaming beyond dark centuries of night, and confessed between hope and tears to Patrick. Meanwhile we must fight for intellectual freedom; we must strive to formulate to ourselves what it is we really wish for here, until at last the ideal becomes no more phantasmal but living; until our voices in aspiration are heard in every land, and the nations become aware of a new presence amid their councils, a last and most beautiful figure, as one after the cross of pain, after the shadowy terrors, with thorn-marks on the brow from a crown flung aside, but now radiant, ennobled after suffering, Eri, the love of so many dreamers, priestess of the mysteries, with the chant of beauty on her lips and the heart of nature beating in her heart.

Æ.

ROBERT BROWNING.

II.—His Inwardness.

It is not the aim of these notes upon the influence and tendency of Browning to reconstruct from his poetry a detailed and coherent philosophy. I have claimed for him a higher place in the realm of real life than the word thinker indicates, and I am well content to let his claims to systematic thinking be considered slight, though I do not share this opinion myself. It is with thought as an energy, not as a series of syllogisms, that poetry must always deal, and I had rather think of Browning as an energiser of men than as a philosopher. But if we would learn something of the secret of his gifts to us, and realize in any fitting measure what these gifts are, we must summon together as best we may the faculties and qualities in which his genius consists.

First, then, to him as to all true poets—for I claim that at last every real poet is a mystic—there was imparted the fine and fragrant quality of "inwardness," to borrow Matthew Arnold's term for the more precious and subtle aspects of subjective ideality. To Browning as a poet there was one supreme duty and interest in life—to justify the ways of man to men. He who has done this has "vindicated the eternal Providence" as no other can. His self-assigned task, then, was to sing the soul, and it is when so engaged that we find his power of inwardness raying out upon the creations of his thought. And as

he sings of man to men we catch with joy the cadenced music of his song:

"I send my heart to thee, all my heart,
In this my singing."

The soul of poetry is inwardness—the faculty through which we discern, in Socrates' grand phrase, "how things stand in God"; and the soul of inwardness is love, the power through which we penetrate to some of the meanings of deity itself. Men cannot by thinking find out God, whose "possible"—for us—"is taught by his world's loving."* The assuredness of this latter truth forms, I think, the grand secret of Browning's insight, and the charge of intellectualism which we bring against him is, to most of us, the measure of our own ineptitude. It is because his sympathies are so wide that his comprehension is so swift, and it is this alertness of glance that baffles us of the slower seeing and duller sympathy, and makes us dismiss him in our lordly self-applauding way as "too intellectual."

Perhaps the surest test in literature of the possession of that true vision which sees men to their heart's core, and out of its seeing teaches us the central meanings of life—its hope, its faith, its doubt, its pity, its sin—is the treatment by the artist of that branch of his work which we may term characterization in verse-fiction, a mode of which Browning is a perfect master. I cannot feel with Mr. Furnivall that his "Sarto," "Lippi," and the rest, are intrusive figures interposed between the poet and his readers. It is indeed a pleasure to turn from these to "One Word More," in which he pours forth for his beloved—and through her for us—the treasures of his personal affections; but if we had not first seen the man through the medium of his "Fifty Men and Women," how had we known of the breadth of his love? We would surely have felt a limitation in a passion that spends itself wholly upon one object and does not shoot out its fervent sympathy to the sorrowing, the foiled, and the vicious. From such reproach Browning stands entirely free. Nor is this all that his clear and vivid characterization has done. His glance is a search-light into human nature, and he sees with an acuteness which I do not find elsewhere amongst our poets, where it is that the warp enters into natures not at heart ignoble, and wherein it is that the stronger ones, the Straffords and Lurias, are strong. And in this analysis of motive he gives us new cause for hope, for his handling of his People of Importance and other *dramatis personæ* does more than reveal the breadth of the poet's insight and the

* These, it will be remembered, are Elizabeth Barrett Browning's words, not Robert's.

intensity of his love. It reveals to us also vast tracts of soul of whose existence, close to the common by-ways of our life, many of us had else been unaware. Piercing down to the roots of life he finds there wiser purposes governing the actions and guiding the desires of men than they themselves know, and tracing evil to its source he finds behind the illusions of sin a spark of spiritual fire. To prize the doubts which are impossible to men of apathetic nature, to infuse hope into defeat, into error, into wrong; to see in voluptuousness simply a misinterpretation of the eternal appeal of beauty which still haunts the hearts of men, and to recognize amid their fierce passion-throes the justice of their plea for freedom to live out their own ideal of good; to feel unconquerably sure that this good of theirs will grow better continually until the day of divine perfection dawns for them, this is, I think, to recognize the true purpose of life and the mode whereby divinity becomes realized in man. It is in his hold on this doctrine—that the divine in man works its way out gradually through evil by the slow, sure processes of cyclic law—that Browning shows us most clearly the unswerving nature of his trust in soul:

"My own hope is, a sun shall pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,
That after Last returns the First
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blest once prove accurst."

But his trust is not the blind, perfervid zeal of one whose ignorance of the darker aspects of things produces an incomplete conception of life. He sees the pain and error which are the birth-pangs of the divine and accepts them. He knows well, too, the weariness and dangers of that quest in which the nobler souls among men are engaged, but he sees in them the means of

"Making those who catch God's secret, just so much more prize their capture!"

It is in his clear seeing of what is permanent and real that we have the clue to his joy in life, his trust in the "shining intuitions," his acceptance of and trust in the unseen, his belief that a light shines from behind the life of man. It is a baffled lover who exclaims:

"Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows! but not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us, when the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones, and apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way, to its triumph or undoing.

"There are flashes struck from midnights, there are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honours perish, whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse, which for once had play unstifled,
Seems the sole work of a life-time that away the rest have trifled."

But inwardness is something more than love of humanity and trust in the ultimate purpose of life. Its concern is also with the perfecting of the individual characters of men, and it is in tracing out the evolution of spiritual nobility that Browning's mastery of psychological analysis is used to best effect. He has well said:

"A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one,
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Keep but the model safe, new men will rise
To take its mould."

Of such models all his dramatic work is full. Take Sordello's discovery that, in dreaming of personal spiritual development for himself, he is traitor to his race through that very elevation and segregation which at first had seemed his special strength. Or take the expansion of the great heart of Luria amid the distrust and perfidy of those Florentines to whose cause he had devoted all the powers of his soul; or the whole drama of "Paracelsus," with its quest stopping at the point where external failure is merged into absolute success. It is in these ripenings of his heroes' hearts that Browning shows us how rich and full is the matured fruitage of his own, and how deep is the homage which we owe him. OMAR.

(To be continued.)

AT LEAGUE WITH THE STONES OF THE FIELD.

[WE think this psychometrical reading of a fragment of the stone, selected at Killarney for the School at San Diego, may interest our readers. It has been sent to us from America, and we are assured that the psychometrist was quite unaware of the nature of the stone given to her.]

"THIS is from an ancient and mystic land—a land where the White Kings once walked freely and peace reigned, the home of the great Lodges—famous in legend, song and story for its gods, heroes, bards and faery-folk in general. I think the stone of which this is a part

was found by a lake, as blue as the sky, surrounded with hills and mountains—a marvellously beautiful spot. It is early morning and I see the heavy dew glistening in the morning light. Near by there was, and is still, perhaps, the ruin of an old tower, once a sacred place. An old rune or altar, where sacred ceremonies were once performed, is also near. I feel that this land is as one awaking from a long and deep sleep. Dreams of beautiful shapes arise; the heroes stir in their slumbers, the gods awaken. A great and beautiful light seems dawning, as when the first rays of the sun appear. Mystic sights and sounds fill the air. It seems a spot where powerful forces are at work, and great memories cluster."

INWARD VOICES.

The Soul's Questioning.

The dark night lies around me vast and still,
I, sleepless watcher, count the beat
Of her huge pulse, unknowing if I will
The morning sunshine greet.

Now all is peace and quiet, lulled repose,
Save where in one poor human brain
The secret of the ages deeper grows—
The old Wherefore again.

The wood-worm yet will overthrow the beech,
The patient mole the hill will shake;
And this one thought, if I could give it speech,
Might bid the vastness quake.

The Soul's Reply.

Let what will come! Old faiths be overthrown
And new beliefs give old beliefs the lie:
One thing I hold mid crash of creed and throne—
For ever I am I.

Before time was, or thought of day or night,
Before God woke the silence with His voice,
I, hidden in the Being Infinite,
In silence did rejoice.

And I, the pilgrim of eternity,
Can laugh to see eternities roll on;
For though God say, "There shall be nought but Me,"
Yet He and I are one.

PAUL GREGAN.

THE AMERICAN CONVENTION.

[THE editor, who left Dublin to attend the American Convention, gave strict injunctions before leaving that we were to wait for his report of Convention. We have waited, but the report is still invisible. We have seen tantalizing references to it in letters from him. "The report," he says, "though short, will give you a fair idea of the Convention." We hope the editor will see this note before he reaches Dublin, so that he may not be quite unprepared to meet the sub-editor, who awaits him with a shillelagh.

We have received the following letter from Brother Crump, which we insert in lieu of the wandering report.]

NEW YORK, *April 27th, 1897.*

CONVENTION is over and we are all more or less done up with the work connected with it. It has been highly successful in every way, and just as the previous Convention was one of development, so this one was one of consolidation. It began on Sunday morning with a declaration of the position of the T. S. A., especially with regard to the so-called "split," and an excellent speech was made thereon by Mr. Temple, an old member. After that things went exceedingly well. Mr. Hargrove was in the chair and Mrs. Tingley was present as guiding spirit of all the proceedings, and many a time her quick insight and wise counsel would give exactly the right turn to events. The Convention itself was a closed one, in order to bring the members more closely in touch for future work, and in the evening a public meeting was held, when Mrs. Tingley, Mrs. Cleather, Mr. Hargrove, Dr. Hartmann, Dr. Keightley, Rev. W. Williams, and others spoke. I never heard Mrs. Tingley speak so splendidly as she did on this occasion. She rose to a magnificent height of eloquence and fairly carried the meeting by storm. She has changed greatly since we saw her in England and has become quite a remarkable speaker, and her administrative powers and grasp of details are greater than ever. Truly she is a wonderful leader in every sense of the word, and those who remain loyal to her will have opportunities of work in the future hitherto undreamt of. Music was provided at these meetings by a string quartette, two of whom were members, assisted by Mrs. Cleather and myself.

The following is the opinion of one of our English delegates about the workers here:

"What strikes me about the members here may interest you. I never before met such a body of men in middle life with strong determined characters (women too), able to express their thoughts in straight, stern, forceful language, and to *impress the age*, as these comrades here can do. You know what Brother Thurston is—think of a hundred or more men like him as delegates here, and you will have my idea, and every one of them true and loyal in every way to the backbone. No wonder that Boston Convention, rallying around W. Q. J., had an effect on the world. Every man has the cut of a soldier, the quick, firm tread, the eye that shows a man is alive, and a dignity of manner before the world that we do not know in the movement in England. They speak in staccato notes, not quickly, but as convinced definitely of the truth of their utterance, and the whole business goes on like a well-oiled machine. It has been a splendid display of real force." This opinion I can thoroughly endorse.

On Monday morning the business part of the Convention was concluded, and in the evening the charming Childrens' Crusade Play, of which I wrote in a previous letter, was again performed, and after that Dr. Buck, Brother Dunlop, who had arrived on Saturday evening just in time for Convention, and several others spoke, and the whole proceedings came to a harmonious conclusion about 10.30 with some remarks from President Hargrove.

To-day is the day of the Grant celebration here, and the American eagle is screaming loudly and the streets are alive with people, troops and bunting. The procession is visible from the windows of headquarters, and the whole face of the house is gaily decorated with the stars and stripes.

I wish I had time to write more, but I shall be home in a fortnight and can then, with Mrs. Cleather's assistance, tell you all by word of mouth. We go to Boston in a few days to give a public lecture on Theosophy and Wagner, by Mrs. Tingley's request, and sail on the 5th in the *St. Paul*.—Fraternally yours,

BASIL CRUMP.

REVIEW.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. [London: George Allen.]

I CONFESS that Maeterlinck as dramatist does not attract me. He is always an artist, but an artist concerned too much with the morbid and gruesome to have any very pleasurable hold on the mind. The works which we return to are those which radiate sunlight. These twilight emotions and pathetic privacies, which are so frequently the subject of M. Maeterlinck's art, leave an after-sensation of sickliness, and to get rid of the unpleasant memory we carefully put the books out of sight. In *The Treasure of the Humble* the author reverts more to himself, and his faculty of delicate perception which, when concerned with tragic action, seems to be led by its own sensitiveness into a region of overwrought emotions where the heart is perpetually strained, here is more beautifully revealed in divining the laws and principles of the invisible spiritual spheres which environ us. The tremulous sensitiveness which enables M. Maeterlinck to sense so many hidden influences, to be in a way a revealer of the unseen, is, I think, also the cause of his main drawbacks as a teacher. "No sooner do we speak than something warns us that the divine gates are closing," he says in the essay on "Silence." That surely is the extreme statement of the visionary whose joy is mainly in perception. Others no less mystic have spoken, feeling the doors were open behind them and that celestial powers went forth charioted on the voice. Silence is no nearer than sound to that which moves through all. M. Maeterlinck is a little too much enamoured of the charms of the negative; he signs too much for us to withdraw. Yet, having made Silence his theme, what he says is lit up by true intuitions; the noiseless revelations taking place in the soul have hardly in modern literature a more subtle recorder. "'We do not know each other yet,'" some one writes to him, "'we have not yet dared to be silent together.'" He comments as follows:

"And it was true: already did we love each other so deeply that we shrank from the superhuman ordeal. And each time that silence fell upon us—the angel of the supreme truth, the messenger that brings to the heart the tidings of the unknown—each time did we feel that our souls were craving mercy on their knees, were begging for a few hours more of innocent falsehood, a few hours of ignorance, a few hours of childhood. . . ."

Again he says, and with what profound truth:

"It is an entire destiny that will be governed by the *quality* of this first silence which is descending upon two souls. They blend: we know not where, for the reservoirs of silence lie far above the reservoirs of thought, and the strange resultant brew is either sinisterly bitter or profoundly sweet. Two souls, admirable both and of equal power, may yet give birth to a hostile silence, and wage pitiless war against each other in the darkness: while it may be that the soul of a convict shall go forth and commune in divine silence with the soul of a virgin."

These essays, variously titled, have all for their theme the mid-world between soul and spirit, a region of strange perceptions, which, as M. Maeterlinck points out; is becoming more irradiated year by year for men. What he has to say is told with unfailing charm and dignity. Even if we do not agree with him in his attitude, and that is but seldom, we feel that he is always dealing with realities. It is a book of beautiful starlight perceptions—most beautiful. It is a curious thing that M. Maeterlinck seems to have gone far into the mystic worlds without any vivid sense of the preëminence of human consciousness over all it surveys, a sense which most mystics attain. The spirit has never spoken to him as to Blake:

"If thou humblest thyself thou humblest me:
Thou also dwellest in eternity."

There are no lightning flashes, no sudden lustres from the light beyond the darkness, but all is calm, serene and noble, a nature still and perceptive of the tide of light rounding the dark shoulder of the world.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

13, EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN.

THE public meetings for the past month have been well attended, and animated discussions have followed the opening speeches. During the months of June, July and August public meetings will not be held, but September will doubtless see them in full swing again, and the members eager as heretofore to lecture as often as required.

Brother Dunlop attended the Convention of the T. S. A. as delegate from the Dublin Lodge.

The session closes with the following lecture: May 27th, *Irish Faeries*, Paul Gregan.

ROBT. E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

"THE BHAGAVAD GITA" IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(*Continued from p. 144.*)

THE third chapter of *The Bhagavad Gîtâ* deals with the right performance of action, this right performance being looked upon as true devotion. Arjuna, being at the point where a man desires to do his duty, asks whether knowledge is indeed "superior to the practice of deeds," as he has understood Krishna to say. No mistake more natural than this. The idea of knowledge at first absorbs the mind of the student of spiritual things, and most come but slowly to a realization of the fact that true knowledge is being, that we can never truly be said to know a truth until we have thoroughly lived it. The truth must be manifest in us, realized in our own persons. Krishna then replies that there are indeed two modes of devotion, the one being the "exercise of reason in contemplation," and the other Yoga, or "devotion in the performance of action." Here the key-note is struck; devotion is shown to be practical action.

It is noteworthy that in the very beginning of his statement to Arjuna, the blessed Lord strikes the most human of all chords—he refers to man's need of happiness. For at once we are shown that man cannot find happiness in inaction. The reason is given. Nature is against it. The "qualities which spring from Nature" impel to action. Only when man has penetrated behind the veil of Nature does he rise above the influence of the qualities: he then sees these qualities, these three great orders or divisions of force, moving in the ocean of being above which his supreme consciousness has soared.

We can, to some extent, picture the qualities to ourselves as three great orders of vibration and consciousness, of which one, Tamas, is inertia; the second, Rajas, the driving force; and the third, Sattva, equilibrium or balance, the other pole of inertia. Between these two poles plays Rajas, the driving energy, in one sense a path from one to

the other. Inertia may be converted to equilibrium by means of the action of energy. Balance would become stagnation were it not for that same energic action. The three, interacting, compel to action the universe composed of Nature's substance. But the Self being "distinct from them" (the qualities) and above Nature, man may find eternal peace in the harbourage of the Self.

Another reason, an ethical one, is given in favour of devotion through the right performance of action. "The journey of thy mortal frame cannot be accomplished by inaction." To those who regard the body as dust to be cast aside, this teaching must sound strange. But the man who knows that the physical and astral bodies are built up of elemental lives—or life atoms, if the term be preferred—recognizes a duty towards those lives upon which his thoughts leave an impress, a stamp almost indelible, lives which mirror his acts. They are the monads of Leibnitz, "every monad a mirror of the universe," and in the case of man that universe is the sphere to which they belong. They are the skandhas, the bearers of Karma. Under the play of human energy they give up the pictures of the past, the forces locked within them, and are, in short, agents of Karma, bearers of the destiny man has provided for himself. To evolve every atom of his chosen habitation, to transmute these locked-up forces into higher energies, is a part of the duty of man. Inaction would inhibit the interaction of these life atoms, and the choice of good or evil continually offered by that interaction would be lost to "the lives" and to man.

We next find the comprehensive statement that "actions performed other than as sacrifice unto God make the actor bound by action." Why is this?

We have just seen that action, in regard to the three qualities, proceeds in a never-ending circle. At first sight man would appear to be bound in that, as Ixion was bound upon the wheel. But this is not so. He is bound while he acts from the basis of Nature. Let him act from the consciousness of the Self, the Lord above Nature, and he is no longer bound. For the Self is free, and only the Self. Nature is a secondary product and is not free from the action of her qualities. But the man who acts with the whole of Nature, that is, with Nature guided by law, already approaches freedom; he has cast aside the shackles of the personal self. Not until he has become one with Maha-Atma—the supreme Spirit—can his freedom be called perfect; but still, the lower self once sufficiently cast aside to allow him to act with Nature, he may be said to draw near to the Self. In thus acting with Nature he sacrifices, as Nature herself does, to divine law. It should not be forgotten

that Nature "exists for the purposes of soul," hence her action is sacrifice. The same is true of man; when he exists only to fulfil the law and resists not the effects of those causes which he himself set in motion, then he also fulfils the purpose of soul (which purpose is evolution), and has resigned "the whole world" to gain that purified soul which is his true Self.

Krishna then makes the statement which has puzzled so many readers of the sacred book, and in which we seem to discern a storehouse of hidden occult truths. "Beings are nourished by food, food is produced by rain, rain comes from sacrifice and sacrifice is performed by action. Know that action comes from the Supreme Spirit who is one; wherefore the all-pervading Spirit is at all times present in the sacrifice."

In *The Voice of the Silence* occurs a verse which throws some light upon the lines just quoted. "Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma nor at Nature's changeless laws. But struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent and the perishable. Help Nature and work on with her . . ."

And then how will Nature regard the man who follows this behest?

"Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance."

Not as a helper, but as "*one of her creators.*" It seems strange, does it not, until we remember that "action comes from the Supreme Spirit who is one"? How if the Great Breath breathes through all action, action being a necessity for the evolution of Nature and Soul; and how if man, in abandoning all personal desire in action, in acting only as "sacrifice" to the Supreme, has really left action to that Supreme Spirit? The Karma at which he shall not chafe is the whole round of action and reäction; he accepts it all, doing only his duty in every act and resigning all possible results to Krishna, who is "present in the sacrifice" as the Mover, the Breath. That Breath is creative. When man has thus sacrificed his personal desires to the necessary round of action, he works with that creative Breath, and being so regarded by Nature she "shows the means and the way" to him.

But the man who delights in gratifying his passions "does not cause this wheel thus already set in motion to continue revolving."

In a well-worn copy of the *Gîtâ*, used for many years by our late beloved chief, Mr. Judge, I found this note, quoted from memory:

"This wheel is the Cycle of All, and it is the place and nature of man, in Cosmos, to assist in the revolution of the Cycle of All." I have heard this spoken of as "the human cycle," and have supposed

this to mean that the whole of the great sub-division of time here indicated as "the Cycle of All" is the "period of choice" for the present human race. Be this as it may, we see that discord is introduced into the action of the great harmonious vibration by the sinful desires of man, whose personal energy and will introduce, as it were, a cross series of waves which mar the even sweep of the currents of the Breath.

The simile of rain and sacrifice reminds us that the emanations of the earth are cast up into the atmosphere and descend in the form of rain. In air is to be found every component of the earth, water, fire; the gases, known and unknown, the mysterious sun-force of the alchemist, all are there. We have been told that the thought of man affects these emanations, as it affects every convulsion of Nature, and all at once we see a new meaning in the simile of the rain and the sacrifice. Mr. Judge has hinted in one of his books that the Ego may be bound by certain kinds of food. Certainly the life-essence enters the human body by means of food. May we not find reason to believe that it descends in rain? Many a hint in alchemical works points in this direction. "Rain comes from sacrifice," which "sacrifice is performed by action." What kind of action? The action of thought? The action of the One Life, "at all times present in the sacrifice"? Here is matter for much meditation. Even on a cursory reading we see the interaction between Nature and man, and the fact that there is such interaction proves to us the importance of every thought and action, when each must be for or against evolution.

Reasons are then given for action as opposed to inaction. Krishna, full of tenderness for mortals, shows the boundless scope of universal love when he declares that all these creatures would perish were he to cease to act, to breathe forth. The wise man is he who knows that "the qualities act only in the qualities," that is, that the qualities or three forces are the actors in Nature; he attributes all this action to the qualities, and by conceiving the Self as distinct from them, as a consciousness above and apart from them, even though in a mystical sense "present in the sacrifice," he comes in time to unite himself with that Self. Meanwhile he seeks "for that which is homogeneous with his own nature." That is to say, he recognizes that all his present surroundings are the karmic outcome of his own nature; his own desires and acts brought him where he stands, and his conditions are, in fact, what he most desired, for they are the immediate results of his desire and choice. Hence he accepts them all and tries to work them out by doing his duty in each as it rises, neither liking nor disliking them.

Even if he should perish in the performance of his duty, he has fulfilled the law. His return to the scene of action will find him further on the path.

Arjuna then asks what instigates man to offend, and he is told that "lust instigates him." We must not narrow the meaning of the word "lust," for it is "passion, sprung from the quality of Rajas." That is to say, desire, the product of the driving energy of Nature. There is help to be found in the direction of a constant recollection of this truth. If man could only cease to identify himself with his desires, much sin would be at an end. *The Voice of the Silence* warns us:

"If thou wouldst cross the first hall safely, let not thy mind mistake the fires of lust that burn therein for the sunlight of life."

In other words, this desire, this driving force, is not the true life-force, the universal essence. Although the fire of desire burns in the mind, that mind which is the lord ("rajah") of the senses, "the Thought-Producer," the "great Slayer of the Real," yet man shall know that this desire is the Hall of Ignorance. Its empire is wide. It rules, when it rages, "the senses and organs, the thinking principle"; even to Buddhi, here called "the discriminating principle," does its fatal power extend. "The Lord of the body," or the Lord *in* the body, the Ego, is deluded when desire "surrounds" the discriminating principle; when the "holy seat" of Buddhi, the white light of wisdom, is surrounded by the raging desire-flames and the smoke of passion and sin. That light cannot manifest at the sacred place so long as the grosser flames rage there.

It is a well-known fact in human nature that desire ends with possession, and the mind of man passes on to new conquests, new desires. This fact should be the means of liberation, for it proves that man does not *himself* desire anything; the Rajas fire burns, that is all. Once convinced of this, once satisfied that that desire is never appeased when its apparent object is attained, but continues unabated, man would surely cease to be the dupe of desire. He would grasp the fact so cunningly concealed by Nature, that he in truth does not desire, but that desire—the driving energy—operates in the substance of his sphere. Once he can begin to put an end to the mental identification of himself with this desire, this quality of Nature, he is in the position of one who, link by link, strikes off his chains. It is this identification of himself with Nature's quality which has forged and ever rivets his chain. Once let him realize that he has an antagonist; once let his mind glimpse the truth that liberation is possible, that his own real interest is not with this desire, but is on the other side, and already he

has taken the first step towards freedom. Then he wonders why he did not earlier discern this truth; for instance, when he saw that the gratification of his various desires neither assuaged desire itself, nor yet contented him; that he was not happy; why did he not then find a hint of the truth? Desire never gratified any one of us; we are never permanently happy; why? We conceive the desired object strongly and singly; we give no thought to the consequences it entails. But it never comes singly; it brings in its train a throng of unimagined conditions and consequences, most of them reäctions of that initial action, desire. We have thought perhaps of the pleasing consequences, and not of their polar opposites, their shadows. We forgot what Krishna later tells Arjuna, "the pleasures which spring from the emotions are the wombs of future pain." The very nature of action implies reäction and that to its polar opposite. Why then have we been so blinded? Is it not because the personality, seeking to assure itself of its power, its life, borrowing even the hope of immortality whispered by the spirit to the soul, drives us onward to gratify its own thirst for sensation, to employ its own driving force, to accrete strength and consciousness around itself; it conceals from us, as in a blinding glare of life, that other side, that calm light which would reveal truth to the mind. It would appear, from this point of view, that the personality is an entity working for itself and opposed to the progress of the inner man. What if that be so? What if the personality be a congeries of elemental lives, all driven onward by desire, until some higher unifying force appears from above or from within to guide and train them towards a wider plan? Then the personality, under the influence of Tamas, ignorance or inertia, uses this driving force which it finds within its component parts, as a "will to live," a will for itself. Every part evolves this will, and each is "for itself." Can we wonder that man is torn asunder? But he can unify himself by the strength of the higher will, once he catches a glimpse of Sattva. In that calm radiance he contemplates the real nature of desire, and knows that he is not that; that even Sattva is but a light to be used by him, a temporary aid, and that he himself is one with that Ego which is "He, greater than Buddhi," for the divine Thinker is greater than his thought. Krishna states this truth very clearly and frequently, that the real man is the Ego, for if we look to that Light as something separate from ourselves we can never merge ourselves into it. Hence Arjuna is ever the bowman because he must never loose his hold of the bow, that saving weapon, that tense instrument which is his constant thought, "I am That." This is the never-ending thought of the manifested universe;

it is the Aum, the eternal vibration chanted forth by cosmos evermore. It is the "great bird" between whose wings he shall rest when he has given up the personal life, divided and separative as that life ever is, torn, tempest-tossed and complex as it looks to his weary mind when he comes to loose his clutch upon its lures to live the life. May thy bow, Arjuna, hit that shining mark!

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAELSTROM.

Behold the hosts of souls.

I WATCHED the mighty mass of souls sweep onward without ceasing. A roaring filled my ears as of endless torrents, rent by sharp shrieks and curses.

A sulphurous smoke arose; an awful stench. Across the darkness, black and terrible, shot now and then a lurid glare that made the moving horror plainly visible.

My brain reeled. Sick and faint I cried: "Lo, Master, what is this thou showest me?"

He of the radiant face and anguished eyes replied: "This is the stream of human life; study it well."

I caught the faces swiftly passing. Pain and sorrow on each one I read; an awful tragedy. But heart-breaking as these suffering ones appeared, I found a deeper sorrow in the ones that spoke of joy.

"This is the maelstrom of man's life," the Master said, "in which he lives, from which he fears to die, to which he hungers to return. Here lies our task: to show a way out of this hell, to make men wish to walk in it when shown."

"Appalling is the work!" I cried aghast.

"Yea, verily," the clear voice answered me, "but verily it must be done."

. . . . . .

I looked above to the deep vault of heaven, gemmed with its myriad stars. A cool air blew, as from some snow-clad mountain's summit, laden with fragrance and with peace. But knowing what must be, and nerved by the Master's smile of tenderest compassion, I plunged into the maelstrom far below.

CAVÉ.

THE AGE OF THE SPIRIT.

I am a part of all that I have met:
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world . . .
. . . . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.—ULYSSES.

WE are no longer children as we were in the beginning. The spirit which, prompted by some divine intent, flung itself long ago into a vague, nebulous, drifting nature, though it has endured through many periods of youth, maturity, and age, has yet had its own transformations. Its gay, wonderful childhood gave way, as cycle after cycle coiled itself into slumber, to more definite purposes, and now it is old and burdened with experiences. It is not an age that quenches its fire, but it will not renew again the activities which gave it wisdom. And so it comes that men pause with a feeling which they translate into weariness of life before the accustomed joys and purposes of their race. They wonder at the spell which induced their fathers to plot and execute deeds which seem to them to have no more meaning than a whirl of dust. But their fathers had this weariness also and concealed it from each other in fear, for it meant the laying aside of the sceptre, the toppling over of empires, the chilling of the household warmth, and all for a voice whose inner significance revealed itself but to one or two among myriads.

The spirit has hardly emerged from the childhood with which nature clothes it afresh at every new birth, when the disparity between the garment and the wearer becomes manifest: the little tissue of joys and dreams woven about it is found inadequate for shelter: it trembles exposed to the winds blowing out of the unknown. We linger at twilight with some companion, still glad, contented, and in tune with the nature which fills the orchards with blossom and sprays the hedges with dewy blooms. The laughing lips give utterance to wishes—ours until that moment. Then the spirit, without warning, suddenly falls into immeasurable age: a sphynx-like regard is upon us: our lips answer, but far from the region of elemental being we inhabit, they syllable in shadowy sound, out of old usage, the response, speaking of a love and a hope which we know have vanished from us for evermore. So hour by hour the scourge of the infinite drives us out of every nook and corner of life we find pleasant. And this always takes place when all is fashioned to our liking: then into our dream strides the wielder

of the lightning: we get glimpses of the great beyond thronged with mighty, exultant, radiant beings: our own deeds become infinitesimal to us: the colours of our imagination, once so shining, grow pale as the living lights of God glow upon them. We find a little honey in the heart which we make sweeter for some one, and then another lover, whose forms are legion, sighs to us out of its multitudinous being: we know that the old love is gone. There is a sweetness in song or in the cunning reïmaging of the beauty we see; but the Magician of the Beautiful whispers to us of his art, how we were with him when he laid the foundations of the world, and the song is unfinished, the fingers grow listless. As we receive these intimations of age our very sins become negative: we are still pleased if a voice praises us, but we grow lethargic in enterprises where the spur to activity is fame or the acclamation of men. At some point in the past we struggled mightily for the sweet incense which men offer to a towering personality: but the infinite is for ever within man: we sighed for other worlds and found that to be saluted as victor by men did not mean acceptance by the gods.

But the placing of an invisible finger upon our lips when we would speak, the heart-throb of warning where we would love, that we grow contemptuous of the prizes of life, does not mean that the spirit has ceased from its labours, that the high-built beauty of the spheres is to topple mistily into chaos, as a mighty temple in the desert sinks into the sand, watched only by a few barbarians too feeble to renew its ancient pomp and the ritual of its once shining congregations. Before we, who were the bright children of the dawn, may return as the twilight race into the silence, our purpose must be achieved, we have to assume mastery over that nature which now overwhelms us, driving into the Fire-fold the flocks of stars and wandering fires. Does it seem very vast and far away? Do you sigh at the long, long time? Or does it appear hopeless to you who perhaps return with trembling feet evening after evening from a little labour? But it is back of all these things that the renewal takes place, when love and grief are dead; when they loosen their hold on the spirit and it sinks back into itself, looking out on the pitiful plight of those who, like it, are the weary inheritors of so great destinies: then a tenderness which is the most profound quality of its being springs up like the outraying of the dawn, and if in that mood it would plan or execute it knows no weariness, for it is nourished from the First Fountain. As for these feeble children of the once glorious spirits of the dawn, only a vast hope can arouse them from so vast a despair, for the fire will not invigorate them for the repe-

tition of petty deeds but only for the eternal enterprise, the purpose of the immemorial battle waged through all the ages, the wars in heaven, the conflict between Titan and Divinity, which were part of the never-ending struggle of the human spirit to assert its supremacy over nature. Brotherhood, the declaration of ideals and philosophies, are but calls to the hosts, who lie crushed by this mountain nature piled above them, to arise again, to unite, to storm the heavens and sit on the seats of the mighty.

As the Titan in man ponders on this old, old purpose wherefor all its experience was garnered, the lightnings will once more begin to play through him and animate his will. So like the archangel ruined let us arise from despair and weariness with inflexible resolution, pealing once more the old heroic shout to our fallen comrades, until those great powers who enfold us feel the stirring and the renewal, and the murmur runs along the spheres, "The buried Titan moves once again to tear the throne from Him."

Æ.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

[This letter was written by Mr. Judge to the London household at the close of 1893. It is most comprehensive, and much in it seems to be as applicable at this present time as when it was first written.—Ed.]

Once more in the absence of Annie Besant I send you a word of brotherly greeting. I would ask you to read it impersonally in every part, as I have no reserved thoughts and no ulterior aim in it, and have not had any letters or news from anyone to lead me to write. We are so far away from each other that now and then such a greeting is well and should be taken in the spirit it is sent. It is not possible to send to any other household, as none other exists in the Society, you being unique in this, that you are the only one. Here we have no such thing, all nearly living at other places and this being a mere centre for work.

Many times have coöperative households been tried and failed. One was tried here and is famous. It was called the Brock Farm, but it had no such high aim and philosophy behind it as you have, and thus the personal frictions developed at any place of close intimacy broke it up. That should be a guide to you to enable you to watch and avoid. Yours may alter in number and in *personnel*, but can never be really broken up if the aim is high and the self-judgment strict and not self-righteous. I am not accusing you of this, but only stating a common human danger, from which the Theosophist is not at any time exempt. Indeed he is in danger in your centre from the fact that strong force

revolves around it. Hence all must be ever careful, for the personal element is one that ever has a tendency to delude us as it hides behind various walls and clothes itself in the faults, real or imaginary, of *others*.

Your centre being the only one as yet of such size, it is useful for you to think how you may best all act as to make it truly international. Each one has a right to his or her particular "crank," of course, but no one ought to think that anyone else is to be judged from not being of the same stripe of "crank." One eats meat, another does not. Neither is universally right, for the kingdom of heaven does not come from meat or from its absence. Another smokes and the other does not; these are neither universally right nor wrong, as smoke for one is good and for another bad; the true cosmopolitan allows each to do in such matters as he likes. Essentials are the only things on which true occultism and Theosophy require an agreement, and such temporary matters as food and other habitual daily things are not essentials. One may make a mistake, too, of parading too much his or her particular line of life or act. When this is done the whole world is bored, and nothing effective or lasting is gained except a cranky impression.

In a place like yours, where so many of all sorts of nature are together, there is a unique opportunity for gain and good in the chance it gives one for self-discipline. There friction of personality is inevitable, and if each one learns the great "give and take," and looks not for the faults of the others but for the faults he sees in himself, because of the friction, then great progress can be made. The Masters have said that the great step is to learn how to get out of the rut each one has by nature and by training, and to fill up the old grooves. This has been misconstrued by some who have applied it only to mere outer habits of life, and forgotten that its real application is to the mental grooves and the astral ones also. Each mind has a groove, and is not naturally willing to run in the natural groove of another mind. Hence comes often friction and wrangle. Illustrate it by the flanged wheel of the steam-engine running on a track. It cannot run off nor on a track of broader or narrower gauge, and so is confined to one. Take off the flange and make the face of the wheel broader, and then it can run on any road that is at all possible. General human nature is like the engine, it is flanged and run for a certain size of track, but the occultist or the would-be one should take off the flange and have a broad-faced wheel that will accommodate itself to the other mind and nature. Thus in one life even we might have the benefit of many, for the lives of other men are lived beside us unnoticed and unused because we are too broad and flanged in wheel or too narrow and flanged also. This is not

easy, it is true, to change, but there is no better opportunity than is hourly presented to you in the whole world, to make the alteration. I would gladly have such a chance, which Karma has denied me, and I see the loss I incur each day by not having it there or here. You have it, and from there should go out to all the earth soon or late men and women who are broad and free and strong for the work of helping the world. My reminding you of all this is not a criticism, but is due to my own want of such an opportunity, and being at a distance I can get a clearer view of the case and what you have for your own benefit and also for all others.

It is natural for one to ask: "What of the future, and what of the defined object, if any, for our work?" That can be answered in many ways.

There is, first, our own work in and on ourselves, each one. That has for its object the enlightenment of oneself for the good of others. If that is pursued selfishly some enlightenment comes but not the amount needed for the whole work. We have to watch ourselves so as to make of each a centre from which, in our measure, may flow out the potentialities for good that from the adept come in large and affluent streams. The future, then, for each will come from each present moment. As we use the moment so we shift the future up or down for good or ill; for the future being only a word for the present—not yet come—we have to see to the present more than all. If the present is full of doubt or vacillation, so will be the future; if full of confidence, calmness, hope, courage and intelligence, thus also will be the future.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE UNCONQUERABLE.

A FRIEND who had written some three or four articles once complained to me that he had ventilated all the original thoughts at his command. He could write no more. Later on he came to the conclusion that he had never had any original thoughts, and immediately commenced to write again. To say a new thing is not possible and he had realized it. We must remain content to repeat the oft-told stories of the past, feeling them true and having carried them in our hearts.

So without apology I join the ranks of those who for ages have been counselling a greater love for all that lives. Such a simple thing; such an antiquated cry. But day by day there is a wider need for just this simplicity. The wisest words I ever heard were these: "*Be compassionate, and sit still in the midst of all that may be said, inclining only*

to your duty." If we are not compassionate the rest is of no account. Men seek wisdom, but the mind and soul and spirit of wisdom is love, and that they have not got and do not seek. They think it will come in time; and meanwhile they try to flatten what skimpy love they have, and spreading it over the universe call it "impersonal." The misery of it!

They work, yes; they may grow learned in many different ways; they may write and speak and give sage counsel to others. But where is that fire of love whose light shines and whose beams bring faith and hope into the world's darkest places? Such people are wise in their own way. They find many blemishes in others—for they look for them. They see hidden motives—for they know something of their own. And they are always anxious that others should share their wisdom—for it is their own. We know them. Someone sees in another some glimpse of his own divinity and pays homage to the divine. Whereupon those who have not love must adjust this matter; they well know the blemishes in this temple of God's light and proceed to hint or boldly point to their existence. A crack in a window-pane through which God's light shines! Perhaps they go still further and deny that the light is there at all—they are better at seeing darkness than at seeing light. And if it be not there, what of it? It has been seen there, and the seer in paying homage did reverence to deity. Is it that he should bow to some other idol, of which they have possession? Or is it that he bows to any and should climb to their loveless heights where benevolent esteem is spread so thin over boundlessness? It matters not. They were better occupied in seeing that they themselves still live; they may yet die.

Is there so little evil in the world that we must needs be for ever hunting it in our friends? If found, is it not better to turn away our eyes in sorrow, than act as devil's showmen at our friends' expense.

If we have insight into character we can surely use it, not by a silly cynicism which rejoices in its own cleverness, nor by assuming the odious duty of exposing the weaknesses of others, but by seeing and evoking the best in those around us, helping them to a wider usefulness and more perfect expression of themselves. For that is love and that is service.

Poor people who have not love! They work and work, maybe for years, but as they work they forget their end in the means adopted for its attainment. Let them turn round on themselves before it is too late and find out *why* they work. Rules of conduct will not save them, nor rules of thought. They may tie themselves up in a maze of rules and precepts and feel themselves safe—but they are not. Jealousy, ambi-

tion, envy, vanity, meanness, ingratitude, with back-biting and all unbrotherliness as their offspring, will do their slow, sure work, now in secret, now in open lawlessness. And they will be powerless against them if they have not love. With it they would have the might of the universe with them and could pass through hell untouched.

Therefore *love*, or thy heart will turn to stone and kill thee; *love*, or thy life will turn to a death more bitter than thy life already is.

Be compassionate, and thy light, which is the One Light, will shine wherever is darkness, and thy service will be of the kingly service which lives and endures for ever. In thee will spring up wisdom, and as thy love becomes more perfect thou shalt know thyself as among the Brethren of the Flaming Heart, the Brotherhood of Compassion.

T.

BE BRAVE! GO ON!

WHAT is said by you to the Branch in case any trouble arises should be only that which you know. Anything else is superfluous and may lead to trouble. Caution them to hold fast, go slow, and remain cool. They will all be tested in various ways, each in his own way, and the rest can be left to Karma and the law. Don't endeavour to keep up a faith that cannot sustain itself. Watch and guide and what is in your power to help will be your work when you are called to do it. Never attempt to do more than the occasion requires, and you will not be obliged to retrace your steps and rectify errors of omission and commission. You need not fear anything while you try to do your duty, and you will be able to do much when the time to do it comes. The trouble will come and pass, and when the skies are again clear the efforts you have made in your own sphere will be of advantage to your further progress. The days are getting short for any work that can affect this cycle, and the new era will bring enormous accessions to the body of the Society and from entirely unexpected sources. Every one will be given the opportunity to work in the new day, and when the present night closes the dawn will find entirely new forces where now there is only disease and death.

Not in many ages has there been such a change as now impends, and when the evil forces are at last exhausted those faithful ones remaining will be ready for a new earth and a new destiny.

I might say much in detail of the present, but can only add that ——, and the faithful ones, are all aware that this is the last struggle for them and the Society ere it is established in absolute security for all time, in the new field that the fight will clear of all hostile elements. Be brave! Go on!

IKO.

NATURE AND MAN.

All of Nature and her wonders,
Pomp of earth and air and sea,
And the glorious wealth she squanders,
Came of old from me.

I—the mountains and the rivers,
And the sun's surpassing glow,
All the woodlands' leafy quivers—
Made them long ago.

I, eternal, I, undying,
Bade the stars and planets shine—
World on world through space outflying—
With a song divine;

And the day and night divided,
Set and ruled the seasons four,
And the teeming waters guided
Round the fertile shore.

Made the waters of the ocean,
And the clouds that sail aloft;
Gave the winds their mighty motion
And their murmur soft.

All the earth with creatures peopled,
Peopled all the sky and main,
From the heavens highest steepled
To the lowest plain.

We, my brothers, built the heaven—
You and I, the One and All—
Forged the deadly lightning-levin,
And the thunder-call.

Earth and sea can but restore us
What we gave them ages gone;
Earth and sea and sky adore us—
We the All, the One.

Paul Gregan.

ROBERT BROWNING.

III.—His Faiths.

It would be an interesting, and might be made a profitable study, to examine the ethnic affinities which mark Browning's work; to see where realism and staid restraint prove him to be Teuton, where his gift of form and his perception for fine shades of thought relate him to the Greek spirit, and where his passionate ardour, dominated by gracious and heroic sentiment, proclaim him a Celt. But this would be beside our present purpose, and the study of so great a mind as his suggests so irresistibly the fruitage of many lives "spent training for his task," that perhaps we would not advance our knowledge or appreciation of that task's fulfilment very much by turning into the by-ways of ethnology for clues to Browning's development. It is, however, of interest to Celts to notice that he, more than any modern writer, has seized on two of the characteristics which we usually associate in Europe with Celtism—the passion which pursues ideals dauntlessly to defeat, and the mystic trust in the unseen which accepts such defeat heroically and takes refuge in an inner world of sentiment and hope. What Oxford was to England for centuries the abodes of the Celt are to Europe to-day, "the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs and impossible loyalties." If the Celtic spirit, with its outward ineffectualness, its inward vitality, has any singer in our modern world, it is Browning with his idealization of failure, his magical trust in the inward, the glamorous, the dreamful. Browning's doctrine of failure might well claim for him a place among the immortals if he had taught us nothing else. It lies at the basis of his hopes for man, and is the key to his most distinctive thought. It is the recognition that eternal defeat is the form in which there is arrayed for us true spiritual victory; that it is through battling and being baffled and rising up again to fight, and yet once more being conquered, and once more essaying the strife, that we learn the vastness of our resources, the infinite range of our hopes, the indestructible nature of the spark within us which is the real warrior, and whose unremitting energy and sustained valour in the war for ideals is the sure portent of our final triumph. Seen so, life presents no defeat and no disgrace so long as will is tense and motive pure. The thrilling heroism of a man deserted and derided by his fellows, who cannot understand the purity of his deeds and aims, has

been painted for us with a pathos and power in Browning's "Patriot" that could not easily be matched.

"I go in the rain, and more than needs
A cord cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think by the feel that my forehead bleeds
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my years' misdeeds.

Thus I entered and thus I go.
In triumph a man may drop down dead:
'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?' God might have whispered, but now instead,
It is God shall requite, I am safe so."

It is in this absolute trust in the abiding sovereignty of the heroic, not merely and not even mainly in life as we know it, but deeplier and more fully in that transcendental life beyond death which is the mystic's goal and refuge, that we find heart and hope for the toils and defeats of our little day, and room for the expansion of these hopes into a fruition vague indeed, but intense in its appeal to the immortal being which stands behind the life of each of us. This greater life has been told us from of old in many tongues and through many temperaments, but for our modern world it is not said more finely anywhere than in the restrained passion of this simple utterance:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

How many volumes of vapoury verse and multitudes of lifeless sermons might we not spare for words like these, so pregnant with the thoughts of immortal being and with all the hope of power to realize; to be and to become which this vista of life growing fuller, and richer, and mightier, opens up for men—whose very limitations are seen to bear the promise and potency of infinite growth. This deep trust in man and in the overworld out of which his real nature springs, is very different in character from the shallow philosophy which denies the existence of powers or beings higher or greater than the stunted humanity of our present earth. It is in his trust in God—that universal Presence behind and within us, the *not ourselves* of religion, the divine intuition taking for us the concrete shape of our supreme ideals—that his faith in the destiny of man is most deeply rooted. He seems to express somewhat of his own relation to this vividly-felt power in the words he attributes to David in his "Saul":

"I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke;
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of His hand-work—returned Him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw,
Reported, as man may of God's work—all's love yet all's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive him has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank to the Infinite care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, confronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet."

From this faith in the interior revelation of power and love made within in the heart of man springs the vision of his growth and ultimate divinity, and the inlook upon universal spirit purges the sight to read into human life the transcendental meanings of, "Power all ways, perfection every turn," not yet made manifest in life only because "man is not man as yet," but "partly *is* and wholly *hopes to be*."

It is very noticeable that in Browning's beliefs concerning the relation of deity to man the conception of dualism, which plays so large a part in the metaphysical machinery of theology, is altogether absent. That "the evil is null, is void, is silence implying sound," is more than a philosophical opinion. It is a song of triumph from the lips of a spiritual artist who has been indrawn through his music to the heart of life, and comes back to tell us what he has found there. There is no room in a mind so full as Browning's is of spiritual vision, and of the sense of that penetrating and pervading beauty which is as the breath of God and the glory of man, for infernal hierarchies and diabolical agencies. Frankly accepting the imperfection of our present life, he sees it transfigured in the light of our future, in the triumphs of undying love, in the prowess of unending conquest, in the unlimited greatness of the immortal spirit which essentially man is. It is oftener with love than with reverence that he looks out upon life and searches the illimitable abysses of the divine; and bringing love to his task he finds more love in his quest, illuminating all that his glance falls upon until it reflects back the lustre of his own imparting and gives up to

him all its own faculty of gleam and glamour also. It is this which invests him with that inward magic which falls upon the spirit like dew upon the grass by moonlight, and makes us feel past the sound and the sense of his singing a native music rising up within the heart. For to him the last word of the vast Being in whose immensity we lie is love, and the clue to all life, all thought, is the prevalence within and around us of love, working through good and ill, through pleasure and agony, through desire and disaffection, towards one end—the spiritual coronation of man.

OMAR.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OUTLOOK.

"AH, my Ireland!" These words of W. Q. J.'s came to me with new significance as I greeted once more the shores of Erin after a short absence in the United States and Canada. The soft beautiful verdure of spring never before seemed so bewitching, I thought. What impressed me most, however, was the quietness and peace—the stillness in which the secret voice of Nature can be heard, revealing an inner world behind that which is so opaque to the civilized man of to-day. The force which manifests itself in such restless activity in the U. S. is felt also in Ireland; in the former country awakened and nearing its meridian, in the latter it is yet early morning and the time of the singing of birds, with an occasional outburst of fiery energy indicating possibilities that the fulness of time will unfold. Everything is run at high pressure in the U. S.; there seems so much to do and yet so little time to accomplish anything! Quality is too often sacrificed for quantity, and new schemes develop with mushroom-like rapidity to be as quickly engulphed in the rushing stream continually hurrying by, bearing on its bosom the wreckage of many a promising enterprise. To build for eternity is to build according to the Architect's plans, and with a knowledge of the destructive forces at work, against which wise provision must be made. In Ireland there is time for leisure and rest, with perhaps the danger of now and then becoming impatient under the impression that the wheels of the chariot move too slowly. Every condition, in every land, has undoubtedly its advantages and disadvantages. America and Ireland will be closely united in the work of the future, for events point that way.

The keynote of the Convention T. S. A., as has been already frequently stated, was "consolidation." The strain of the past year was undoubtedly great, and disturbing influences, without and within, develop and flourish more readily under such a condition. It was

necessary, therefore, to hold, draw together strength, and rally anew round our leader, to whose wise foresight and judgment the astonishing success of the year's work was almost entirely due. More reference might have been made at the Convention to the Crusade, and the scheme of International Representatives might have been profitably considered; but time will reveal more of the significance of the Crusade, and the necessity for emphasizing the international character of the Theosophical Movement will become more and more apparent every day.

According to *The Theosophical News* of May 10th, an organization has already been formed for work on a broad general basis, including Lotus Circle work (Lotus Circle work having been officially cut off from T. S. at the Convention), and characterized as a young sister of the T. S. This seems a very important step.

The absence of two familiar faces again brought clearly to light the fact that the work goes on, no matter how personalities come and go. We impose conditions on ourselves and are responsible for the result. Overlooking this we foolishly blame others, and think we can run away from obligations voluntarily undertaken. It is a hasty conclusion and unwise, of course, as we recognize in our more luminous moments. Relying on the soul, wisdom illumines the path of action; viewing life from such a spiritual basis we are able to distinguish between illusion and reality, between the personal and the impersonal.

The Convention of the T. S. E. (England) has, I understand, been postponed till August, but is still to be held at Liverpool. Mrs. Tingley will likely be over then, and in many respects it will be a better time. The European Convention will follow shortly after. Sweden has claims, and will probably be considered by the Executive Committee as a most suitable place. D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

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The public meetings at the Central Hall were brought to a close for the session with a lecture on *Irish Faeries*, by Mr. P. Gregan, which proved to be one of the most interesting of the series. A large audience assembled to hear this fascinating subject discussed, which shows that, despite the materialistic tendency of the day, there lingers still in the hearts of many a strong regard for the "good people," and a belief that though the legends and stories current as to their doings may appear fantastic, there is yet a substratum of truth in them.

Robt. E. Coates, *Hon. Sec.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

A THOUGHT ALONG THE ROAD.

They torture me also.—Krishna.

The night was wet: and, as I was moving down the streets, my mind was also journeying on a way of its own, and the things which were bodily present before me were no less with me in my unseen travelling. Every now and then a transfer would take place, and some of the moving shadows in the street would begin walking about in the clear interior light. The children of the city, crouched in the doorways, or racing through the hurrying multitude and flashing lights, began their elfin play again in my heart; and that was because I had heard these tiny outcasts shouting with glee. I wondered if the glitter and shadow of such sordid things were thronged with magnificence and mystery for those who were unaware of a greater light and deeper shade which made up the romance and fascination of my own life. In imagination I narrowed myself to their ignorance, littleness, and youth, and seemed for a moment to flit amid great uncomprehended beings and a dim wonderful city of palaces.

Then another transfer took place and I was pondering anew, for a face I had seen flickering through the warm wet mist haunted me; it entered into the realm of the interpreter, and I was made aware by the pale cheeks, and by the close-shut lips of pain, and by some inward knowledge, that there the Tree of Life was beginning to grow, and I wondered why it is that it always springs up through a heart in ashes: I wondered also if that which springs up, which in itself is an immortal joy, has knowledge that its shoots are piercing through such anguish; or again, if it was the piercing of the shoots which caused the pain, and if every throb of the beautiful flame darting upward to blossom meant the perishing of some more earthly growth which had kept the heart in shadow.

Seeing too how so many thoughts spring up from such a simple thing, I questioned whether that which started the impulse had any share in the outcome, and if these musings of mine in any way affected their subject. I then began thinking about those secret ties on which I have speculated before, and in the darkness my heart grew suddenly warm and glowing, for I had chanced upon one of those shining imaginations which are the wealth of those who travel upon the hidden ways. In describing that which comes to us all at once, there is a difficulty in choosing between what is first and what is last to say: but, interpreting as best I can, I seemed to behold the onward movement of a Light, one among many Lights, all living, throbbing, now dim with perturbations, and now again clear, and all subtly woven together, outwardly in some more shadowy shining, and inwardly in a greater fire, which, though it was invisible, I knew to be the Lamp of the World. This Light which I beheld I felt to be a human soul, and these perturbations which dimmed it were its struggles and passionate longings for something, and that was for a more brilliant shining of the light within itself: it was in love with its own beauty, enraptured by its own lucidity; and I saw that as these things were more beloved they grew paler, for this light is the love which the Mighty Mother has in her heart for her children, and she means that it shall go through each one unto all, and whoever restrains it in himself is himself shut out; not that the great heart has ceased in its love for that soul, but that the soul has shut itself off from influx, for every imagination of man is the opening or the closing of a door to the divine world: now he is solitary, cut off, and, seemingly to himself, on the desert and distant verge of things: and then his thought throws open the swift portals; he hears the chant of the seraphs in his heart, and he is made luminous by the lighting of a sudden aureole. This soul which I watched seemed to have learned at last the secret love: for, in the anguish begotten by its loss, it followed the departing glory in penitence to the inmost shrine where it ceased altogether; and because it seemed utterly lost and hopeless of attainment and capriciously denied to the seeker, a profound pity arose in the soul for those who, like it were seeking, but still in hope, for they had not come to the vain end of their endeavours. I understood that such pity is the last of the precious essences which make up the elixir of immortality, and when it is poured into the cup it is ready for drinking. And so it was with this soul which grew brilliant with the passage of the eternal light through its new purity of self-oblivion, and joyful in the comprehension of the mystery of the secret love, which, though it has been declared many times by the

greatest of teachers among men, is yet never known truly unless the Mighty Mother has herself breathed it in the heart.

And now that the soul had divined this secret, the shadowy shining which was woven in bonds of union between it and its fellow-lights grew clearer; and a multitude of these strands were, so it seemed, strengthened and placed in its keeping: along these it was to send the message of the wisdom and the love which were the secret sweetness of its own being. Then a spiritual tragedy began, infinitely more pathetic than the old desolation, because it was brought about by the very nobility of the spirit. This soul, shedding its love like rays of glory, seemed itself the centre of a ring of wounding spears: it sent forth love and the arrowy response came hate-impelled: it whispered peace and was answered by the clash of rebellion: and to all this for defence it could only bare more openly its heart that a profounder love from the Mother Nature might pass through upon the rest. I knew this was what a teacher, who wrote long ago, meant when he said: "Put on the whole armour of God," which is love and endurance, for the truly divine children of the Flame are not armed otherwise: and of those protests, sent up in ignorance or rebellion against the whisper of the wisdom, I saw that some melted in the fierce and tender heat of the heart, and there came in their stead a golden response which made closer the ties, and drew these souls upward to an understanding and to share in the overshadowing nature: and this is part of the plan of the Great Alchemist, whereby the red ruby of the heart is transmuted into the tenderer light of the opal; for the beholding of love made bare acts like the flame of the furnace, and the dissolving passions, through an anguish of remorse, the lightnings of pain, and through an adoring pity, are changed into the image they contemplate and melt in the ecstasy of self-forgetful love, the spirit which lit the thorn-crowned brows, which perceived only in its last agony the retribution due to its tormentors, and cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Now although the love of the few may alleviate the hurt due to the ignorance of the mass, it is not in the power of anyone to withstand for ever this warfare; for by the perpetual wounding of the inner nature it is so wearied that the spirit must withdraw from a tabernacle grown too frail to support the increase of light within and the jarring of the demoniac nature without; and at length comes the call which means, for a while, release, and a deep rest in regions beyond the paradise of lesser souls. So, withdrawn into the Divine Darkness, vanished the Light of my dream. And now it seemed as if this wonderful weft

of souls intertwining as one being must come to naught; and all those who through the gloom had nourished a longing for the light would stretch out hands in vain for guidance: but that I did not understand the love of the Mother, and that although few, there is no decaying of her heroic brood; for, as the seer of old caught at the mantle of him who went up in the fiery chariot, so another took up the burden and gathered the shining strands together: and to this sequence of spiritual guides there is no ending.

Here I may say that the love of the Mother, which, acting through the burnished will of the hero, is wrought to highest uses, is in reality everywhere, and pervades with profoundest tenderness the homeliest circumstance of daily life; and there is not lacking, even among the humblest, an understanding of the spiritual tragedy which follows upon every effort of the divine nature bowing itself down in pity to our shadowy sphere; an understanding in which the nature of the love is gauged through the extent of the sacrifice and the pain which is overcome. I recall the instance of an old Irish peasant, who, as he lay in hospital wakeful from a grinding pain in his leg, forgot himself in making drawings, rude yet reverently done, of incidents in the life of the Galilean teacher. One of these which he showed me was a crucifixion, where, amidst much grotesque symbolism, were some tracings which indicated a purely beautiful intuition; the heart of this crucified figure, no less than the brow, was wreathed about with thorns and radiant with light: "For that," said he, was where he really suffered." When I think of this old man, bringing forgetfulness of his own bodily pain through contemplation of the spiritual suffering of his Master, my memory of him shines with something of the transcendent light he himself perceived; for I feel that some suffering of his own, nobly undergone, had given him understanding, and he had laid his heart in love against the Heart of Many Sorrows, seeing it wounded by unnumbered spears yet burning with undying love.

Though much may be learned by observance of the superficial life and actions of a spiritual teacher, it is only in the deeper life of meditation and imagination that it can be truly realized; for the soul is a midnight blossom which opens its leaves in dream, and its perfect bloom is unfolded only where another sun shines in another heaven: there it feels what celestial dews descend on it, and what influences draw it up to its divine archetype: here in the shadow of earth root intercoils with root and the finer distinctions of the blossom are not perceived. If we knew also who they really are, who sometimes in silence, and sometimes with the eyes of the world at gaze, take upon

them the mantle of teacher, an unutterable awe would prevail; for underneath a bodily presence not in any sense beautiful may burn the glory of some ancient divinity, some hero who has laid aside his sceptre in the enchanted land to rescue old-time comrades fallen into oblivion: or again, if we had the insight of the simple old peasant into the nature of this enduring love, out of the exquisite and poignant emotions kindled would arise the flame of a passionate love which would endure long æons of anguish that it might shield, though but for a little, the kingly hearts who may not shield themselves.

But I too, who write, have launched the rebellious spear, or in lethargy have ofttimes gone down the great drift numbering myself among those who not being with must needs be against: therefore I make no appeal; they only may call who stand upon the lofty mountains; but I reveal the thought which arose like a star in my soul with such bright and pathetic meaning, leaving it to you who read to approve and apply it.

Æ.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

(*Concluded from p. 172.*)

As to the broader scope of the work, that comes from united effort of the whole mass of units. It embraces the race, and as we cannot escape from the destiny of the race we have to dismiss doubt and continue at work. The race is, as a whole, in a transition state, and many of its units are kept back by the condition of the whole. We find the path difficult because, being of the race, the general race tendencies very strongly affect us. This we cannot do away with in a moment. It is useless to groan over it; it is also selfish, since we in the distant past had a hand in making it what it now is. The only way we can alter it is by such action now as makes of each one a centre for good, a force that makes "for righteousness," and that is guided by wisdom. From the great power of the general badness we each one have a greater fight to wage the moment we force our inner nature up beyond the dead level of the world. So before we attempt that forcing we should, on the lower plane, accumulate all that we can of merit by unselfish acts, by kind thoughts, by detaching our minds from the allurements of the world. This will not throw us out of the world, but will make us free from the great force which is called by Boehme the "Turba," by which he meant the immense power of the unconscious and material basis of our nature. That material base being devoid of

soul is more inclined on this plane to the lower things of life than to the higher.

Hence until we have in some degree conquered that it is useless for us to be wishing, as so many of us do, to see the Masters and to be with them. They could not help us unless we furnish the conditions, and a mere desire is not the needed condition. The new condition calls for a change in thought and nature.

So the Masters have said this is a transition age, and he who has ears to hear will hear what has thus been said. We are working for the new cycles and centuries. What we do now in this transition age will be like what the great Dhyan Chohans did in the transition point —the midway point—in evolution at the time when all matter and all types were in a transition and fluid state. They then gave the new impulse for the new types, which resulted later in all the vast varieties of nature. In the mental development we are now at the same point; and what we now do in faith and hope for others and for ourselves will result similarly on the plane to which it is all directed. Thus in other centuries we will come out again to go on with it. If we neglect it now so much the worse for us then. Hence we are not working for some definite organization of the new years to come, but for a change in the Manas and Buddhi of the race. That is why it may seem indefinite, but it is, nevertheless, very defined and very great in scope. Let me refer you to that part of *The Secret Doctrine*, penned by Master himself, where the midway point of evolution is explained in reference to the ungulate mammals. It should give you a glimpse of what we have to do, and remove all vain longings for a present sojourn with our unseen guides and brothers. The world is not free from superstition, and we, a part of it, must have some traces left of the same thing. They have said that a great shadow follows all innovations in the life of humanity; the wise one will not bring on that shadow too soon, and not until some light is ready to fall at the same time for breaking up the darkness.

Masters could give now all the light and knowledge needed, but there is too much darkness that would swallow up the light, except for a few bright souls, and then a greater darkness would come on. Many of us could not grasp nor understand all that might be given, and to us would result a danger and new difficulty for other lives, to be worked out in pain and sorrow. It is from kindness and love that Masters do not blind us with the electric flash of truth complete.

But concretely there is a certain object for our general work. It is to start up a new force, a new current in the world, whereby great and

long-gone Gnânis or wise ones will be attracted back to incarnate among men here and there, and thus bring back the true life and the true practices. Just now a pall of darkness is over all that no Gnâni will be attracted by. Here and there a few beams strike through this. Even in India it is dark, for there, where the truth is hid, the thick veil of theological dogma hides all, and though there is great hope in it the Masters cannot pierce through to minds below. We have to educate the west so that it may appreciate the possibilities of the east, and thus on the waiting structure in the east may be built up a new order of things for the benefit of the whole. We have, each one of us, to make of ourselves a centre of light; a picture-gallery from which shall be projected on the astral light such scenes, such influences, such thoughts, as may influence many for good, shall thus arouse a new current, and then finally result in drawing back the great and the good from other spheres beyond the earth. This is not spiritualism at all, for it has no reference to the denizens of the spook-land in any way.

Let us then have great faith and confidence. See how many have gone out from time to time from your centre to many and distant parts of the world, and how many will continue to go for the good and the gain of man of all places. They have gone to all parts, and it must be that even if the centre should be disrupted by causes outside of you, its power and reality will not be destroyed at all, but will ever remain even after all of it may have gone as far as bricks and mortar are concerned.

I give you my best wishes and brotherly greetings for the new year and for every year that is to come.—Affectionately yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE FOUNDING OF EMAIN MACHA.

SO LONG is it since the great Queen Macha lived and ruled in Eiré that her name, her wars and the founding of Emain Macha, that old city we now call Armagh, are almost unknown to Eiré's people. Prophetess and seeress also, wisest of her generation, perchance in future years she will come again, to lead and rule our island race as in those ancient days.

. . . . . .

The three chief kings of Eiré, Aedh Ruaidh, Dithorba, and the wise young Kimbaoth, son of the still wiser Fintann, met together. They were the rulers of the north, the west, and the south of Eiré, but Kimbaoth, the southern king, had sent swift messengers to Aedh and Dithorba, saying:

"Come to my dûn by Loch Len, for I would speak with you of a project I have in my mind for the welfare and advancement of our subjects, whereby they may be united and desolating war avoided."

The twilight of spring had merged into the dawning of summer when, at the close of the lengthening day, two brilliant flashing hosts were discerned travelling along the mountain passes. First came the Olnemacian king, Dithorba, attended by his five sons and numerous casters of the javelin and spearmen. Their war-chariots glittered with findruiney and silver, but the warriors bore the white shields of the feast. Then came Aedh Ruaidh, with his only child, his daughter Macha of the ruddy hair, beautiful, fierce as the warlike hawk, yet gentle as the soft white fawn that played in the woods of Murthemney. Their retinue was greater than that of Dithorba, for Aedh was the conquering Ultonian king, and besides the chiefs and men of battle came also noble youths in fosterage and royal druids and jesters, poets, harpers and the players of the pipes, with many more of the household of Aedh. Lofty in stature and of noble appearance were all the people of the distant north, and the bright-haired Macha, though but a girl, was tall as the tallest warrior among them. Often the people of Ulla compared her to some clear-shining star that men loved and watched afar off, desiring to draw near to, but because of its radiant beauty daring not to approach.

Kimbaoth had prepared a great feast for his guests, partly because he wished to honour Macha, whom before he had never seen, but the fame of whose loveliness and great deeds had reached him. Macha that evening sat on the high seat on the right of the southern king, and next to her was the royal bard, while beyond him were the harpers of the king-visitors and those belonging to Kimbaoth. Among the latter was a youth, dressed in white lena and gold-embroidered green bratta, with gold bands round his otherwise bare legs. Tangled locks of red hair dropped low on his neck and fell over his forehead. His eyes had caught some of the sunlight he loved so much, and golden-brown they shone as he stood up there, gazing straightly before him as one who is in an ecstasy and perceives not the things surrounding him; but, on looking closer, a humorousness and merriment could be discerned lurking deeply in them. Art was the youth's name, and, though not the chief harper, he was the king's favourite, for his wild pranks and merry speeches, with a certain power of good-natured mimicry, made him dear to all. Yet he was a wayward youth, and his merriment alternated with strange abstractions, when he would absent himself from the dûn and wander into the woods, listening to the

music that chose for its harp-strings leaves and flowers and tall swaying grasses, and watching gigantic figures sweep across the leagues of night-sky far above him. From one of these nocturnal strayings he had just returned, and silently he stood there amid the others, in his ecstasy delicately touching his harp, bringing therefrom a sweet faery music which the king delighted to hear.

The night passed on, and when the stars were at the third hour before their paling the chief bard arose with his golden harp, and he sang of the days when the gods dwelt and moved on the hills and in the valleys of Eiré. He sang, too, of the great mother of the gods—that ancient one whom men call the Mor Reega—and of the time when she should return to the world and rule, great as of long-gone years, with the rule and the heart of one truly godlike. Then the druidic fire awoke in the bard, and he became far-seeing and far-hearing. With a fiery hand he struck the chords, and lifted up his voice in a chant to the gods, for he saw that the hall of the dûn was filled with shining beings invisible to most there, and he saw also one of these shining ones, the mightiest of all, standing by Macha, inclined towards her. And as he sang these things men's voices grew hushed and silenced was their laughter; even the tall white candles burned steadily and slowly, without a flicker, as though they too were enwrapped in the secret peace that filled the vast hall. A little restless bird fluttered in out of the night and twittered for a moment as it flew down the hall, then sat quietly on a bare brown twig projecting from the tree-made side of the dûn. Still Ilvaen the bard sang on, and the magical murmur of his song filled the warriors' ears and their hearts until they too beheld those whose glory he chanted; then, as the vision of the Mor Reega flashed clear upon them, the dûn was filled and far out into the night travelled one long shout of joy that this should happen in their midst. Ilvaen ceased; the vision passed; and Kimbaoth uprose and with a silver kingly wand struck the glittering canopy above his head. He spoke, and solemnly sounded his voice down the bronze-pillared hall.

"Far-journeying kings and warriors, and you my people, who have seen this night a vision which for centuries has not been seen in Eiré: long ago it was foretold that the Mor Reega would reäppear on earth, and be a ruler and leader of men, but whether the time is here I cannot say, for I am a mortal and do not understand the minds of the hidden ones of the hills. What the coming of the great queen portends I know not; but whether she comes with the shield and the cath-barr of battle, or the shimmering robe of peace, the heroes of Eiré will ever

be ready to follow her bidding, for she alone bestows high courage and warlike ardour upon those of noble heart. Now let each depart to his own quarters, for to-morrow we have many things to discuss concerning the welfare of our island."

Still with the awe of that divine presence upon them each man unhooked his shield from the wall and walked slowly and broodingly through the unclosed doors of the dûn into the stillness of the night, each to his own tent or wattled house; there to dream, perchance, that in Macha they could discern the might, the beauty and the wisdom of the great queen.

The morning broke clear over the hills and woods and waters of the southern king's territory. As the sun rose high the warriors assembled outside the dûn, and sweet was the musical ringing and tinkling of their shields and spears as they moved about, laughing and talking one with another; for the awe of the preceding evening had somewhat worn off in the sunlight of the morning, which had filled them with lightheartedness and joy. Then a herald came forth from the dûn, and blew three blasts on the trumpet, and with the blowing of the third blast all had moved inside the dûn, where the three kings sat on the high seat at the northern end. Royal was the appearance of the kings that morning, in their brattas of ever-changing colours, and though Kimbaoth was the youngest of the rulers, yet more brilliant were the hues of his bratta, more shining the golden wheel-brooch on his breast and the righ-barr encircling his noble head. Surely, O Kimbaoth, thou too wert of that race, famous in song, who fought at Moytura for freedom from the dark Fomorian tyrants!

When the murmur of voices and the sound of moving feet had ceased Kimbaoth mac Fintann arose and propounded the project which in sleep had entered and shaped itself in his mind, and this was that henceforth Aedh and Dithorba and himself should not rule separately over a divided land, but should make a compact to rule each for seven years, so that the people of the island would be united and tribal wars avoided. And he furthermore suggested that Aedh Ruaidh should reign first, for his fame as a warlike and just king was throughout the isle. But as he harangued the assembly a murmur of dissension came from some there, and when Kimbaoth ceased one of his warriors arose and said:

"It pleases us not to be subject to any king save you, O Kimbaoth son of Fintann. This thing we do not like, for if peace reigns in Eiré she will no longer have need of warriors; the battle-chariots will grow rusty and useless, the spears and shields will decay in idleness, and

we—we shall become as women, and spend our time in brooding and speaking of those days when we were indeed warriors. We do not want to become a nation of bards or druids, for far dearer to us than the singing of men is the singing of demons as they accompany us forth to the battle. Let us remain as aforetime, to battle and feast as of yore."

Loud then rang the shouts of the southern giants through the great hall, and echoed amid the massive pillars and the far-away rafters supporting the dimly-seen roof. At that shout the brows of Aedh and Dithorba and their followers darkened, and it needed only a word to set the spears flashing and the shields clanging. But round the head of Kimbaoth the righ-barr gleamed more brightly, and undisturbed was his countenance. In his clear voice he spoke again, and chid his rebellious people, and subdued the war-spirit burning in them.

"Would you then always be in arms?" he questioned. "Not thus lies the road to the gods you swear by: to immortal Angus and Mannanán, to Lu Lamfáda and the Mor Reega. Since you elected me for Ard-Rie have I misled or ill-advised you once, and have you not trust in me now? Peace must alternate with war, and this I know, your arms will not grow rusty through unuse. Before me in the future I see a great battle, such as has not been fought in Eiré within remembrance. So make yourselves strong, and train up the youths in slinging, in spear-casting, in chariot-driving and the unfolding of the battle-scythes, that when that day comes we may not be beaten in ignominy from the plains of war. More of this future day I cannot say, nor how nor why the battle will arise, but it will surely be."

His people were silenced; for the king was a seer and knew of the things to be. So the compact was made whereby Aedh should reign his seven years, Dithorba his seven, and Kimbaoth last of all, at his own request, he being the youngest, though wisest. But when the two elder kings had reigned thrice seven years, and Kimbaoth was ruling for the third time, Aedh Ruaidh, dreaming one day in the hot sunlight where the Erne falls and breaks into rainbow-coloured spray by Ballyshannon, heard voices calling to him from the water: "Aedh, Aedh Ruaidh, we await thee, we summon thee hence." And in his dreaming he arose, and fell into the tossing waters, since then called from him the Falls of Assaroe.

LAON.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE GODS OF MAN.

Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of Being were not Joy.

It is a shallow age, this century of ours: a bushel of words to a grain of thought, and that no such deep one, after all. How well we know how to look down on other times, and point to our own superiorities, as the living dog to the lion dead.

Hear us talk of how other men worshipped God, dissecting their souls to adorn our pages; making the ignominy of some old divinity our academic ornament. These and those savages, we say, bowed down to sticks and stones; while those others were deluded into reverencing some sacred hill, and one pitiable tribe thought there was something divine in storm and sunshine, or even in the earth's green mantle and the forest trees. And so we, who have never known an hour of honest reverence in our lives, make a mock of these dead men, who must have been low indeed were they not better than ourselves; and so we find in faded faiths, as in all things else, a confirmation for our favourite mood of smug self-gratulation. We are the people, and wisdom will die with us—it is to be hoped, at least, that that kind of wisdom will.

If we were just a little less self-satisfied, and were disposed to see a little deeper into these things, we might come to learn that there have been many faiths upon the earth, though but one Faith; and that among them all, the lowest, basest, and least honourable to our humanity is the faith we ourselves practically hold, whatever we may say of our great ideals. We talk of savages and their beliefs, and say: This and this were the errors of primitive man. What the first shining races of our kind did worship, would probably fail to find room within our narrow minds and limp imaginations at all; and even the thought of the worshipping savage often eludes us—and not always because that thought is too low.

We are always ready to take forms and outward masks for realities; to lose sight of thoughts in their expressions. Were it not so, we should have sooner seen that the one thing all of us sincerely worship, whether savage or civilized, is power; whatever outward appearance that power may take. I find it hard to believe that there were any such savages as our books of science tell us, who worshipped the weather; who really adored rain-clouds and wreaths of mist, the grey of the dawning, and the purple dome over all; they may have delighted in these things, with a sincere gaiety which would be riches

to us; but what they worshipped was not that beautiful face of things, smiling or stern, but power, the power of the world underneath it. And their practical aim in life was to keep on the sheltered side of that power; to be where broken rocks fell not, and floods broke not; but, above all, their worship was winged exultation in it all, such as we ourselves felt in those young years when we lived over again our own days of long ago.

And when, by what we call a progress, though we might well call it a fall, men came to dwell in cities, and no more in the wide, free air; when they learnt the arts of putting into other things the powers they should have kept within themselves, they still worshipped power, but no longer in the same exultant and clear-eyed way. All their arts and dwellings were so many contrivances to keep away and outwit the power of the world; they built walls between them and the sun and wind; they shut out nature, in order to discover man.

Then they began to worship their second god; and the reality of it, whatever its name, was the power of man. For the earlier stages of these worshippers the tribe or race or clan was the whole of man; all, at least, that they could get within their sympathies. And everyone outside the tribe was the enemy; something to be guarded against, as they had guarded formerly against flood and storm, falling rocks and inundations. Each man no longer lived for himself in nature, but for the tribe, the race, the whole of mankind whom he could understand and feel for; so much of universal brotherhood as his imagination could permit. And, had the world run smoothly, we should have come, along that path, to a true universal brotherhood; a happy family of man upon this earth. But things did not run smoothly, and there is little prospect that they will for some time yet. For mankind, that is to say, we ourselves, fell from that not ungracious social religion to one of individualism, where each man worships his amiable self. That god of self-complacency I will not include among the three divinities, though he has, indeed, received more genuine service and more rapt devotion than any other in these latter days, and especially in this century of ours; and I suspect that he has still a considerable lease of popularity to run.

Our own self-complacency is the true god of our lives, whether we call our pursuit commerce, or politics, or whatever it be; and the same cynical divinity is not quite unwont to wear such revered masks as science or art. There are men, in these latter days, who love truth and beauty for love of beauty and truth; there are also some who love these things for the sake of names on title-pages, and for a place in the cata-

logues of the devotees of the pure sublime. And the follower of wealth may exist, though we have not so far found great reason to believe it, who prosecutes his task from a sheer and disinterested love of the precious metals and their admired molecular structure, capacity of reflecting light, hardness, brittleness, and so on. But, on the other hand, we do know, and sincerely believe in, the seeker for wealth who lays himself out from the beginning to capture his own genuine admiration—and finds the task a harder one than he imagined. He gathers stocks and shares not for love of them; he builds him houses, not as an offering to the arts of form; he founds a family, not from sheer affection for young human animals; but indeed does all these things that he may say: I am Somewhat! I indeed am a Man!

The poets have given up the theme of love-making, in these our self-conscious days, so I may say, without fear of incurring their displeasure, that even love-making itself is not so free from that god, self-complacency, and his worship, as one might wish to believe. It is sardonic to say: but two young people, gazing into each other's eyes, see the image there, not of the beloved, but of themselves. It is so nice to feel that one is nice enough to be the chosen of so nice a person. There is wisdom in the saying that such and such a maiden has won an admirer, rather than a lover. And I do not believe that the use of the looking-glass is confined to one sex; in this, at least, the gods are good.

Well, after a while people grow weary of this, and cry themselves out of it, saying they are very miserable. They are, in many senses, still one would rather see them laugh themselves into wisdom. It would be more likely to last. Then they may come, in a happy mood, to worship the last and highest of the powers: the power of life, of the eternal.

That august divinity it was that stood behind the first of our three gods, the power of the world; and it was the joy, lying at the heart of that, that kindled delight in the rainbow's jewels, the shining feathers of the sun, as he scatters the soft clouds; it was that joy that made our life in nature glad and strong, and death even an exultant thing. with a heart of joy. And in our stiffer and more stilted city life there was a gladness too; the honour of the tribe, the service of our land, were good and pleasant things; though never, I think, full of such self-abandonment of bliss as the naked savage could draw from the cool wave breaking over him, or the keen wind around his body. These earliest days were the days of our delight.

We, who have made all things sentimental, are ever ready to sym-

pathize with the hardships of the wild, open-air dweller, the fighting patriot, the servant of his land; I think it is safer for us, the sympathizers, that these robust folk are dead, else, I suspect, they might resent our tears. We are so certain that we ourselves are miserable—and this, as I have said, with justest cause—that we cannot believe but that others were poor apologetic people too, sad while they lived, and sorry when they died.

The end comes, even of our misery, and we pass under the third and greatest of the gods—the power of the eternal. Of the passing to that new allegiance, and the new things that come to us under it, we shall speak another time.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

THERE is a measureless void between the visible universe and the invisible world that surrounds the manifested and material worlds, and it is from its nature a realm of coördinating forces, or the play-ground of the emanations that each system throws off and in and towards each other. This is denominated Pluto's kingdom, or the shadowy limbus of the church. It is not a negative state of being, but an active and powerful adjunct to the world of causes, as well as the world of effects. It is not to be understood until the rationale of its existence is explained. It only persists because of the necessity that exists for a realm where the balance of forces may be gradually established, and the elements of evolution in the material may become harmonized with the supreme overshadowing will that calls all life into existence, and where that which does not conform to the original design may be remanded to a further effort in the sphere from whence it came. The orderly harmony of all the spheres of activity in matter is secured through this balancing realm, and never can there be a lapse of the interchange of forces through it while the universe exists; and not until the smallest particle of matter has given up its last atom of responsiveness to the force that gave it birth, will there be an end to the orderly evolution of the material towards the spiritual force that made it possible to assume manifestation. Kama Loka and all the seven stages of progression in this intermediary plane, are the successive efforts of our Egos to eliminate the grosser parts and rise superior to the clogs that matter weaves around the divine thought. The returning individuality brings back as clear a manifestation as its inherent force has made it possible for it to represent. That it does not continue onwards and upwards and break the thread that connects it with the

material world, is because it has not assimilated all its possibilities, and cannot of itself comprehend the totality of experience which makes spirit what it is, infinitely powerful and infinitely wise.

The seeming contradiction involved in the idea that spirit manifests its experience at all, while itself is all-wise, is easily explained by the fact that matter as a possibility only exists as the opposite pole of spirit, and is its necessary antithesis; and is in a manifestation a constant progressive complement of spiritual force and will. If there ever should come a time when this material world should seem to lapse into inactivity and decay, it is only because the sum total of its experiences has reached a point where further progress is made impossible, unless physical environments are changed to accommodate it to a new impulse from the eternal fountain of energy; and because its units of consciousness have, as a mass, assumed a form that demands another environment. So, when the world's evolution is *in statu quo*, the change is more imminent than when we see the constant progress; for the day of its regeneration only awaits the advent of the new consciousness to arouse all the impending forces, and bring on the change from old and worn-out forms to new and happier conditions. The seeming harshness of the process is but illusory, for the mass of Egos that await the change are the real individualities of the present races; and the bodies that are manifested here are the distorted reflections of these Egos caught in a vortex of necessity and compelled to wait until the full rapport can be made in the new age. Suffering is the necessary parallel of the forces acting in the limbus, and the bodies of earth act only as patterns or matrices to carry the thought in form, from one point of evolution to another. If the form were lost than the purpose of experience would be nullified, and so it is preserved, with a phantasma of experiences simply to bridge the chasm of the interval of inactivity.

No speculations are of much use as to the conditions that may or will ensue in the new evolution, for the races will all disappear for a renewal under physical conditions to which the present senses cannot find a parallel either in consciousness or in imagination. The only relief from anxiety lies in the fact that, though death rules at one pole of the manifestation, there must be, by the universal law of contraries, life and progress at the other. Again, those units of force which have accumulated through the law of natural selection, the fulness of all experiences, are always urging the lower parts or personalities onwards, and developing the sphere where these Egos can respond to the new conditions. So, in one sense, the advanced souls act as karmic agents of Nemesis, while they arouse the deadened sensibilities of their

fellows; and their advent is always a signal for the wise ones to be on guard and hold fast to the realities, and not to the illusions of existence. There is no escape from the general doom, but there is a refuge to be found in the certainty of the renewal of effort as soon as the crisis has been passed. IKO.

THE SECRET HEART.

Then from the Heart that Power shall rise into the sixth, the middle region, the place between thine eyes.—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

THE "Heart Doctrine" which we profess to embrace means something more than mere *feeling*, however lofty; it includes also true wisdom, real sight, spiritual perception. For the mind reflects the state of the feelings, and the mental eye can see clearly only when the heart is pure. *The Voice of the Silence* speaks of "Kundalini" as the mystic power that rises to the head and gives sight. When this power rises from the heart, that sight is clear and wisdom is attained. It is wrong to imagine that people who follow the heart doctrine sacrifice the pursuit of knowledge and devote themselves exclusively to the higher sentiments. Wisdom comes from the purification of the heart, and this wisdom includes and surpasses all mere head-learning. This is shown very clearly in the quotation above, which refers to an actual process of initiation that takes place in the one whose heart has become pure; the scales fall from his eyes. No mere figure of speech; the human organism is a real thing, and has its laws, its channels, its forces. Some day we shall have to verify this fact, but meanwhile we have to toil and suffer until we have conquered our impurities of heart. So we need not fear to lose wisdom by cultivating compassion; the two are inseparable. We do not desire the mere learning that comes from culture of the plexuses. It merely gives us faculties and endows us with gifts; it does not stir us from the prison of self, nor attune us to the collective harmony of souls. We are aware that the "Kundalini" can be made to rise from other centres than the heart, and produce clairvoyance and a host of other acquisitions. But we know that the brain is the mirror of the soul, and unless the soul is pure the sight will be obscure. Wisdom—not learning—is what we seek; and wisdom teaches us to adjust ourselves to the harmony of selves. All other knowledge merely adorns the self and swells the head.

"If thou wouldst cross the second [hall] safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale."

But so many of us are yet in the first hall, if even so far, that to us these stupefying blossoms seem the goal. These flowers of life are

very alluring until we discover the coiled serpents under their leaves; then do we realize that this is only the Hall of Learning, and that beyond lies the Hall of Wisdom. Purity of motive is the only safeguard; therefore we *must* begin with some real desire to help our brothers, and to rise from selfhood to the union of hearts.

There can be no mistake as to the true path for us who have *The Voice of the Silence* as a guide. It warns us against the heresies and snares that can come in our way, and resounds with the keynote of compassion. The chief obstacle is thirst for mere acquisition. He whose only motive is to acquire learning and powers will acquire delusion, and the most commonplace labour-unionist is further on the path than he; for the former works from a true motive which will one day bring him safe to the goal, while the latter is only accumulating obstacles which he will have to break down.

Let us cease to discriminate between compassion and wisdom, and recognize them as one; let us not seek the warmth of the sun in the fires of earth, nor its glorious light in the pale wan moon.

H. T. EDGE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

OUR commercial statistics inform us that only about eleven per cent. of the business ventures of America succeed. Tennyson reckons the failures of nature as fifty to one, and is probably short of the mark. The lapse, as the insurance companies call it, is always high. The theosophical enterprise is no exception to the rule. "So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life." The fact is we have to take care of ourselves, and we are unskilful in the work. We eat green apples of ambition, we sit on the damp grass of hesitation, and we wet our feet in the swamps of doubt. The results are vacant theosophic chairs, frequent theosophic funerals, as it were, with more or less flowers and slow music, and an extending theosophic graveyard, in which some of us have even gone so far as to indite the grave matter of our own epitaphs.

* * *

We must learn to distinguish between sentiment and brotherhood. One is an emotion; the other is a principle. Have you ever sat on the tram-car with a score of impatient fellow-travellers while two ladies make a long farewell as one rises, turns reluctantly at the door to send love to Cousin Kate, and pauses again on the steps to issue an urgent invitation to visit, ere she finally descends and permits the aggregation, as Barnum would say, to proceed? The theosophical aggregation is

very frequently delayed over matters of personal emotion, when the principle of brotherhood would dictate a hasty farewell and the convenience and advantage of others.

* * *

Writing in *Isis Unveiled* twenty years ago, H. P. B. makes the statement:

"What will, perhaps, still more astonish American readers is the fact that, in the United States, a mystical fraternity now exists, which claims an intimate relationship with one of the oldest and most powerful of Eastern Brotherhoods. It is known as the Brotherhood of Luxor, and its faithful members have the custody of very important secrets of science. Its ramifications extend widely throughout the great Republic of the West. Though this Brotherhood has been long and hard at work, the secret of its existence has been jealously guarded. . . . (II, 308.)

It has been surmised by some that the remarkable book, *Etidorhpa*, which has attracted such intense interest among students of the occult, is representative of the work of such a Brotherhood as is here referred to. Those who have read *Etidorhpa* will remember its forestalment of the discovery of argon, the Röntgen ray, etc. Three chapters, which were suppressed in the narrative as originally published, have just been printed in Cincinnati. They deal with the reality of images, reflections, and so forth, and the problems involved in the deflection of light-rays from whatever source. The argument practically amounts to this: that we have no guarantee that the sun or stars exist where we suppose them to be, as we are only judging from appearances. We may have more to learn along this line presently.

* * *

Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, whose researches in brain-culture are famous, has invented a new hobby-horse. He is investigating the sense of smell and the cultivation of the olfactory nerves. He has, it is stated, made a collection, and has fifteen hundred different smells in his laboratory. They are in bottles, of course, or it is probable that the Professor would find it necessary to abandon the premises. The addition of a new odour to those already classified will be hailed in future like the discovery of a comet. Tattvic changes, rates of vibration, and other occult aspects of the question should commend this new fad to geosophists generally.

* * *

Did the paradox of trifles ever occur to you? That is to say, the reason we complain about trifles is because they are so important. If

you really considered a trifle to be as insignificant as you profess, you would deal with it accordingly. Trifles interfere with our self-occupation, and our egotism rebels against the interruption. Until we can deal with the trifles of life in a spirit of complete indifference, just as we strike a match or open a door, we shall be tied to the plane upon which they irritate us.

* * *

Theosophic poetry is not yet a startling success. We have one theosophic poet, to whom THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST does not feel at liberty to more pointedly refer. But of the host who lisp in numbers, even when the numbers fail to come, it can only be said that they are too numerous. Rhyme, accent, rhythm, metre, reason, are the usual constituents of poetry, but some acquaintance with contributions of this order lead to the belief that these matters have been overlooked. If ideas are weak and feeble in prose expression they grow no stronger in metrical form. If your prose expression be ineffectual, the chances are dead against your poetic soul making an impression. Yet let us not discourage the chirping bardling, only recommend him to be very careful, and to be solicitous of good counsel.

* * *

The time for work is the best time we find in our daily lives, and this best time is the whole time that embraces all our activities. The time of each person is only the waking consciousness, which must be filled up with the details of sustained effort towards a realization of all that should and would be done if one had but one purpose in view; and that to do only those things that are of necessity a part of an aspiration to help all that need assistance, and be one with all in spirit and in deed.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

13, EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN.

THE Wednesday evening meetings are continued, and informal discussions held. "Priest or Hero?" by Æ., has been reprinted, and is being sent throughout Ireland.

We understand that it is finally decided to hold the Third Annual Convention of the T. S. in E. at Stockholm, Sweden, on August 8th and 9th, when Mrs. Tingley and Mr. Hargrove will probably be present.

ROBT. E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*

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THE FOUNDING OF EMAIN MACHA.

(*Continued from p. 191.*)

AEDH had no sons, but his daughter Macha, skilful as any warrior in casting the javelin and slinging the round, polished pebbles and the iron balls, sat in the seat of her father. Then Macha claimed his place in the sovereignty of Eiré, but Dithorba and Kimbaoth consulted together and determined that they would have no woman to rule with them. Furthermore, they said that if Macha did not submit to their decision they would devastate the fair fields of Ulla with war. This determination they cut in Ogham on a willow wand and sent swiftly to Macha in the north. A dread anger burned in Macha's heart when she received that message, and like the low thunder of surf on a distant shore, heard through the still night, was the note of her voice as she summoned the Ultonians to her side, and read to them the words inscribed on the slender wand. Then, standing by the high seat, she spoke to the stern-visaged warriors who filled her dûn and awaited her words.

"You know, Ultonians, how Aedh Ruaidh reigned long over you, and when those who dwell in the Erne and the hill-palace close by called him away, you chose me after to be the holder of the royal rod. Only a few peaceful months I have been your queen, and now, because I would be coëqual with them and rule as my father ruled, Ulla is threatened by the southern and western kings, who, unless we submit, declare they will make desolation lie on our fruitful fields, our fair plains and hills, and smoke from our burning dûns shall rise till the sun and sky are obscured. Ultonians, shall we be subject to these overbearing monarchs? No; from every part of Ulla call in your spearmen and slingers and chariot-fighters; let there be a great hosting here of all chiefs, each with his own people, and we will strive

against these kings till either we or they are the victors. Yet I think we shall conquer, for the Mor Reega will embattle herself on our side, and fill us with her own indomitable spirit. Let each prepare for the hosting."

The faces of the heroes grew bright as they listened to the queen, and when she declared the hosting they interchanged cheerful and warlike speech one with another. For as Macha spoke there ran unseen through the dûn a man with angry face, clad in a crimson bratta, and carrying a many-thonged whip in his hand, and the whip was made of twisting, curling fire. Wherever he passed among the Ultonians he caused the battle-ardour to rage and swell and flame with newer vigour, for he was the inciter of war, the swineherd of the great Bove Derg; but at the first sound of Macha's words he quickly journeyed on the magic boar of destruction from his lake-home by the Shannon. Then with great speed the chiefs hastened away to their homes, to call in their fighting men, while Macha returned a message of defiance to Kimbaoth and Dithorba:

"You would not have a woman to rule with you over Eiré; now I swear by the gods I will be high queen over all the isle, and will take your land and break and scatter your power."

The two kings laughed together when they read that war-breathing Ogham, and said:

"'Tis only a woman's wrath. Ulla will yet be ours, for the southern and western nations combined twice outnumber the warriors of Macha. It will be an easy victory."

Three weeks quickly passed, and then at Macha's dûn by Slieve Fuad the Ultonians gathered. Like a myriad suns they appeared as they stood in their chariots, the great wheel-brooches glowing on their breasts, and the long spears, enwrought with findruiney, flashing as they held them aloft. Macha herself, attired in a white many-folded lena and a tunic of dressed ox-skin, with the royal crimson mantle falling loosely from her shoulders and wearing the golden cathbarr on her head, led them. She carried shield and spear and sling, and noble and awe-inspiring she appeared as she stood by the side of her charioteer. The Ultonians' hearts beat with pride and love as they looked at their queen, and three times they shouted her name ere the chariots moved over the bridge of the foss.

Two days the Ultonians journeyed and two evenings they encamped, but on the third day they received word that their enemies were swiftly approaching from the south-west. So they took up their position on a grassy plain by Loch Derg and waited, for Macha said

there would the battle be fought and won. On the morning of the fourth day all preparations were complete, and such was Macha's eagerness to begin the battle that she sent out her slinging men to provoke Kimbaoth and the Olnemacian king. Then from each camp battalion after battalion issued forth, and ever where the fight raged the fiercest the golden cathbarr of Macha was seen gleaming through the mist and dust arising from the fury of the meeting armies and the trampling of the horses. The queen had not prophesied falsely when she said the Mor Reega would embattle herself on their side, for wherever the Ultonians moved destruction followed them, and finally the ranks of the southern and western kings' warriors were completely broken and overthrown. At the close of day the dead of the kings numbered more than the living, and Kimbaoth and Dithorba were captives in the hands of the Ultonians.

The next day Macha, sitting in her tent surrounded by her nobles, ordered that the two kings be brought before her. And being generous and magnanimous, and not knowing a vengeful spirit, she forgave the kings, setting them free on condition that they gave her hostages as a pledge of their future conduct, and sent tribute every year. Also she said that from this war she would assume the rulership of Eiré, which she had rightfully won in battle by the help of the gods of the isle.

The humiliation of the kings was in nowise abated by the frank speech of Macha. They could not forget she was a woman, and their conqueror, but they gave the required hostages, and with the remnant of their followers departed to their distant homes. Macha, with the triumphant Ultonians and many spoils, returned to the north, and from her dûn she governed wisely the whole of Eiré, caring for the people in every part, and making laws whereby they could fashion their lives.

A few years quietly passed, when from Olnemacta came intimation of the death of Dithorba, who fell battling against the dwellers on the islands of the western sea. He left five sons, warriors of fame, and each demanded a share in the rulership of Eiré, but Macha returned a scornful answer to them, saying:

"I won my sovereignty in the battle, and only by battle will it be torn from me. I retain it, and I deny your right to rule."

The sons of Dithorba were enraged at the answer of the queen, and gathering their people together marched from the west and contended with the Ultonians on the plain of Murthemney, thinking they could compel the half-divine Macha to their will. But the victory was not with the Olnemacian princes, for they suffered utter destruction

and loss of all they possessed, and themselves were taken captive by the Ultonians, and, in charge of some of their captors, sent as prisoners to a dûn standing on the wild, rocky coast where Olnemacta and Ulla meet, there to brood and plan futilely and vainly for the recovery of their lands from the Ultonians and the downfall of the great queen of Ulla. Nor did they know that the generous-hearted Macha, who had spared their lives, had knowledge of their plans and broodings, and that in secret ways she sought to turn them from their meditated treachery.

Peace was established over the whole of Eiré when Macha, dwelling in her dûn by Slieve Fuad, thought of Kimbaoth lonely in the south, and of the kingly seat by her side unfilled since the death of Aedh Ruaidh. She wished that Kimbaoth should rule with her over Eiré, for indeed ever since her visit to his dûn with her father she had thought that the son of Fintann was fairer and nobler than all other men, even the Ultonians. After long thinking she deemed it well to send this message to the king: "The seat of Aedh Ruaidh is empty. Shall we rule over Eiré together?" Joyfully Kimbaoth read these words, for he was not indifferent to Macha; her loveliness and wisdom had kindled a fire in his heart which the passing years and his conquest by Macha had not extinguished, and though he lacked not courage in war, he had never dared to confess his love to her, she seemed so great and far away and only half of earth. But now, giving his kingdom into charge of the tanist, he journeyed with his royal retinue to the north, taking with him Art, the dreamy harper, for Macha had spoken interestedly of Art and his strange dreamings, and he himself wished to be among the Ultonians at the dûn of their queen.

So Kimbaoth became king of Ulla, and well and wisely he helped the great queen to rule, and by all the Ultonians they were beloved, Macha especially. Sometimes an Ultonian, perchance returning from some foray, weary and wounded, haply on a dark cold night would stray from the chariot-road over the hills or through the woods, and because of his weakness and wounds despairing, would bid the charioteer hold the horses in check, and say that there must he rest, even though he perish of cold and of pain. Then from the distance would gleam a golden ray, and with renewed courage and hope he would arise and pursue his journey, knowing that Macha was watching over him, and that it was the shining of her magical golden breast-brooch he beheld. And for this watchfulness and care the Ultonians held Macha very dear, giving their lives willingly in service for her.

Occasionally a small rebellion would break out among some far-away tribe, which the Ultonians speedily quelled, making prisoners the seditious leaders. But in the west a greater cloud was rising. The sons of Dithorba, in insidious ways and by the use of the ancient Fomorian magic, were endeavouring to stir the western people into a torrent of fury that should overwhelm the north. Macha had recked of this for long; now she said it must cease. Calling Kimbaoth to her she told him of her determination to travel alone to the forests and mountains of Olnemacta, where the sons of Dithorba had their dwelling, and take them captive with her own hands and bring them into Ulla. Nor did Kimbaoth try to dissuade her from this, for he knew that in whatever great or warlike feat Macha contemplated or performed she would be guided and guarded by the immortal Mor Reega, who was but a name to most of the dwellers in Eiré, though by Macha and a few others, druids chiefly, she was often seen.

The evening drew nigh on which Macha had determined to journey to Olnemacta, and never was evening more beautiful. Behind the trees and the hills the sun slowly disappeared, and soft rainbow-tinted clouds, with flaming spears darting through them, rose as the forerunners of the night, parting here and there to disclose lakes and seas of palest primrose-coloured sky. Macha, watching it from her grianan, compared it to the garden of the gods as she saw the sunset-blossoms burst and fade, and she thought of the gods moving majestic and radiant in their unseen world, sending dreams of a hidden beauty to gladden weary mortal hearts. Then, hearing the sound of her great war-chariot as it rolled to the open door of the dûn, she turned away from the window, for at the sunset-hour she must depart.

LAON.

(*To be concluded.*)

ROBERT BROWNING.

IV.—His Magic.

If it may be at all permitted to critics to classify poets, perhaps the least artificial and arbitrary groups into which we can divide them is to be found in the category—as old as criticism itself—the poets of man and the poets of nature. To most minds, at least, there is a well-defined difference between the dramatist with his passionate portraiture of the life of men, and the dreamer with his passionless glimpsing of the heart of nature. To each of these orders of poetic activity there is a magic which is distinctively its own. To the dramatist it is found, of course, amid the clash and movement of active life, and its theme

is the triumph of the soul against fate; it stands for the literary representation of the heroic spirit. To the dreamer it is found in the reception within his heart of all those deep and fine impulses of Being, which rise out of a recognition of and an intermingling with the vast and quickening life in star and cloud, in river and tree, in islet and ocean. In English literature we associate Shakespeare with the first of these, and Shelley or Wordsworth with the second. In Browning—of whom it has been well said that he is a literature rather than a poet—I think we find not merely endless examples of both but numerous instances, say, rather, a whole underlying basis of feeling, in which both are welded. To the dreamer, who is pure dreamer and not yet seer, the presence of men in the midst of nature's quick and calm still-life is an irritation and a regret. To the dramatist, who is simply dramatist and not yet wholly a creative poet, external nature can only be an accessory to the groupings of his fancy or the acts of his *dramatis personæ*. But to Browning the action and reäction which relate the world of nature to the world of movement, is revealed with an intense realism which is of the essence of true vision. It is not so much that the external universe represents itself to him as the true setting for human activities, as that he perceives that in the last analysis there is nothing external; nothing which does not partake of that greatly vague consciousness wherein is enshrined all human hopes and loves, and in which tree and flower and river are melted by the poet's passion into a sense of vast synthetic being, as mists at twilight merge into a deeper, finer play of shadow within the dark embraces of a purple summer-night. Two stanzas from "By the Fireside," that wonderful love-poem, half-lyrical, half-dramatic, with its clinging to elemental nature and its intense comprehension of human passion, will serve to show Browning's power of presentment when dealing with the relations—to us—of this mystic nature-consciousness, which seems partly within the human mind and partly a derivative from without:

"A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast;
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life: we were mixed at last
In spite of the mortal screen.

"The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a moment the powers at play;
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done—we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood."

Or these three stanzas from "Two in the Campagna":

"For me, I touched a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

"Help me to hold it! First it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin: yonder weed
Took up the floating weft.

"Where one small orange cup amassed
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope
Among the honey meal: and last,
Everywhere on the grassy slope,
I traced it. Hold it fast."

In this identification of man and nature there is more than a brilliant fancy; there is some waft of that universal pantheism which is behind all the most magical poetry, and which sees everywhere one consciousness, one life, one spirit; which sees nature and man as the primal emanations of these, and which sees, too, some hint of a deeper power than we can realize or define binding us to God's universe by the glamour of that inward beauty which will reveal itself fully to us only when we are pure enough to realize what is meant by

"Letting nature have her way,
While heaven looks from its towers."

It is indeed in this insistence upon the value and power of beauty as an interpreter of the true meanings of life, that poetry best fulfils its function. To catch from nature some hint of tenderness in the unfolding of the flowers, of courage in the clash of the exultant waves, of reverence and fidelity in the solemn-fronted cliff and unchanging mountain-top; to translate these earth-voices into the vernacular of common life and find in the remotest and most shadowy beauty a fresh impulse towards high living—this is the work of the ideal poet, and here the genius of Browning finds apt and characteristic scope, and his generous trust in life finds free and fresh expression. It is not merely that his joy in nature is not subdued by his perception from afar of the "still, sad music of humanity," but that he modulates this music by a harmony from the world of deeper song, which his spirit has touched in

company with the brooding heart of nature. As the music of nature is chastened for Wordsworth and for Keats by the reminiscence of human pain, so the discords of life are resolved for Browning by the calm tones of spontaneous joy which he hears welling up within nature, calling men to return to a wise and serene simplicity of life. This voice sounds clearer in "Pippa Passes" than in any other poem I know, clearest of all in the imperishable song, "The Year's at the Spring," and perhaps also in the less-quoted :

"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Grass and flowers spring 'neath one's feet;
There was nought above me and nought below
My childhood had not learnt to know:
For, what are the voices of birds
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life began.
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the seven and one,
Like the fingers on my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me."

This with its double climax—a climax in the song itself and a climax in the development of the drama—is magic indeed.

It is of the essence of natural magic that it reveals by concealment. Flashing upon us glimpses of its intimacy with nature, showing the quickest pulses of her life, interpreting the vivid lightnings of her laughter and her passion, it is more than indifferent to the search for and analysis of the laws by which the mysteries of nature are laid bare to human thought. It tends rather to hide them, to cast round them a light so dazzling that we cannot pierce it through by any intensity of gaze; a glamour so clinging that we would not disturb its witchery if we could. That we gain from this love-light cast upon life for us by the skill of the magician far more than we lose who can doubt; but it remains true, the while, that for a comprehension of nature's secrets, her modes, her laws, not glamour but insight is our need. Yet it is a healthy instinct which induces us to turn from law to life itself, and though glamour may be a weakness to art in its capacity as inter-

preter, it is, nonetheless, a most fertile source of inspiring emotion. This feeling for the magical in life and art is behind all Browning's best work, and it is not surprising to know, therefore, that he found such rapture in music—the most magical, although in another connection the most law-impelled, of the arts, or that he could express its secret charm so perfectly as in these stanzas from Abt Vogler:

"All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth.
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud, in the artist-list enrolled:
But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws: that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere over the world,—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

"Not a fourth sound but a star." Here is magic at its simplest and purest, where given elements, rearranged, produce, not a mathematically deducible equivalent, but an altogether greater and fairer result, into which is blent a light, a form, a thought, a vision, borrowed from a world beyond, and in which the mighty largess of nature is aided by a sudden affluence of power from behind, where

"Visibly in his garden walketh God."

It was his intense joy in music, in art, in the sights and sounds of nature, which gave to Browning—as to every poet—the power of vivid expression without which his teaching would be bare of beauty and his impulse barren of vitality, but we must not forget that even with him natural magic is subordinate ever to the purposes of soul. Although so deeply allied by temperament to the pleasures which abound to the lover of the woodland and the sea, his dominant feeling is always humanistic. He has balanced for us finely the rival appeals of the

world of men and the world of nature in the song which closes the first section of "Ferishtah's Fancies," and has cast in his own lot and the lot of his life's companion with the host of human souls:

"Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Underfoot the moss tracks—life and love with these!
I to wear a fawn skin, thou to dress in flowers:
All the long lone summer day that greenwood life of ours.

"Rich-pavilioned, rather—still the world without—
Inside, gold-roofed silk-walled silence round about!
Queen it thou on purple—I at watch and ward,
Couched beneath the columns gaze, thy slave, love's guard!

"So, for us no world? Let throngs press thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should souls have place."

And having made this choice he brought to his chosen life a magic and a glamour and a light such as has rarely been shed upon the heart of man; a light borrowed not alone from star and sun and from that other mystic source of which Wordsworth speaks in his "Lines on a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm," but a new light of penetrating love and quickening faith, struck by himself from human hearts, which shines upon every study he has given us of the soul in aspiration, satisfaction or defeat, and which corruscates grandly above the brows of all his heroes. It is this that is at last the richest, deepest kind of magic, this that thrills us with his own poignant hopes and makes us realize intensely,

"That he, at least, believed in God, was very sure of soul."

OMAR.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WHITE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

THE crescent moon shone from behind a fleecy cloudlet. The monotonous chant of the waves rose softly on the evening air, as if singing a lullaby to all sounds that would break the quietude.

On a rock overlooking the sea stood a woman, listening to the low music, which seemed to grow softer, fainter, fainter still, lingering now as a dying echo, and at last like a sigh became lost in the stillness.

"I am come because I am weary and tired," said the woman, answering a voice which seemed near yet far away; and raising her eyes she saw before her a radiant figure crowned with light, and robed in garments of dazzling shimmering whiteness.

"I am the White Spirit of Solitude, whom few mortals have courage to seek," said the figure. "Weary indeed must thou be to enter my realm so far. What has tired thee so?" he asked compassionately.

"Life," said the woman, and after a pause she continued: "Life is but a fleeting phantom borne on the wings of time. Its tempting sweetness fades away like the twilight when descends the night."

The White Spirit smiled and in a voice of great tenderness said:

"Know ye not that from me is born light and peace? Know ye not that ye entered my presence because you brought with you the magic wand Experience, and from its depths I weave this crown of peace." Raising his hand a shining crown appeared.

In silence he placed it on her brow, then softly said: "Bring thoughts that send good-will to thy fellows and from them will shine the jewels in thy crown. The dying echo will waft thee gently to and fro, till thou canst ride in thought the gulf 'twixt shore and shore."

A low hushed sound fell upon the ears of the woman.

"What are men and women to thee now?" said the voice, now growing fainter and fainter.

"Thoughts in memory," said the woman, with a sigh, as she listened to the low chant of the waves.

The woman gazed long and silently at the bright stars, shining so far away in the great dome of space, then with a smile on her lips and a great peace in her heart, she turned and walked towards the flickering lights of the village.

A. P. D.

ABRAM TEGNER: A NARRATIVE.

MANY long years have passed since the day that a single wanderer appeared where now the broad waters of Puget Sound spread between the craggy hills and mountains of that far-off corner of the far west. The days of ancient glory that were hers in a long distant age had left no trace of their existence, and only the memory of the traveller could see that there had ever been a race of people there who once ruled the world of thought and endeavour. But such was the fact, and this man had returned to the ancient seat of his race to again people the spot with the images of the long-forgotten days. His advent was the renewal of settlement and the impulse to a development of the forces that had so long slept unused and unknown. His mission accomplished he departed as unnoticed as his arrival, and the lapse of time has obliterated any records, if such existed, that he had ever been there.

But now that the opening of the new age has prepared some to know of this circumstance, it is to be here recorded who he was, and why he was there. The man was Abram Tegner, an old Dutch trader, who sailed from Rotterdam in the year 1836 to Java, and from thence to the little town of San Diego, where he visited some Indian chiefs, with whom he was connected by a mutual tie of friendship in a certain work that does not depend upon any very close physical relationship.

Having prepared the way for certain things that must at some future day be disclosed, he sailed up the coast and finally entered the Sound where his principal work was to be accomplished. He was of a family that had always been in union with the eastern school of magic, and his boyhood had been spent in the far east, where his father was engaged in a large trade with the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and he had in his pursuit of the same business been informed of the facts of some of his previous incarnations, and of his relationship to the coming change in the destiny of the white race. His soul had blossomed out in a way that made him an instrument for great designs, and he accepted his lot as a pupil should, diligently and obediently, striving to perform the will that called him to the course that he afterwards so steadfastly pursued. His first impulse when being directed was to hasten his steps to the new world and await the time of his final effort; but this he saw was unwise, and so he remained quietly indifferent until he saw that the day was approaching for him to accomplish the final effort of his task.

His journey had for its object the destruction of a last sole monument of the ancient days, which if it had remained standing would have disclosed a fact that it was not wise the world should know until the proper time was ripe. This monument was situated on a large promontory that jutted out from the north side of the southern enclosing headland of the Sound, and is the only point where the inquiry or curiosity of a new settlement has not cared to penetrate.

When he arrived a vast and silent wilderness inclosed the deep purple waters of this wonderful chasm, that stretches its tortuous way so many miles between the hills, and which is an imperishable testimony of the titanic force that rent asunder its rocky walls at the last final effort of the earth to repel the approach of an unwelcome destiny. The days of old contain many buried secrets, but none more terrible than the one reposing where this doom-writ glyph spreads its fateful record before the face of man.

The hours of Tegner's stay were short, but what he saw and did are now to be disclosed. His party landed at the foot of a cliff of almost perpendicular face that rose from the dark waters to the height of some seven hundred feet, and then retreated to a distance of a hundred and fifty feet, rising again from thence to an altitude of a thousand feet more, ending in a level summit of about twenty acres in extent and hollowed a little in the centre, where a wall or vein of quartz seemed to form a ring or boundary.

When Tegner arrived on this spot, having left his companions at the terrace of the cliff, he found standing before him a man of majestic aspect, clad in a white tunic that reached to his knees and was confined at his waist by a belt of purple, and clasped by a broad buckle that had in its centre a single large diamond cut in a triangular form and which blazed with a shimmering opalescent light. His arms were bare nearly to the shoulders, and on his right breast shone a seven-pointed star of gold with a huge sapphire in its centre. Over his shoulders hung a cloak of purple tint, and round his neck a golden chain supported on his breast a large image of a human heart in lapis lazuli, with an enormous ruby in its centre. His legs were bare, but his feet were covered by sandals curiously decorated with eagle's claws inlaid in gold, and forming clasps for the thongs of leather that bound them to his feet. His hair was long and wavy and of a tawny golden hue, and his skin was of a curious bronze or coppery tint that glowed with the fire of perfect health and vigour. His eyes, large, dark, and luminous, shone with kindly feeling, and his face, absent of beard, glowed with the spirit of an indomitable will, and though strong and commanding was

full of a noble tenderness that could not escape the most careless observation.

He advanced a few steps and made a peculiar sign, which Tegner immediately answered, and then the two clasped hands and talked long and earnestly. At last he turned and led Tegner to a small octagon-shaped building of red porphyry that stood in the centre of the basin already referred to, and stooping entered the low door that was in the side approached. The building itself was about twenty feet in diameter and eight feet high, covered with a roof of stone slabs that rose to a point in the centre from each one of the facets of the prism, which the building formed. In the centre of the room, which had no light save that of the open door, was a stone pillar that supported the roof, and in front of it, nearest the light, was an altar of onyx, a perfect cube in form, and on the flat top was inlaid a triangular plate of gold, bearing on its surface a drawing of the zodiac, and around the circle the Sanskrit, Egyptian, Phœnician, and Celtic hieratic alphabets. The stranger directed Tegner to remove the plate and conceal it about his person, which Tegner did, and then led him out of the edifice and to the further confines of the plateau on the side opposite the sea, and pointed to a large white rock that towered above its fellows on the side of a mountain directly south to them. As he did so, a fire suddenly blazed forth on its summit and was answered by others to the south as far as the eye could see, and the stranger, turning to Tegner, gave him a little package and bade him lay it on the altar where the first fire of the new age should be kindled in 1897, as a memento and sign of that day and meeting. He then bade adieu to Tegner, who remained calm and undisturbed, and traversing the slope beneath him was soon lost to view. Tegner retraced his steps, summoned his crew, and demolished the little temple, burying the stones at various spots on the terrace, and then returned to his ship and sailed away.

This temple was the last memorial of the great first American race, and was erected when they were obliged to leave the land to wander in the earth to a land on whose surface they could subsist. Its site is a great centre of force, and will, when the time is ripe, be used as a landmark of advancement towards a more perfect evolution.

There is no further record of Tegner except that he was seen in London early in 1896 in company with an Indian Rajah, and had with him the identical tablet of 1836. He is a man of medium height, apparently about fifty years of age, and has a long beard that falls over his chest in rippling waves of black. His bearing is kindly and his body erect and vigorous.

He will, it would seem, be of service hereafter to some who have in view the preparation for a better age, and he will then reveal his true personality and purpose.

ROLLO.

[NOTE.—The ancient Americans were not, as some suppose, the earliest offshoot of a prior race, but were a primeval race that was the efflorescence of a prior cycle, and their mission was simply to start a new impulse in the few remaining fragments of humanity that remained as a seed for the present world's population. They have disappeared as a race, but their effort is behind all the developments of our modern progress, and their work is not yet accomplished, for the present change of types of men is their handiwork and their mission. They have for long years, through the selected few, been preparing for a great effort to set back the tide of materialism, and to divert into nature the forces that will destroy the mass, but leave the few to go on untrammelled by the bitter strife for gain that characterizes the present degraded condition of all nations and all societies.

The seat of their work has lately been removed to the new world; and when the hour for the change, now rapidly approaching, is come, they will appear through chosen instruments and direct the final endeavour that has, for its object, the rescue of those of our fallen brothers that may remain to look for help when the tidal waves and earthquakes have finished their awful work.—ROLLO.]

SCRAPS FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

TWO MEN walk together through the common avocations of life. Their details are almost exactly similar; their field of action lies among the easy levels of the commonplace.

Neither of the two strike the casual beholder as being in any way removed from the general mass of humanity which follows such herd-like similarity of thought and deed. Yet between the two a difference exists which is nothing short of that which separates the bulk of mankind from its heroes.

Let us follow them, with open eyes, in their daily walk, and learn something, if we can, of the process by which heroes are made. Such study is sublimely instructive, and it lies within our reach daily, hourly, had we the learning heart.

The first man has all the virtues and most of the failings resulting from that meritorious combination of public school, professional and social life, which makes up the equipment of the modern "gentleman."

Beyond the easy requirements of his well-mastered profession he has not thought a thought an inch deep. His life is smooth, simple, and straight sailing; his ruling passion—nonetheless paramount because he is generally unaware of it—is a desire to stand well with his fellow-men. Nevertheless, even if none but himself existed on this planet, I doubt if he would ever be tempted to infringe the instincts of "good" behaviour, because such men as he have self-love so deeply ingrained that it forms a substitute for principle, scarcely distinguishable even by the most analytical mind.

Virtue, good behaviour, and respect for the proprieties of life have been jammed so tightly into the brains of the present generation, side by side with their Greek and Latin and what smattering of science is necessary for a Government examination, that such things have become as much a part of the respectable man as the laws which regulate his behaviour in a drawing-room. Regular attendance at church has given him enough religion to enable him to find his places readily in the Prayer Book, and even, on the delivery of the morning text, to recall the context without the trouble of looking it up. Beyond this he has no occasion to go, for some of us to-day have not the instinct of devotion so strongly developed as our brothers of the South Sea Islands.

Nevertheless, our man has many qualities to which we feel we ought to be very kind. The life that centres and closes around his little personality is pure and healthy and of good repute. He is as particular about his pleasures as about his linen, and with the same result—that they are spotless and often renewed. Our modern respectable lives a life which he is not ashamed for the most punctilious to look into. His business is well done; his small self-indulgences produce no palpably harmful effect either on mind or body. He lives, if he has an aim at all, for the hours that come when the office-door is closed. Pleasure is to him the great *summum bonum*, and in pleasing himself he does not fail to give pleasure to others, for he is essentially an agreeable, courteous, and well-conditioned soul. By-and-bye, after a few indiscretions, too unimportant even to be remembered in a lady's drawing-room, he marries, and reaches thereby his very apotheosis of respectability. The cares and joys of family life age him a little—we will not say *mature*, for he has not yet become acquainted with any condition that implies growth—his temper is less sunny than it used to be before babies and bills became unyielding factors in his hitherto easy experience. Nevertheless, he loves his wife and children with the love that is begotten of a keen sense of ownership, and they in return look up to him as the fount of every earthly blessing.

Sometimes it sadly happens that such as he are cut off in their bodily prime, and the world laments, for a moment, what it is pleased to call a valuable loss, and questions the wisdom of Providence in not leaving the blameless to leaven a world of iniquity. But the large majority of our respectable men live on to a respectable old age, when they seem to sink out of life from sheer disinclination to keep themselves going any longer. I suppose, having come to the end of the straight rut in which they have been complacently running all their lives, they have no recourse but to step out of it into——? Ah well! such is much of our national life in the year of the Diamond Jubilee!

Now our second man is equally commonplace, but with a difference. He, too, has passed through the triple combination of experiences before-mentioned, but it has contributed little to his actual formation. In his case there was a strong substratum of individuality ready fashioned and coloured, before education began its stamping and obliterating process, with the result that he enters life with clear and definite ideas upon it. Outwardly our two men do not differ. Each has his avocations, his pleasures, his standing in the world. Both conform to the conventionalities of the existing social order; but only the wise can detect the deep gulf that lies between those brother-souls. For the man we are now drawing is a *true* man—a man alive. Ever since he was old enough to formulate an abstract thought, he has not stopped working at the (to him) most natural question of what he was meant for. He was intelligent enough, at the outset, to see around him many different ways of living the same life. He studied his respectable neighbour, and the result was unsatisfactory from the point of view of incentive and enlightenment. He asked of his church for the meaning of life, and got it in one vague word—heaven.

This drove him further back into the safe region of his own thoughts. If life was the outcome of thought, then by thought alone could life's meaning be revealed. He himself—the eternal He, from whose pressing consciousness there was no escape—what did he represent in a universe whose many parts seemed but to radiate to himself as a common centre? By-and-bye he saw it; faintly at first, then with a clearness which inspired him with purpose. He knew he was at work on a structure whose lines were laid long back by him, the same, the age-long worker; a structure out-rivalling in intricacy and daring grandeur of design the mightiest product of a human brain. That structure was self, and—ah, when he himself was finished, who could say what else had not also resulted from that godlike attainment, the building of a man?

This thought took root and grew, filling his life with the majesty of great possibilities. In his glowing imagination he saw the growth of a race dependent on his growth, his endeavours, his eager grasp at what seemed to him the truth. And who shall say he was wrong?

But fate was not kind to our enthusiast save that she had given him a nature that instinctively balanced true. She took care to show him that his present span of work was merely to chip and shape his stones, and lay them prosaically into a plain and level foundation. Whereupon he checked his high enthusiasm, and forgot the growth of the race, save as a distant, sub-conscious incentive to the patient task of laying brick on brick, with the aid of a line and plummet. So he dropped, as we have seen, into the commonplace groove to which his fate assigned him, and elbowed his respectable neighbour in church, in business, and in society; speaking the language of daily things, but with an accent that was musical with a great beauty of trust. For he knew that fate had better and greater things in store for him who was faithful in the lesser. He knew—for he had felt the pressure of the deeps within him—that he, the humble member of a small English community, was but the temporary cover of something whose greatness was not to be measured or confined by terms of man-made environment. And so he rests satisfied with a quiet place, prosaic, unspiritual, as many of us count spirituality; devoid of the glamour of "good works" and noisy approbation. He regards his profession less as a means of money-getting than as a furtherance of the weal of the community. The social life in which he participates is a reflection—often distorted—of that innate notion of brotherhood which is at the hearts of all men. For this reason he is sociable deliberately, and with a purpose other and higher than self-gratification and worldly expediency. His home is a centre that calls out the heart qualities of all who come within its beneficent radius, for the potent reason that its occupants are regarded not as possessions but as souls, living forces drawn to him by the power of affinity, teachers, lovers and friends.

He conforms to the current religion whenever he finds opposition to be harmful or useless, but his faith is not to be found between the covers of any one book, however hoary. Deep within his heart of heart he *knows* what he seeks, and where; he feels the core of true religion to lie in an inner attitude, a deep aspiration, an unceasing devotion to a greatness within and beyond him. The precise object of this faith, this devotion, he could not tell you in so many words, for he is a plain man, unused to rhapsodical flights, knowing only that there exists, as a very part of himself, a Light whose mirror is the homely

waters of the daily round, in whose reflection all common things grow beautiful.

He is no ardent philanthropist, this quiet liver—plunging about the world to do good, he knows not how or to whom. His one purpose is so to live that the real life in him is developed day by day a little more, trusting to the outflowering of that life to bring about all necessary "good" to himself and all around him.

And so he moves through his appointed sphere, an incarnated peace, because he has seen his life smile upon him in its true meaning of a divine manifestation, and has subordinated all desires to a quiet purpose—the purpose that comes to one who knows himself to contain the seed-life of an unthinkable future. CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

CONVENTION OF THE T. S. E. (ENGLAND).

THE Third Annual Convention of the T. S. E. (E.) was held at the Hardman Assembly Rooms, Liverpool, on Monday, August 2nd. There was a good attendance of delegates and members, and E. T. Hargrove was present from America, bringing with him the good wishes of the Society there, and also a message expressing Mrs. Tingley's regret at her unavoidable absence. During the Convention a telegram of greeting was received from the Leader.

Dr. Keightley was elected permament chairman, and under his able hands the business part of the proceedings was soon got through. One very satisfactory announcement made was that the number of Branches and members had trebled itself during the past year, a fact which speaks volumes for the energy and enthusiasm of our English brethren. One of our Swedish brothers carried a greeting from the Christiana Lodge, and D. N. Dunlop and F. J. Dick spoke for "ould Ireland," while Miss Neresheimer brought greetings from her father, receiving the heartiest of welcomes from the Convention. Various reports were read and various committees formed, and then the whole Convention cheerfully and smilingly submitted to a quarter of an hour's purgatory in a broiling sun while having its photograph taken.

During the afternoon session the election of officers took place, and is as follows: *President*, Dr. A. Keightley; *Vice-President*, S. G. P. Coryn; *Treasurer*, E. Adams; *Librarian*, Miss Kate Lambert. Then followed a discussion of Activities, Literature, etc. As at the other recent Conventions, music was an important feature. In the evening a conversazione was held at the house of H. Milton Savage, secretary of the Everton Centre, which proved a very pleasant ending to the Convention.

A most successful public meeting was held on the preceding Sunday evening, when a large audience listened attentively, and by their applause showed that the spirit and purpose of Theosophy are beginning to be recognized as acceptable and worthy of support. Dr. Keightley, Dr. Coryn, S. Coryn, E. T. Hargrove, and D. N. Dunlop were the speakers, and the speeches, especially the last two, were heartily applauded.

All through the Convention was animated by a feeling of good fellowship, which shows that the spirit is growing equally with the body; and one felt that the links between Branches and members were being welded more firmly and closely together. It is good to see old friends, good to make new ones, and for this, if nothing more, one would hail an occasional Convention as a very good thing indeed.

NOTICE.

MRS. CLEATHER, appointed by Mrs. Tingley as Home Crusader for Europe, desires to commence work in September. Branches and Centres anywhere who wish to avail themselves of her services, either publicly or at their own meetings, are requested to communicate with me at once, so that a programme may be immediately arranged.

The expenses of the Home Crusade are considerable, including cheap and free literature for distribution at the meetings. Donations, small and large, will be gladly received, and will in some part be devoted during the winter to providing brotherhood suppers in various places, at which Mrs. Cleather will speak.

HERBERT CORYN,
Director of Home Crusade.

62, Queen Anne Street,
Cavendish Square, London, W.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

13, EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN.

THE Dublin Lodge has been very quiet for the past month, owing to many of the members being away in different parts of the country, but soon it will be in full activity again, as the session begins shortly. It has had the benefit of visits from three active members of English Branches—the Vice-President of the Cardiff Lodge, the President of the Portsmouth Lodge, and the Treasurer of the Romford Lodge. It grieveth us exceedingly that, with these among us, the time for our public lectures was not. ROBT. E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*

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The Irish Theosophist.

THE FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH.

I HEARD that a strange woman, dwelling on the western coast, who had the repute of healing by faery power, said a little before she died, "There's a cure for all things in the well at Ballykeele": and I know not why at first, but her words lingered with me and repeated themselves again and again, and by degrees to keep fellowship with the thought they enshrined came more antique memories, all I had heard or dreamed of the Fountains of Youth; for I could not doubt, having heard these fountains spoken of by people like herself, that her idea had a druid ancestry. Perhaps she had bent over the pool until its darkness grew wan and bright and troubled with the movements of a world within and the agitations of a tempestuous joy; or she had heard, as many still hear, the wild call to "Come away," from entreating lips and flame-encircled faces, or was touched by the star-tipped fingers, and her heart from the faery world came never back again to dwell as before at ease in this isle of grey mists and misty sunlight. These things are not fable only, for Ireland is still a land of the gods, and in out of the way places we often happen on wonderlands of romance and mystic beauty. I have spoken to people who have half parted from their love for the world in a longing for the pagan paradise of Tir-na-nóg, and many who are outwardly obeisant to another religion are altogether pagan in their hearts, and Meave the Queen of the Western Host is more to them than Mary Queen of Heaven. I was told of this Meave that lately she was seen in vision by a peasant, who made a poem on her, calling her "The Beauty of all Beauty": and the man who told me this of his friend had himself seen the jetted fountains of fire-mist winding up in spiral whirls to the sky, and he too had heard of the Fountains of Youth.

The natural longing in every heart that its youth shall not perish

makes one ponder and sigh over this magical past when youth, ecstasy, and beauty welled from a bountiful nature at the sung appeal of her druid children holding hand in hand around the sacred cairn. Our hearts remember:

A wind blows by us fleeting
Along the reedy strand:
And sudden our hearts are beating
Again in the druid-land.

All silver-pale, enchanted,
The air-world lies on the hills,
And the fields of light are planted
With the dawn-frail daffodils.

The yellow leaves are blowing
The hour when the wind-god weaves,
And hides the stars and their glowing
In a mist of daffodil leaves.

We stand in glimmering whiteness,
Each face like the day-star fair,
And rayed about in its brightness
With a dawn of daffodil air.

And through each white robe gleaming,
And under each snow-white breast,
Is a golden dream-light streaming
Like eve through an opal west.

One hand to the heart, another
We raise to the dawn on high;
For the sun in the heart is brother
To the sun-heart of the sky.

A light comes rising and falling,
As ringed in the druid choir
We sing to the sun-god, calling
By his name of yellow fire.

The touch of the dew-wet grasses,
The breath of the dawn-cool wind,
With the dawn of the god-light passes
And the world is left behind.

We drink of a fountain giving
The joy of the gods, and then—
The Land of the Ever-living
Has passed from us again.

Passed far beyond all saying,
For memory only weaves
On a silver dawn outraying
A cloud of daffodil leaves.

And not indirectly through remembrance only, but when touched from within by the living beauty, the soul, the ancient druid in man, renews its league with the elements; and sometimes as the twilight vanishes and night lays on the earth her tender brow, the woods, the mountains, the clouds that tinted like seraphim float in the vast, and the murmur of water, wind and trees, melt from the gaze and depart from the outward ear and become internal reveries and contemplations of the spirit, and are no more separate but are part of us. Yet these vanishings from us and movements in worlds not realized, leave us only more thirsty to drink of a deeper nature where all things are dissolved in ecstasy, and heaven and earth are lost in God. So we turn seeking for the traces of that earlier wisdom which guided man into the Land of Immortal Youth, and assuaged his thirst at a more brimming flood at the Feast of Age, the banquet which Manannán the Danann king instituted in the haunt of the Fire-god, and whoever partook knew thereafter neither weariness, decay, nor death.

These mysteries, all that they led to, all that they promised for the spirit of man, are opening to-day for us in clear light, their fabulous distance lessens, and we hail these kingly ideals with as intense a trust aud with more joy, perhaps, than they did who were born in those purple hours, because we are emerging from centuries indescribably meagre and squalid in their thought, and every new revelation has for us the sweetness of sunlight to one after the tears and sorrow of a prison-house. The well at Ballykeele is, perhaps, a humble starting-point for the contemplation of such mighty mysteries; but here where the enchanted world lies so close it is never safe to say what narrow path may not lead through a visionary door into Moy Argatnel, the Silver Cloudland of Manannán, where

"Feet of white bronze
Glitter through beautiful ages."

The Danann king with a quaint particularity tells Bran in the poem from which these lines are quoted, that

"There is a wood of beautiful fruit
Under the prow of thy little skiff."

What to Bran was a space of pale light was to the eye of the god a land of pure glory, Ildathach the Many-coloured Land, rolling with rivers of golden light and dropping with dews of silver flame. In another poem the Brugh by the Boyne, outwardly a little hillock, is thus described:

"Look, and you will see it is the palace of a god."

Perhaps the mystic warriors of the Red Branch saw supernatural pillars blazoned like the sunset, and entered through great doors and walked in lofty halls with sunset-tinted beings speaking a more beautiful wisdom than earth's. And they there may have seen those famous gods who had withdrawn generations before from visible Eiré: Manannán the dark blue king, Lu Lamfáda with the sunrise on his brow and his sling, a wreath of rainbow flame, coiled around him, the Goddess Dana in ruby brilliance, Nuada silver-handed, the Dagda with floating locks of light shaking from him radiance and song, Angus Oge, around whose head the ever-winging birds made music, and others in whose company these antique heroes must have felt the deep joy of old companionship renewed, for were not the Danann hosts men of more primeval cycles become divine and movers in a divine world. In the Brugh too was a fountain, to what uses applied the mystical imagination working on other legends may make clearer.

The Well of Connla, the parent fountain of many streams visible and invisible, was the most sacred well known in ancient Ireland. It lay itself below deep waters at the source of the Shannon, and these waters which hid it were also mystical, for they lay between earth and the Land of the Gods. Here, when stricken suddenly by an internal fire, the sacred hazels of wisdom and inspiration unfolded at once their leaves and blossoms and their scarlet fruit, which falling upon the waters dyed them of a royal purple; the nuts were then devoured by Fintann the Salmon of Knowledge, and the wisest of the druids partook also. This was perhaps the greatest of the mysteries known to the ancient Gael, and in the bright phantasmagoria conjured up there is a wild beauty which belongs to all their tales. The suddenly arising forests of golden fire, trees whose roots drew honey sweetness from the dreams of a remote divinity, the scarlet nuts tossing on the purple flood, the bright immortals glancing hither and thither, are pictures left of some mystery we may not now uncover, though to-morrow may reveal it, for the dawn-lights are glittering everywhere in Ireland.

Perhaps the strange woman who spoke of the well at Ballykeele, and others like her, may know more about these fountains than the legend-seekers who so learnedly annotate their tales. They may have drunken in dreams of the waters at Connla's well, for many go to the Tir-na-nóg in sleep, and some are said to have remained there, and only a vacant form is left behind without the light in the eyes which marks the presence of a soul. I make no pretence of knowledge concerning the things which underlie their simple speech, but to me there seems to be for ever escaping from legend and folk-tale, from word and custom, some breath of a world of beauty I sigh for but am not nigh to as these are. I think if that strange woman could have found a voice for what was in her heart she would have completed her vague oracle somewhat as I have done:

There's a cure for all things in the well at Ballykeele,
Where the scarlet cressets o'erhang from the rowan trees;
There's a joy-breath blowing from the Land of Youth I feel,
And earth with its heart at ease.

Many and many a sun-bright maiden saw the enchanted land
With star-faces glimmer up from the druid wave:
Many and many a pain of love was soothed by a faery hand
Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall wed the earth
And the scarlet berries burn dark by the stars in the pool,
Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be in the joy-breath and the mirth,
My heart in the star-heart cool.

Æ.

THE FOUNDING OF EMAIN MACHA.

(*Concluded from p. 205.*)

She passed through the hall and entered her chariot—the chariot which was only used when some great deed was to be accomplished. It was made by the ancient smith Culain, whose home was in Slieve Fuad, and who was so old that the valley-dwelling people said before the mountain rose there Culain had his forge, and some said he was the fashioner of the mountain; and half they dreaded the wise Culain and his power, half they loved to have him there, though seldom seen by them. When he built the war-car for Macha he caused fiery birds and winged serpents to ever circle around it and serve as guardians for its mistress, and often in the quiet night men heard the dread singing of the spirits and turned away in trembling from the doors of the chariot-house. He had also given to Macha two gigantic horses, not of mortal breed, one silver-white and shining, the other black as the chafer which flies when dusk is falling on hill and plain. Now as the Ultonians saw Macha going forth alone, save for the charioteer, and heard the singing of the birds and the low music proceeding from the enchanted chariot, and saw the impatient restlessness of the magic horses, they said among themselves that surely Macha was going forth to make some secret conquest.

Swiftly the horses galloped over the bridge spanning the deep foss, more swiftly than a flying bird they travelled through the hours of the night. As they passed by scattered hamlets and isolated wattled houses, the dwellers therein, hearing the resounding noise of the fast-going chariot, and the multitudinous voices and the whirr as of many wings rustling through the air, said the gods were abroad, and turned on their couches and covered up their faces, for these hamlet-dwelling people were only labourers of the field and herd-keepers, and did not possess the high courage which distinguished the warriors of Eiré. Even the elements were not at peace, for high overhead the dark rolling clouds clashed together, while the serpent lightnings shot to the earth and flickered on the green and gold of the chariot and the ruddy head of the wondrous queen. And ever as Macha journeyed the demons of the chariot sang joyfully and triumphantly, and luminous shapes circled round her and unfolded before her eyes visions of times and events yet unborn. She saw the Ultonians of that distant time, a heroic race, giving birth to heroes, and had sure knowledge of her re-appearance among them to battle for Ulla and the preservation of its

ancient glory. Other and greater visions were made clear to her in the darkness and thunder-crashing of the night; then, at the brightening of the morning, all vanished from Macha's sight, leaving her half sad, half joyful, that the future held so much still to be accomplished.

Now the singing of the war-demons grew louder and Macha heard a warning and ominous note in it. Absorbed in thought and in the contemplation of the beauty of the glowing clouds shining through the dark tracery of the forest trees, she was unaware of her nearness to the dûn of Dithorba's sons. Looking up, she saw them standing on the high wall, and one of them preparing to sling, but she only held her shield more firmly before the charioteer and slightly smiled. He slung, and the great stone smashed and flew all around, not even indenting her shield. Faster and faster the pebbles struck upon the bronze-ribbed shield, but Macha only smiled, and terror filled the hearts of the princes, for rather would they have seen her with fierce contracted brows than with softly-smiling lips and gentle eyes. Then one of the brothers said: "Let us fight as the ancient Fomors fought the Dananns long ago." So they summoned the dark evil spirits to their side and sent them forth against Macha, and the air was full of moving horrors and slimy creeping monsters that strove to encircle her and paralyze her noble heart with fear. But in Macha awoke the gleaming dragon of might, and before it their power departed and they returned foiled to their masters.

When Macha was near the closed gates she fitted an iron bolt to her sling, and so great was the strength of that bolt that it broke the doors in two and the horses and chariot crashed through on to the lawn surrounding the dûn, where the princes stood in sullen silence. As Macha alighted from her chariot one of them in sudden rage rushed forward and would have struck her with his spear, but she glanced at him with her clear eyes and his arm fell powerless by his side. Another moment she held the glance of all, then the only will they knew was the will of Macha. Now the spirits of the chariot sang softly and sweetly; the last of the Fomorian enchanters were conquered, Ulla was free of her enemies, all Eiré was at peace.

Macha tarried there but a day, then eastward and northward turned, first setting fire to the dûn, for she said evil demons dwelt there that only fire could destroy. So, standing before the dûn, she waved her hands, and with each waving flames leaped from the ground and encircled the dûn; soon of that giant dwelling only ashes would remain, and in a few months the young green corn would be growing where Dithorba's sons had vainly planned.

Quickly the horses traversed Eiré on the homeward journey, and now Macha noticed the beauty of the fluttering oak-leaves, bronze-red and golden in the sunlight, while the larches waved their feathery plumes over her head and bowed to her in greeting, as though they too were her subjects and knew and loved her well. A little wren flew from a branch and rested on the edge of her brooch, while from his high place in the blue heavens a lark descended and sang in her ear, for Macha understood the song of the birds and the speech of all nature as well as she comprehended the subtlest meanings of men.

It was again sunset when the watchers of Macha's dûn beheld her chariot emerge from the woodland road and rapidly cross the plain. They saw, too, the giant sons of Dithorba lying passive in it, while Macha, calm and still-eyed, watched a strangely-shaped blue mist that rested on Slieve Fuad. Then they ran hastily and threw open the gates for the chariot to pass through; and Kimbaoth came from the hall, speaking no word of greeting to Macha, for their love and regard for each was such that they needed not the speech of mortals to express their gladness and joy one in another. Silently he held her hand as she stepped from the chariot and gave the captive princes into the charge of some of the Ultonians; then followed her to the grianan, for she was very tired and said she would rest for a time.

At the long table that night there was much merriment, and the laughter of the warriors echoed and rang amid the high rafters, for it made their hearts light to see the Olnemacian princes, downcast and quiet, sitting among them; and many times the bronze cups were filled and emptied of the sparkling mead as they drank to the beautiful queen. But when the evening was somewhat advanced Eochaidh, one of the Ultonian chiefs, arose and spake of the doom which should be the Olnemacians:

"For," he said, "they have plotted against you, our queen; they would have destroyed the peace and prosperity of Ulla and the Ultonians, and through that discord would have fallen on the whole of Eiré. They would have broken the wise laws you have made for the government of our island race; and the hamlet-dwelling people, the workers in forests and fields, without those laws would be lost and helpless as straying lambs on a dark and stormy night, for these people have no controlling or governing power in themselves, but require a wise and strong and ofttimes stern ruler. The doom for those who break certain of our laws is death, and that the sons of Dithorba have done. Therefore we demand these captives, O Macha, that the doom of death by the cord hanging from the rafters may be theirs, so that

seeing their bodies none other will dare to disobey the laws or plot the destruction of Ulla."

The listening Macha's eyes brightened with a sudden gleam of anger at Eochaid's demand, then grew soft and meditative as she replied:

"I will not give these princes to you, Eochaidh. My reign shall not be made unrighteous by the death of captives not taken in the battle. When they were prisoners before I saved them from the death which might lawfully have been meted to them, exiling them instead, for not willingly would I deal death to anyone. But the Fomor spirit they inherit prompted them to use the Fomor arts, thus causing me to journey to the west and bring them hither to avert the evil which, from my palace here, I foresaw would surely arise in Eiré if they remained longer in exile and matured their plans. Now I will enslave these princes, and they shall build a mighty dûn for me where the oak-trees make their music to the westward, and this dûn shall be the chief city of the north for ever. From it a light shall shine over Eiré, and sometimes shine unseen, save by a few in whom the ancient heroes dwell and whom the gods protect. I foresee, too, that long hence I shall come again and dwell in the dûn I will now have built, and from thence shall do battle for the Ultonians, last lingerers of a druid tribe. After that the night will fall on our island, and so deep will be the darkness of the night that even the gods will be forgotten, though they will still remain unforgetful of their people, then a scattered and wandering race. Yet out of the darkness I see another dawn-light breaking over Eiré, and the forge of Culain sending long sun-like rays over all the land; and from remote and secret places the gods breathing forth their radiant spirit into the hearts of a people long shrouded in the mists of vain imaginings and uncomprehended teachings."

There was silence in the vast pillared hall as Macha, with dreaming eyes and downbent head, descended from her seat and slowly passed to her grianan. And as she walked many there saw a luminous beautiful presence floating above her, enwreathed in ruby and violet mists, with delicate everchanging blooms of fire crowning the head and springing from the heart; and with each blossoming of a flower a sweet, low music filled the hall, so that the warriors' hearts became gentle and tender even towards those who would have wrecked the peace of Ulla. Still in the same deep silence they listened as Kimbaoth spoke a few words ere he too left the hall.

"Chiefs and warriors of Ulla, surely it is the Mor Reega who is with us, and yet it is Macha. We are children in wisdom, for unknown

to us the deathless queen was moving among us day by day, holding herself as one of the least wise of the people of Eiré. Let us ponder over the ways of the gods, for indeed their mysteries are not known to us."

With unrestful minds the Ultonians sought their carven couches or talked in little groups and with whispering voices under the trees on the lawn. The visions they saw disquieted them, for they had not the clear knowledge of Macha concerning the world which was sometimes made visible to them, and as they conversed together sorrowfully confessed their ignorance where Macha was wise. Then in thought they travelled backward to the time of their oldest traditions, which spoke of mortals journeying to the immortals and returning hither with unbounded wisdom; and some of the heroes wished that Macha would lead their faltering footsteps over the mystic waters into the shining Otherworld, for they were suddenly tired of battles and feastings and the chase, and many strange yearnings possessed their hearts.

For a few days Macha rested in seeming quietude in her dûn, for she had much to perform that was known to only a few of the Ultonians. But one evening she bade the chief warriors of Ulla prepare to accompany her on the morrow, when she would mark the foundations of the dûn which would be their future home, and which the Olnemacian princes would build. With the rising of the sun the Ultonians and the sons of Dithorba were ready and waiting for the queen, and though they heard the singing of the invisible birds and the whirr of the serpents' wings round the magical chariot, they heeded them not, for their thoughts were centred on Macha and the deed they were to witness. Then Macha—white-robed and purple-brattaed—and Kimbaoth entered the golden-green and gleaming chariot, and drove a few miles northward and westward of Slieve Fuad, and there the queen bade the Ultonians stop their chariots, while swiftly she proceeded to trace the foundation of the dûn which should henceforth be known as Emain Macha. And wherever the ponderous wheels of the chariot rolled a river of fire followed after, springing up from the brown earth furrows. In the centre of the almost perfect circle thus formed Macha traced another circle round a green and purple fire-fountain welling from the ground, and in the building on the smaller circle she said the people of Eiré would be taught the ancient wisdom, and there the immortal gods would also come. But amazement and awe fell on the Ultonians as they watched the waves of flame roll along the ground, and saw the strange and wondrous beings accompanying their queen—beings that were seldom seen in Eiré, though ever abiding there. And

when Macha had laid the foundation of fire she called the sons of Dithorba to her and gave them directions for the building of the dûn: how the walls were to be of oak, the roof of hazel and the doors of yew, inlaid with the white findruiney and set with jewels. Willingly the princes heeded her words, for though they had plotted against her while she was yet unknown to them, since they had been her prisoners they had learned to love her, not because of her beauty only, but also by reason of the gentleness of her heart and the subtlety of her mind.

Scarcely had she ceased speaking to the princes when Art, who had been gazing before him with wonder-filled eyes, unwrapped the small tympan he carried and dreamily struck its gold and silver chords, then began to chant concerning the things he saw. He sang of the magic-working smith Culain, a god of most ancient days; of the Ioldana, who came with his sling of light and his white-fire hound; of the son of Lir, with the roaring of innumerable seas and the surging foam around him; of the Great Father with his harp, whose sweet music entranced the Fomors at the time they sought to conquer the Danann race, and of Angus his son, the singing of whose birds filled the hearts of men and maidens with a faery love. He sang, too, of Nuada Airgiod-Lámh, the silver-handed magician; of Ogma, the dragon-crested warrior-god, with his spear of blue-green flame, and many others. Then he chanted the Mor Reega, in her ruby and purple splendour standing by Queen Macha's side, with her silver robe lightly girdled by an iridescent serpent and the mystic trefoil shining at her breast. And he had foreknowledge of much to come, for he sang of the dûn when it would stand in finished beauty; of silver trees with jewelled fruits glowing in the fountain light, and of Macha teaching the people of Eiré to journey to the Hy-Breasal, the Shining City of the ancient Gael. Then, with still more wondering eyes, he cried out that the gods were waving shadowy hands and beckoning him away, and with one last lingering touch of his thin white fingers across the chords he dropped the tympan and sank back into the chariot. He was glad to go, for he was old and weary and life had many sorrows for him, and when the gods call no mortal shall say nay.

Macha returned to her dûn for a season, leaving the Olnemacian princes, with some Ultonians as guards, to hew the giant trees and fashion the dûn according to her desire, and this they did. Though the length of the dûn was more than two miles, and the breadth of it well-nigh as great, and though it was the close of summer then, ere the ash-trees were in leaf again Emain Macha was in readiness for the queen and her household. And for many years Macha lived and

reigned over Eiré, and the people became wise in the wisdom of the queen, who, as Art had foreseen, taught them to converse with the gods and to traverse the shining waters leading to the Otherworld. During those last years war was laid aside, and sorrow and grief were unknown in the isle until Macha—not by death, but through her magic power—returned to the land from which she came only to teach anew to the children of Eiré the paths leading to the immortals.

. . . . . .

It is long ago, and the mists of time have enshrouded the antique queen, yet she came again, as she had prophesied, when Eiré needed her; and even to-day, whoever seeks for her may find her in her mountain-home in the west, where she dwells with other great gods of the Gael.

LAON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

V.—His Art.

It is a truism of criticism so familiar as to be continually forgotten, that all scriptures should be interpreted by the same spirit which gave them forth. To remember this would save some critics much labour and their readers much ineptitude. Thus, if a man please to paint commonplace life as meanly as mean men live it, there is no valid ground for faulting him because his writing is not idyllic. With his object we may have quarrel, but not with his method if it fulfil his object. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that Browning regarded poetry as his true life-work, and that the mission of poetry, in his view of his art, was the exaltation of the real life of man, the life within. This, therefore, is the test whereby we must try him, and when we turn to look at his verse from the standpoint of art our main concern is to decide whether his labour, if admitted to be within the province of art, was faithfully performed. Now I take it that the mode of appeal which distinguishes art from the other mental pursuits of man is in the emphasis which it lays upon beauty, and that the kind of beauty which we should look for first at the hands of a poet who comes to us with a plea for soul must be beauty of an inward and visionary kind. We may freely admit against such work as Browning's much complaint of turgid phrasing and turbulent arrangement of uncouth rhythms and impossible rhymes; obscurity of diction and truculent defiance of prosody; and yet claim that of the essentials of his art, the power of portraying the soul of things, the poet has real mastery and has surprised life of

some of its most beautiful secrets, and made life the more beautiful for his seeing; teaching us through his vision the true art of living, which is to strike the note of deepest beauty that we know, and, having struck it, to hold it until we learn a deeper. Such art is Browning's great heritage to us, and in this relation all mere technical criticism recedes to the lower rank of thought to which it belongs. He was the "minister of healing to his time" (to use the beautiful phrase in which John Stuart Mill sums up the influence of Wordsworth's genius, and reveals the tenderness and delicate sensibility of his own great nature), and nobly was his ministry fulfilled.

"Pressing the brain which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed."

If we could once learn truly the secret of such healing,

"How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes,
A world as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?" *

The simplicity of such world-revealings is perhaps half their charm, for the real wonders of nature are precious, not through unaccustomedness, but through that gracious nearness to the deepest heart in us, whose very familiarity lends a charm to common things and tinges life with ideal beauty.

"As life wanes, all its care and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees
Which grew by our youth's home, the waving mass
Of climbing plants heavy with bloom and dew,
The morning swallows with their songs like words,
All these seem clear and only worth our thoughts."

And who has taught us this so convincingly as him from whom these words are borrowed, and to whom art was ever nature steeped in the sunshine of spirit?

To claim that Browning has surprised life of beautiful secrets, and

* Browning's "Guardian Angel," one of the most winsome and healing lyrics in English verse.

has showered them about us to be ours if we will stop to gather them, is to claim that he is an artist in the highest sense, carving out of the world-stuff the wonders it enfolds; but he who succeeds in great tasks may of course fail in small ones, and the critics are at liberty to cull crude phrases and indistinct images, false rhymes and unmelodious cadences, if they please, and point to these as grave flaws in technique. Even admitting all that is involved in such dexterous fault-finding, we may still assert confidently that there is a considerable remainder of work artistically great accomplished by the author of "Misconceptions," "A Star," "Transformation," "May and Death," "Home Thoughts from Abroad," and "Amphibian," to name a few of the poems which are most penetrated by his piercing and lingering quality of beauty; we may point to passages and phrases of poignant power and brooding graciousness, such lightning word-flashes as:

"Stung by the splendour of sudden thought."

"God and all that chivalry of His
The soldier saints who row on row burn upward each to his point of bliss."

"How can we guard our unbelief
Make it bear fruit to us?"

Fancies illuminated as summer sunshine like:

"Music is like a voice,
A low voice, calling fancy as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer-time:
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes
Which have made painters pale, and they go on
Till stars look at them and winds call to them
As they leave life's path for the twilight world
Where the dead gather."

"Autumn has come like spring returned to us
Won from her girlishness."

Pictures luminous as autumn moonlight, like this of John dying in the desert:

"Only he did—not so much wake as turn—
And smile a little as a sleeper does
If any dear one call him, touch his face,
And smiles and loves but will not be disturbed."

Thoughts radiant as clusters of winter stars—such as strew "Pauline," that magnificent though broken arc in the heaven of poetry; these, for instance:

"The blackthorn boughs
White with coming buds like the bright side of a sorrow."

"Old woods which . . .
. . . . . lie quivering
In light, as something lieth half of life
Before God's foot, waiting a wondrous change."

If it be denied that the creator of these images was a great artist in verse, the denial must be made from a standpoint which is quite out of relation to any standard which Browning himself would have accepted, and which is alien too to that universal conception of the true significance of poetry which Mr. Sharp has given us in his wonderful phrase, "perfect poetry is the deathless part of mortal beauty."

Of course it will be objected that fragments torn from their sequence, like those quoted above, do not prove much. It takes many pines to make a forest. Nor would longer extracts be more satisfactory, though I cannot forbear citing "Memorabilia," and quoting at least one stanza (I would like to quote all six) of "Garden Fancies—The Flower's Name":

"This flower she stopped at, finger on lip.
Stooped over in doubt as settling its claim
Till she gave me with pride to make no slip
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name? Was it lover's praise?
Speech half asleep or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days
Only for that slow sweet name's sake."

Yet along with the flawless beauty of this poem, of "Transformation" and others named with it above, it must be granted that in some of the longer poems—notably "Sordello"—there are far too many inversions, parentheses and many subordinate sentences, many harsh lines, a copious use of problematical pronouns and a great deal of startling license both in rhyme and structure; and if a reader who finds —as I do—that Browning touches him to finer issues than any other poet chooses to worship his master's foibles because they are his master's, he must be content to allow the world to censure them as foibles all the same. That much, however, of the censure which has passed as Browning criticism, especially in the earlier days of his authorship, is unjust no one who has caught the spirit of the great singer's music can doubt. Is it that failure to apprehend his spiritual concepts of life has irritated those who came to Browning for intellectuality, and found not even that?

Mr. Sharp, in his delightful little book *Robert Browning* ("Great Writers' Series"), compares the poet to Wagner, and although such inviting parallels are dangerous, not least because of their ease and apparent inevitableness, I think this comparison is capable of being worked out in some detail. Both artists felt that they were the bearers of a message, and both found that to realize their purpose they must create a new mode. One note of the new mode was that, whilst taking as their masters those whose work had been most transcendental in their respective arts (in Wagner's case Beethoven, in Browning's Shelley), it should modify, to suit the needs of a more strenuous age, the artistic expression of this transcendental spirit which had haunted the works of the authors of *Lohengrin* and of "Epipsychidion." The modifications of the older modes were significantly and strikingly similar. They lay largely in the abrupt use of antithesis, climax and discord. I do not know if these precise notes of these two artist-mystics have been previously pointed out, for I am ignorant of the bibliography of both of them; but I must venture to emphasize the importance, when criticising Browning's art, of keeping well in view the fact that frequently, when he writes turgidly, he wishes the reader to catch in his incadenced phrasing the rush of turgid emotions; and that when he is discordant he wishes us to feel that the rhythm of balanced harmony which is the normal expression of thought and feeling has been disturbed by the presence of dramatic passion. This dissonance, in its contrast to the even excellence with which he can work when his aims are lyrical, enhances the value of his harmonies, and shows a deeper artistic sense than his critics often comprehend. Indeed in his use of light and shade he seems to me to be distinctly a creative spirit in art; and if Wagner has given us, as his admirers claim, the lead to the music of the future, I believe that Browning has done the same thing for poetry, and for the same reasons, first because of his spiritual comprehension of his art and because of his power to subject it to the moodful varying needs of both lyrical and dramatic emotion. It may be claimed that Wagner in his music has run a wider gamut than Browning in his verse, the musician lends his art so readily both to triumph and to tears; in some cases (notably the marvellous and haunting "Pilgrim's Chant" in *Tannhauser*) making the very same music motifs subserve the two purposes. Browning, on the other hand, with his sense of power, sometimes seems too robust to paint perfectly the more delicate and subtle of the expressions which dwell upon the face of grief, until suddenly one remembers "James Lee's Wife," and suspends judgment.

One difference between music and poetry which makes the parallel between the two masters difficult to draw arises from the different material in which they work. Words are first of all the exponents of thought, later and less the revealers of emotion. Musical sound, on the other hand, is the readiest interpreter of the human heart, and hardly, as yet, a mode of intellectual transmission. The images of poetry are therefore more definite in their appeal than the imaginings of music; less subtle, less delicate, less deep, less rich emotionally, and it is therefore in his hold on the concrete that the poet as artist is apt to be finally judged. Enough has been said, I hope, to show that in Browning the feeling for concrete perfection, the Greek spirit, was finely developed. If further quotation were necessary in proof of this many passages of chastened beauty might be chosen; this from "Pauline," for example, where the speaker tells his dreams of beauty:

"They came to me in my first dawn of life,
Which passed alone with ancient wisest books
All halo-girt with fancies of my own;
And I myself went with the tale—a god
Wandering after beauty; or a giant
Standing vast in the sunset; an old hunter
Talking with gods, or a high-crested chief
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos.
I tell you, naught has been so clear
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives.
I had not seen a work of lofty art,
Nor woman's beauty nor sweet nature's face;
Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as those
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,
The deep groves and white temples and wet caves.
And nothing ever will surprise me now—
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair."

But the feeling for concrete beauty in its most definite shapes is not, I think, the highest gift art brings us. Above the Greek spirit I must claim place for the Celtic, with its wavering impulses of unrevealed emotion, its snatches of incompleted music, its hovering sense of a mystical and brooding beauty; never vouchsafed for too much asking, but flashed on the beholder from afar in broken fragments, like moonlight glancing on a wind-stirred wave, or sunshine shimmering on a sea-bird's wing stayed for an instant in its upward flight. It is in

this mode, with its suggestions of a beauty too great to be enchained within any forms of art, that Browning seems to me to have done his best work. He himself, in "Old Pictures in Florence," has contrasted Greek with mediæval art to the praise of the latter, whose very imperfection is to him a proof of deeper insight and higher vision, and of inlook towards larger realms of soul than are as yet incorporated in the spiritual life of man. Whether the contrast is itself just and conclusive or not there can, I think, be no doubt that the suggestiveness of fragmentary beauty is more potent in its influence on the spirit than any sense of complete perfection. Progression, eternal conquest, infinite attainment—these are the ideals of inspiration whether in art or in life; the unopened floret and the crescent moon are fitter symbols of the eternal beauty than any maturer product of nature. It is certainly in his touch upon this eternal beauty that we discern most clearly the meaning of Browning's life-work; his devotion to that many-sided spiritual life whose hints of a greater truth and beauty than we can express is the surest proof of its reality. Not form, then, but spirit which informs it, is the lesson of Browning's art:

"Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing,
That's spirit; tho' cloistered fast soar free."

Not any external semblance of loveliness, but the living breathing spirit of beauty is the vision he would give to men; and from his efforts to do this there has resulted, if not perfect art, certainly the greatest achievement which the modern world has seen in English verse:

"Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be art—and further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing? This new soul is his."

Technical faults may abound in his verse, though some of us do not much care to make them our quest; but for the bursting of the sudden flowers of beauty in unsuspected places where life has apparently lain barren; for touches of rare beauty pregnant with promise, hinting at a grandeur which can never be caught in the meshes of the net of art; thoughts, hopes, fancies, "which break through language and escape"; for the full, rich ardour of the artist-faith—faith in the unfolding of the human heart, faith in the full free spiritual efflorescence of man in life and in art, which is both the reflection and the inspirer of life, where shall we find a greater among the poets of the modern world?

OMAR.

A STUDENT'S NOTES.

THOUGHT, like the eternal pulsations of the ever-living light, proceeds from the fountain of its essence in the divine consciousness of the great Oversoul. This soul directs its forces through all the seven worlds of archetypal manifestation, and by their reflection discloses in objective form the paradigmatic emblems that we call objective worlds. These worlds are the recipients of all the force that can be manifested to our senses, and are the collective creation of the primal divine thought. This thought reflects itself again in all the processes of nature, and through nature discloses the avenues by which the Ego can reach by progressive steps the absolute consciousness from which it started. The terms of its delay in every given plane are defined by its capacity to distinguish its own relations to that plane, and conform its desires to a translation of its experiences into the next higher plane, thus carrying with it the collective skandhas of all events, and thereby combining the sum total of its comprehension of truth. This process is one of difficulty and danger, for the pitfalls of desire open wide along the path and drag one down unless one keeps one's gaze firmly fixed on the only reality and does not listen to the sweet seductions of the senses. No one can tell the ultimate goal which one may reach by effort; but all can see the star that burns above one's head and strive towards its radiance until the day finally comes when, with aspirations all fulfilled, the man becomes the star, and disappears for ever from the plane of physical causes and lives in everlasting union with the absolute will. The conflict commences in sacrifice and ends in fruition. It is wearisome to the flesh, but rejuvenating to the spirit, and its victory makes the man a god.

IKO.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

CHANGE is the order of the day. Is not everything in transformation, and does not fashion and custom rule everywhere—even in the T. S.? Mr. Judge changed the name of *The Path*, and indicated its course under the new name. *Isis* gave way to *The Grail; Lucifer*, we see, also disappears in *The Theosophical Review*, and a hint has been given that *The Theosophical News* will undergo a change likewise. And the last change I have to announce is that regarding THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST. This number closes its fifth volume, and the last under that name. It has been decided, for the best interests of the work, in

Europe particularly, to amalgamate *The Grail* and THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST together under a new name. Dr. Coryn and G. W. Russell (Æ.) have consented to act as joint editors. The size will not be increased for at least six months. The magazine will be printed in Dublin under the skilful supervision of Miss Violet North, and the publishing will be carried on as before at Dublin and London. While other theosophical periodicals have adopted a form considered more suitable for the public, this new magazine will be adapted to the requirements of the steadily increasing number of Theosophists.

I hope the many friends in all parts of the world who, by their spontaneous expressions of appreciation and practical financial help, made the task involved in the editing, printing and publishing of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST so pleasant and agreeable, will continue to extend their hearty support to the new venture, which certainly comes along bearing full freight of promise.

Subscribers to both *The Grail* and THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST will be sent *The Internationalist* until their subscription expires. The subscription to *The Grail* and THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST will be considered for this purpose equivalent in value. The price of the new magazine will remain at fourpence per copy post free.

D. N. D.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

13, EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN.

OUR autumn session opens with a strain of sadness, for we will miss at our meetings the best President, the most kindly brother, and the hardest worker for the cause, our comrade Dunlop, who will be in America ere this appears. He has laughed and joked with us through nights of innumerable cigarettes and pipes and discussions and many intellectual battles; and yet we have never lost through familiarity the sense of the bright spirit behind, whose face shone at our public meetings, and with whose words seemed often to bubble up the sweet waters of immortality. They all go like that, one after another. O America, what a populous lodge this would be if you only restored us our own again!

The Wednesday evening meetings continue; and for the future, for those desirous of more wisdom and less hilarity, Friday evening will be set apart for the study of *The Secret Doctrine*.

ROBT. E. COATES, *Hon. Sec.*

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